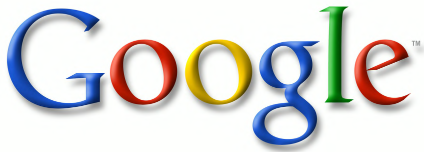
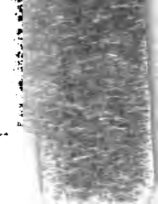
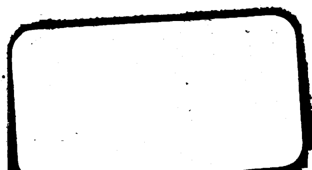










R. Waldo Emerson

The Riverside Literature Series

ESSAYS

BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

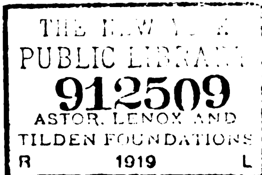
SELECTED AND EDITED

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PREFACE

The editor of a selection from Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essays has less difficulty in justifying his choice than in explaining his omissions. There is hardly a piece of Emerson's that is not somebody's favorite, and while there is a consensus of opinion about the main features of his teaching, there is great variety of judgment about the relative importance of its partial presentations.

Three considerations have governed the present editor: first, to make the study of the rest that Emerson has written seem delightfully a matter of course; second, to offer a timely reënforcement of the motives for noble living in school boys and girls; and third, to interest them in thinking rather than in thought.

Thanks are due to Dr. Edward W. Emerson for permission to use the notes in his invaluable Centenary Edition of his father's writings.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Doctor Edward Garnett, in his *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson,*[1] complains of the severity with which Emerson has dealt with his biographers in leading a life devoid of incident, of nearly untroubled happiness, and of absolute conformity to the moral law. Yet this life was a long one; its years were among the most ominous, crowded, and terrible, as well as hopefully significant, of the world's history. By comparison with the other figures in the struggling human procession of his time, his appears singularly noble; and the serene simplicity of its bearing under all circumstances becomes the beautiful problem of his life, in strong contrast with the eccentricity, deformity, or violence which engages attention without satisfying it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, in the year of the Louisiana Purchase and "within a kite-string of the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin." Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his *Ralph Waldo Emerson,*[2] has called attention to the fact that he was born a descendant of one of the Academic Races of New England. His father, William Emerson, was minister of the First Church in Boston and one of a long line of ministers of varying ability and devotion to Puritan doctrine. His mother was Ruth Haskins of Boston, a woman of "peculiar softness and natural grace and quiet dignity." He was one of five sons. He was nephew to a remarkable woman, Mary Moody Emerson, whose early reading was Milton, Young, Aken-

[1] Walter Scott, London. [2] Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

side, Samuel Clarke, Jonathan Edwards, and always the Bible; later she conned Plato, Plotinus, Marcus Antoninus, Stewart, Coleridge, Herder, Locke, Madame de Staël, Channing, Mackintosh, Byron.

One of Emerson's critics characterizes these conditions and influences into which he was born and bred as being after all those of inexperience. What, then, were the aspects of the greater, more significant world from which these influences secluded him but which was to supply him with experience? In London on the same day as Emerson, Edward Bulwer Lytton was born. Only the year before, Napoleon Bonaparte had had himself elected Consul for life, and in that very year he had declined the offer of Fulton to supply steam to the French ships of war. By the time Emerson was a year old, Napoleon was hereditary Emperor of the French; Emerson was still in knickerbockers when Napoleon rejected, in 1809, Sömmering's invention of the electric telegraph as a "German notion," and when he successfully annexed Holland as the "alluvial deposit of French rivers." When Emerson was nine years old, Napoleon was at war with Russia over his claim to rule the continent of Europe, and we of the United States were at war with England in defence of our commerce. Six years after Emerson's birth, Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were born. Emerson was a boy of twelve when Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo, Paris captured by the allies, and Lorraine, Alsace, and Strasbourg secured to France by the second treaty of Paris. In 1830 the first great railroad for passenger traffic was built between Liverpool and Manchester, but already three years before, cars had been drawn by horses on an iron track in Quincy, Mass. He was a young man still in his twenties when

the July Revolution of Paris took place, in his forties when the war of the United States with Mexico vexed the consciences of the idealists, and when the German Empire was constituted. He was entering upon middle life when the Crimean War began, when the Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill were passed by the Congress of the United States, and when the Jews were admitted to the English Parliament. Serfdom in Russia had been abolished by Alexander II and the Civil War in the United States had been two years in progress when he was sixty. Before his death, in 1882, Napoleon III, Cavour, Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, and Lord Beaconsfield had played their parts in the drama of European politics, Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated, the Mexican expedition to regenerate the Latin races had failed, the Austro-Prussian war had closed, Ferdinand de Lesseps had projected and completed the Suez Canal, the dogma of papal infallibility had been proclaimed, the Franco-Prussian war had been fought to the finish in the personal surrender of Napoleon III to William I at Sedan, the third republic of France had been proclaimed, Paris had been besieged and had surrendered, Alsace and German Lorraine had been ceded to Germany and the Turco-Russian War had been begun and ended, Alexander II had been murdered in St. Petersburg, Queen Victoria had been proclaimed Empress of India. Ten years before his death, the claims of the United States against England had been settled at the arbitration of Geneva, to the satisfaction of the United States, and vote by ballot had been introduced in England. His life closed in the midst of renewed Irish agitation, the rise of Jingoism in England, and the growing complexities of the Chinese immigra-

tion and of Oriental questions generally in the United States. These mingled colors of human life and opinion his work as poet, lecturer, and essayist reflects and flashes back, like a great jewel of crystal, or as Iceland spar polarizes light.

The story of Emerson's personal interests is easily told. He was a graduate of Harvard College in 1824, entered upon study for the Unitarian ministry in the Divinity School at Cambridge, but was interrupted for more than a year by the failure of his eyes. He tried "the experiment of hard work for the benefit of the health," by teaching school in Chelmsford and in Roxbury. At this time his brother Edward was voyaging for his health in the Mediterranean, and his brother William, who had studied theology in Germany to the destruction of his orthodox Unitarianism, was exchanging theology for law. Ralph Waldo Emerson never completed his course in the Divinity School, but was "approbated to preach" in 1826. In 1829 he was settled in the Second Church of Boston, where he served until 1832, when he resigned because he could not conscientiously administer the rite of the Lord's Supper. In September, 1829, he married Ellen Tucker, who died of consumption in February, 1831. He said of her that she had been to him "a bright revelation of the best nature of woman." In December, 1832, he sailed for Malta in search of change and recuperation after the loss of his wife, his resignation from his church, and the total breakdown of his brother Edward's health.

The intellectual, social, and religious ferment of Europe does not seem to have impressed him. He crossed the Atlantic expecting to find a more stable condition of life and institutions than he had left at home; he was prepared for conservatism, dignity, and

even for some charm in graceful inertia, but he was not quick to note signs of revolt that were everywhere in the air. He hardly understood his own disappointment. He was looking for men and he was afraid that the great and interesting ones had somehow eluded him. Walter Savage Landor was the first to meet his needs by being one of the two men on the continent of Europe to whom he had been able to say something in earnest. He met in England John Stuart Mill, Bowring, Sir Henry Taylor, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, all with a sense of more or less well-defined disappointment. In August, 1833, he made his way to Craigenputtock, where Thomas Carlyle and his wife were living in retirement so complete that he had great difficulty in discovering them. At once he felt that he was in the presence of a great, a superior person, whose secret lay "in his commanding sense of justice and incessant demand for sincerity." Carlyle was no less impressed. He said to Lord Houghton, "That man came to see me; I don't know what brought him, and we kept him one night, and then he left us. I saw him go up the hill. I did n't go with him to see him descend. I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel." Thus began one of the most illustrious of literary friendships, whose faith and mutual service were lifelong. The monument of this relation is, of course, the *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton.[1] Besides their personal significance, the letters form a considerable part of the literary output of the writers. Emerson in particular wrote with considerate care rather than with familiar abandon.

In October, 1834, Emerson's brother Edward died

[1] Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in Porto Rico. Another brother, Charles Emerson, became engaged to a young lady in Concord, Mass. Here Dr. Ripley offered Waldo and his mother a home in the Old Manse celebrated by Hawthorne. A little later, April, 1836, Emerson married Lydian Jackson, "the soul of faith," in his phrase, and bought the Coolidge house in Concord, intending to share it with his brother Charles, who died, however, in the first effort that he made to restore his failing health by a southern journey.

Emerson had already learned something of his own power as a lecturer. Besides delivering five biographical lectures in Boston on Michael Angelo, Luther, Milton, George Fox, and Burke, he was slowly writing his "Nature," described by Dr. Garnett as "the most intense and quintessential of his writings, and the first in which he came forward teaching as one having authority." It was published in 1836. On the 31st of August, 1837, Emerson delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Address at Harvard. His theme was "The American Scholar." James Russell Lowell in *My Study Windows*, in the essay on Thoreau, says of it: "An event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles! What windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

In June, 1838, Emerson was invited to deliver the address before the graduating class in the Divinity School of Harvard University. He accepted the invitation and spoke on Sunday evening, July 15. He treated of the state of religion in the community, set forth the causes for the decay of religion in the

churches, and suggested radical remedies. Professor George E. Woodberry[1] says: "It is not strange that in such circumstances, Emerson, after the delivery of this address, was commonly regarded as atheistical, anti-Christian, and dangerous. Condemnation was the more unqualified because attention was naturally given at first rather to what he denied than to what he affirmed; what he denied, all men understood; but what he affirmed, few, if any, clearly made out." For upwards of forty years Emerson lectured through the United States, popularizing his own ethical principles and literary culture. He refers repeatedly and in many connections to the debate on fixity of type between Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. His sympathy with the theory of evolution as presented in the works of Darwin was prompt and outspoken. He was interested at once and practically, in 1831, in the appearance of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, and intellectually in the foundation of the British Association. He read the higher criticism of Strauss and the political optimism of De Tocqueville, and gladly joined a club of a dozen "like-minded seekers" who met at the house of George Ripley in Boston, September 19, 1836. In an account by Bronson Alcott the following persons are said to have been at the first meeting: "George Ripley, R. W. Emerson, F. H. Hedge, Convers Francis, J. F. Clarke, and the present writer. They gave invitations to Dr. Channing, to Jonathan Phillips, to Rev. James Walker, Rev. N. L. Frothingham, Rev. J. S. Dwight, Rev. W. H. Channing, and Rev. C. A. Bartol to join them if they chose to do so. The three last named appeared afterwards, and met the club frequently."

[1] *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Macmillan, p. 59.

The Fruitlands and Brook Farm communities were attempts to embody the social theories touched upon in Emerson's quaint comment to Carlyle in 1840, "We are a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform. Not a reading man but has his draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket. I am gently mad myself." To Miss Martineau, who visited him in his home, he did not seem even gently mad. She wrote: "He is a thinker without being solitary, abstracted, and unfitted for the time. He is ready at every call of action. He lectures to the factory people at Lowell when they ask. He preaches when the opportunity is presented. He is known at every house along the road he travels to and from home by the words he has dropped and the deeds he has done."

The *First Series* of Emerson's *Essays* was published in 1841. From 1842 to 1844 he was nominally editor of "The Dial," the organ of the group of persons known as Transcendentalists, among whom were Margaret Fuller, "a true counterpart to the Rahels and Bettinas of Germany," and "the good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age." In 1844 appeared the *Second Series* of *Essays*, and his *Poems* in 1846, among them the nobly pathetic "Threnody," which expressed his grief at the death of his son Waldo. In 1847 he accepted the invitations of several Mechanics' Institutes to visit England and lecture, and for that purpose sailed October 5. The earlier impressions and friendships which he had made were now renewed and strengthened. His lectures were well received, his acquaintance sought by eminent persons of all classes of society. George Stevenson,

De Quincey, Francis Jeffrey, George Combe, Robert Chambers, Leigh Hunt, Macaulay, Richard Owen, Crabbe Robinson, and George Eliot were among those who repaid him for crossing the Atlantic. He returned refreshed in spirit, and enriched by memories of kindness and appreciation of his efforts to serve his time. Quite characteristically he brought with him also a rocking-horse for the little son, "Edie," whose childish charms made him pitiful to all poor babies. His *Representative Men*, the collected lectures delivered in the winter of 1845–46, appeared in 1850, *Memoir of Margaret Fuller* in 1852, *English Traits* in 1856, *Conduct of Life* in 1860. The edition of this work was exhausted forty-eight hours after its publication, so great had become the demand for Emerson's writing. *May Day and Other Pieces* was the harvest of 1867, *Society and Solitude* of 1870. The results of his wide and catholic reading in poetry he shared with the public in the compilation and editing of *Parnassus* in 1875, "selected from the whole range of English Literature." *Letters and Social Aims* he published in 1876, and a second volume of *Poems* in 1876.

July 24, 1872, his house in Concord was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt by the liberal kindness of his friends. In October of the same year, accompanied by his daughter Ellen, he sailed for Europe on his way to Egypt.

Much of his charm and power in public address remained with him in his closing years of life. In 1881 he spoke on Carlyle's death before the Massachusetts Historical Society. Walt Whitman described him at about this time as an apparently attentive listener to conversation, "a good color in his face, eyes clear, with the well-known expression of sweetness, and the old

clear-peering aspect quite the same." . . . "A word or short phrase only when needed, and then almost always with a smile." He died after a few days' illness of pneumonia, April 27, 1882. He faced the eternities in death, as he had faced them in life, reverently but not unfamiliarly. To the last his eyes lingered affectionately on the portrait of Carlyle on the wall, he talked tenderly with his wife of their life together, he desired to see all who came, and passed with the words, "Oh, the beautiful boy!" on his smiling lips into a companionship with those he had loved, which death had interrupted and which he confidently believed death would now restore.

The same genial critic who found Emerson a disappointment to biographers declares him the despair of the "natural historian of philosophy." In the first instance, it was the lack of incident, the absence of curious suffering, the monotony of spiritual good health that appalled; in the second, it is the lack of system. Dr. Garnett says: "If we place him rather upon the roll of poets, we are still unable to remove him from the roll of anomalies." The word anomaly has a formidable sound to the tyro in science or in art; it is almost prohibitive to the formal student of either; it seems to mark a no-thoroughfare of investigation. But it must be remembered that in the progress from one level of intelligence to a higher, the simplest elements of the new order appear anomalous. The higher mathematics is anomalous from the point of view of the multiplication table, the action of astronomic force from that of simple addition. System is a convenient device of contented or of struggling ignorance; but its value in spiritual and practical affairs is obviously limited. Here lies the secret of

Emerson's originality, here is the best measure of his service. He was not simply a seer; he was far more than "a voice;" he was quite infinitely more than "a sign of the times." He was one of the small group of human beings who have never lost their sense of their nature and function as forces.

Therefore it is impossible to reduce Emerson to system and unreasonable to require it of him. He was not a scholar any more than Sainte-Beuve; he was not a politician any more than Burke; he was not a philosopher any more than Socrates. He was a Yankee gentleman who read omnivorously, wrote habitually, and so lived that it is quite possible that both Spinoza and Jonathan Edwards would have claimed him as a son after the spirit, though he was imperturbably bent on showing that their systems had had their day. His life is as full of oppositions as his writings of paradox, but he was able to be always perfectly amiable, and the effect of his writing is always tonic. James Russell Lowell's characterization of him in *A Fable for Critics* will always remain the best verdict on the superficial appearance that he presented to the acute and conventional observer, but it is no portrait, — it is a series of snap-shots.

"There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on,
Whose prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr — No, 't is not even prose;
I'm speaking of metres; some poems have welled
From those rare depths of soul that have ne'er been excelled;
They're not epics, but that does n't matter a pin,
In creating, the only hard thing's to begin;
A grass-blade's no easier to make than an oak;
If you've once found the way, you've achieved the grand stroke;
In the worst of his poems are mines of rich matter,
But thrown in a heap with a crash and a clatter;

Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

"But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting), — his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl coexist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 't is odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'T is refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself — just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to — nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer.
You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*.

There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,

Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearlier, trulier,
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb, —
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass, —
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues, —
E. sits in a mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common-sense;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night, —
While E. in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere everyday;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli, —
Not sketching their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
He paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and severe,
And a colorless outline, but full, round, and clear;
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words.
C. labors to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted."

The curious discontent of Emerson's biographers with one aspect after another of his self-expression is easily explicable when one remembers that he rated the soul above any expression of it, and valued expression mainly as it led back to its source. As he said, "There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies." His theory and practice are found defective in respect for formal art, as are his

philosophy and ethics in system. As he erred in the latter with Plato and the Great Teacher of men, so he erred in the former with Michael Angelo, who left part of his statues unfinished as token of his greater ideal.

Emerson's prose serves to remind us of Nature's truth and Emerson's poetry. His essays remind us in their distinctions of the illustrations used in his biographical studies. The best footnote for his essay on "Friendship" is his correspondence with Carlyle. His account of Plato means what it does because the mind of Plato consoled him for the shortcomings of the men Goethe and Napoleon, and it leads inevitably to "Compensation" and "Experience" and "Nature." *English Traits* is a special variety of *The Conduct of Life*, and "The Oversoul" and "Circles" are collections of those "blazing ubiquities" whose signs he discerned in the humblest neighborhoods, whose perfection he denied to the grandest social structures, and for whose best expression he courageously hoped that the United States might prove themselves worthy. Here he bettered the instruction he had from Plato. Father Taylor declared him to be more like Christ than any other man he had known. We are not likely, therefore, either as a nation or as individuals, to outgrow Emerson. From time to time we may forget him or even judge him outworn, but we shall do best to absorb as thoroughly as possible all his writings, that their spirit may not escape us. For more than any other writer Emerson is his own antidote. His shrewd maxims conduct to mystic heights of speculation and his airiest speculation lands the balloon in the market-place.

For years it has been the regret of students that

his journals and correspondence were inaccessible. This lack is now made good by the Centenary Edition of his works, in which his son, Dr. Edward Emerson, has collected everything that can help to make clear his father's meaning or may heighten the sense of human companionship between him and the reader. This edition therefore may be considered the last legacy of Emerson to the public he served so devotedly, by reminding it of the abiding relation between it and the essential virtues of private souls.

The material from journals and note-books, as well as from five essays now published for the first time, bears not only on the history of Emerson's opinions and the working of his mind, but it is of final importance in the study of his style. The facts about him are not quite what popularly they have been supposed. He never changed his attitude toward life, but he did recast sentences. The form of his essays underwent considerable change in different editions and in relation to different audiences. To this end he used literary methods freely, but the freedom he allowed himself appears far less a matter of the moment's convenience or of personal whim, or of indifference to the claims of form, than it has been the fashion to think. By the help of Dr. Emerson's notes, explaining many intimate references and allusions of the text, the "natural history" of his father's opinions is supplied in such a way as to render their organic character more obvious. The man Emerson is seen everywhere in the writer and lecturer. The style which has been traditionally compared to a string of pearls with a like loose arrangement is seen to be much more like cosmic light whose particles are diffused only that changed conditions may make them into particular beams. More than

ever, too, the essential difference between Emerson and Walt Whitman becomes evident. Emerson's originality in expression was not the result of effort. Walt Whitman's was. Emerson produced his effects by the use of all the means at his command. Walt Whitman deliberately and with recurrent difficulty tried to keep certain elements of expression out of his work. A study of their styles in various stages, from journals and note-books to productions intended for the public, shows that the democratic aspect of Walt Whitman's work was the result of self-election, that of Emerson's his response to the call of nature.

A similar comparison with the work of Emerson's other companion in originality and in assertion of individuality, Thomas Carlyle, shows the student the extraordinary difference between them in directness of approach to a theme and in ease of expression. Carlyle's style justifies all that he complained of in his many accounts of his difficulty in expressing himself. Emerson writes, "Even in college I was content to be 'screwed' in the recitation room if on my return I could accurately paint the fact in my journal." In 1837 he wrote of his journal: "This book is my savings bank. I grow richer because I have somewhere to deposit my earnings, and fractions are worth more to me because corresponding fractions are waiting here that shall be made integers by their addition." It is impossible to think of Carlyle as anything but a prose-poet; it is equally impossible to forget that Emerson is a poet, a writer of prose, and a physician of souls.

There is no royal road to Emerson. To understand him or any part of his message fully, it is necessary to study it in as many connections as he uttered it. Emerson was a master of emphasis, and yet his abiding

value is in the relations that he made evident between truths rather than in the force with which he pressed a given truth home. Ten essays from his score of volumes do not exhaust his wealth or serve as small change for the total. Ten essays, however, may serve as an introduction to a thorough study of a genius as elusive as it is impressive. The group chosen undertakes to present with some completeness a simple outline of his work, its central principles, its development, its expression in concrete form, and its organic applications. It is hoped that one unceasing purpose will be found to run through the series, binding it together, but affording also a standard by which independent values in the separate essays may be discriminated. The group may be divided into two related or parallel groups having a similar internal structure: 1. Compensation, Experience, Character, Self-Reliance, and Heroism; 2. History, Politics, Behavior, Manners, and Friendship. The constructive principle of the first group is ultimate or spiritual value. Its development may be traced, the present editor believes, through Experience for the race, Character for the individual, Self-Reliance for the general relations of the individual, and Heroism for a special relation. The constructive principle of the second group is mediate or social value. History, like Compensation, is a process as well as a record. As a process it involves much that is commonly ignored or thought to be contradictory to its function. It is developed through the wide relations of Politics, the concrete expression in Behavior, the permanent coefficient of Manners, and the special relation of Friendship. For this order it is further claimed as an advantage that the duality which Emerson found everywhere is here again presented in

a double structure. The simple alternation of his emphasis of dual truth might have been shown by the interpolation of the items of the second group in the first. Compensation then would have found a social or mediate application in History, Experience in Politics, Character in Behavior, Self-Reliance in Manners, and Heroism in Friendship. But for the student of Emerson's mind and process of expression, there can be no doubt that the less obvious and direct order is more useful because more characteristic. Finally, it seems hardly possible that Emerson himself would have been able to find the question of the order of his essays "interesting." It would have seemed to him as superfluous as "an order" for the winds or the waves or the soughing of the pines. And so ultimately it will prove to the student. If he attains to any of his master's spirit, he will see that the order of presentation is as insignificant as time to the soul; the moment of the acceptance of truth, the discovery of spiritual kinship,—these are the important things, and their advent makes a centre in any surroundings, but only for the time being. All the rest must in their turn be centres, subordinating in calm loyalty to the whole truth the most venerable institutions and processes from the centres that they had been to outstanding dependencies that they must take their turn in being. The mind conducting a process of this sort must be active and provided with endurance. The eternal rearrangement of events was what Emerson meant by History of the ultimate sort; the ordinary lineal or superficial or artificial adjustment by dates and prejudices he had a constitutional and really religious aversion to. Experience to him was central and intimate, not superficial nor spectacular. Yet he could not ignore the popular inter-

est in the tale of happenings that made men court travel and so-called advantages. Politics to him were at once more and less than the ward heeler found them or left them. Character could easily swing from a share of the Oversoul to the poor dignity of a whim, and Behavior might express either aspect of reality. Self-Reliance was a misnomer ultimately for anything but trust in the constitution of the universe, and Manners were good or bad as they were expressive of the underlying truth or lie. Heroism stood for the moments, frequent or rare, when the soul, conscious of its high prerogative, lived itself and its claims into the assertion of crisis. Friendship was a social relation where the clash between individuals was inevitable; and heroism, active or latent, a requisite.

Associated with these essays are the mottoes in verse which serve, in the judgment of some of Emerson's critics, to keep alive the minister within him. Such does not seem to me to be their office. They are rather isomeric forms of the elemental stuff he offers in the essays.

Emerson's message is even more valuable for the manner than the matter. He leaves with his disciple the constructive influence of earnest protest. In the small class of "unsystematic" writers he stands alone. The Bacon of the *Essays*, the Pascal of the *Pensées*, the Montaigne of the *Essays* are said to have been great writers. Was Emerson? It is immaterial. He was a great man writing.

COMPENSATION

THE wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon, in tidal wave,
Glows the feud of Want and Have.
Gauge of more and less through space
Electric star and pencil plays.
The lonely Earth amid the balls
That hurry through the eternal halls,
A makeweight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral Dark.[1]

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine,
Stanch and strong the tendrils twine:
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There 's no god dare wrong a worm.[1]
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts
And power to him who power exerts;
Hast not thy share? On wingèd feet,
Lo! it rushes thee tò meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

COMPENSATION

Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm and the dwelling-house; greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared moreover that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the

wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day, — bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, — 'We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now;' — or, to push it to its extreme import, — 'You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful we expect our revenge to-morrow.'

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now.[3] The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the soul; the omnipotence of the will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than their theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know.[4] That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter[5] to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

Polarity, or action and reaction,[6] we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal body; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the

south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history is another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have

missed, you have gained something else; and for every thing you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen, — a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him? — Nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius?[7] Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light,[8] and always outrun that sympathy

which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul.[9] He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? — he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth and become a byword and a hissing.[10]

This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari.*[11] Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in. If the government is a terrific democracy, the pressure is resisted by an over-charge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with a fiercer flame. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstances. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same, — in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles.[12] Every thing in nature contains all the powers of nature. Every thing is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted

man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity, — all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; but there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. Ἀεὶ γὰρ εὖ πίπτουσιν οἱ Διὸς κύβοι,[18] —The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal

necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates itself, in a twofold manner; first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preexists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example, — to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem, — how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, 'Eat;' the body would feast. The soul says, 'The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul;' the body

would join the flesh only. The soul says, 'Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue;' the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it, —power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgle[14] for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride; to dress that he may be dressed; to eat that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to possess one side of nature, — the sweet, without the other side, the bitter.

This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted. Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out Nature with a fork, she comes running back."[15]

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags[16] that he does not know, that they do not touch him; — but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to

make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried, — since to try it is to be mad, — but for the circumstance that when the disease begins in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!" [17]

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them: —

"Of all the gods, I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep." [18]

A plain confession of the in-working of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite

invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in every thing God has made. It would seem there is always this vindictive [19] circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws, — this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe and lets no offence go unchastised. The Furies, they said, are attendants on justice, and if the sun in heaven should trangress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.[20]

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it; that which he does not know; that which flowed out of his constitution and not from his too

active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And his law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. — Give, and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered himself. — What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. — Nothing venture, nothing have. — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. — Who doth not work shall not eat. — Harm watch, harm catch.

—Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.—If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.—Bad counsel confounds the adviser.—The Devil is an ass.[21]

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball[22] thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or rather it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke.[23] The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social re-

lations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates,[24] the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot[25] as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality.

The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base, — and that is the one base thing in the universe, — to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms.[26] Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skilful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that every thing has its price, — and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, — is not less

sublime in the columns of a leger[27] than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state, — do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature — water, snow, wind, gravitation — become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns every thing to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached cast down their colors and from enemies

became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors: —

"Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing." [28]

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. The indignation which arms itself with secret forces does not awaken until we are pricked and stung and sorely assailed. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point.

The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you: for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves

of reason and traversing its work.[29] The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified.

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Every thing has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, — What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it; if I lose any good I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the

whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct

is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less, than the fool and knave. There is no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens. I do not wish more external goods, — neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure.[30] Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the

facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian,[21] acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the nature of the soul to appropriate all things. Jesus and Shakspeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue, — is not that mine? His wit, — if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house.[22] In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the

outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in.[23] We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, 'Up and onward for evermore!' We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of

character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian[34] of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

EXPERIENCE

The lords of life, the lords of life,—
I saw them pass,
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift, and spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Omnipresent without name;—
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west:
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look:—
Him by the hand dear Nature took;
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, 'Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou! these are thy race!'

EXPERIENCE

Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes, and believe that it has none. We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight. But the Genius which according to the old belief stands at the door by which we enter, and gives us the lethe to drink, that we may tell no tales, mixed the cup too strongly, and we cannot shake off the lethargy now at noonday. Sleep lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the boughs of the fir-tree. All things swim and glitter. Our life is not so much threatened as our perception. Ghostlike we glide through nature, and should not know our place again. Did our birth fall in some fit of indigence and frugality in nature, that she was so sparing of her fire and so liberal of her earth that it appears to us that we lack the affirmative principle, and though we have health and reason, yet we have no superfluity of spirit for new creation? We have enough to live and bring the year about, but not an ounce to impart or to invest. Ah, that our Genius were a little more of a genius! We are like millers on the lower levels of a stream, when the factories above them have exhausted the water. We too fancy that the upper people must have raised their dams.

If any of us knew what we were doing, or where we are going, then when we think we best know! We do not know to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times

when we thought ourselves indolent, we have afterwards discovered that much was accomplished and much was begun in us. All our days are so unprofitable while they pass, that 't is wonderful where or when we ever got anything of this which we call wisdom, poetry, virtue. We never got it on any dated calendar day. Some heavenly days must have been intercalated somewhere, like those that Hermes [1] won with dice of the Moon, that Osiris might be born. It is said all martyrdoms looked mean when they were suffered. Every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel and hangs on every other sail in the horizon. Our life looks trivial, and we shun to record it. Men seem to have learned of the horizon the art of perpetual retreating and reference.[2] 'Yonder uplands are rich pasturage, and my neighbor has fertile meadow, but my field,' says the querulous farmer, 'only holds the world together.' I quote another man's saying; unluckily that other withdraws himself in the same way, and quotes me. 'T is the trick of nature thus to degrade to-day; a good deal of buzz, and somewhere a result slipped magically in. Every roof is agreeable to the eye until it is lifted; then we find tragedy and moaning women and hard-eyed husbands and deluges of Lethe, and the men ask, 'What's the news?' as if the old were so bad. How many individuals can we count in society? how many actions? how many opinions? So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours. The history of literature — take the net result of Tiraboschi, Warton, or Schlegel [3] — is a sum of very few ideas and of very few original tales; all the rest being

variation of these. So in this great society wide lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense. There are even few opinions, and these seem organic in the speakers, and do not disturb the universal necessity.

What opium is instilled into all disaster! It shows formidable as we approach it, but there is at last no rough rasping friction, but the most slippery sliding surfaces; we fall soft on a thought; *Ate Dea*[4] is gentle,

> "Over men's heads walking aloft,
> With tender feet treading so soft."[5]

People grieve and bemoan themselves, but it is not half so bad with them as they say. There are moods in which we court suffering, in the hope that here at least we shall find reality, sharp peaks and edges of truth. But it turns out to be scene-painting and counterfeit. The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is. That, like all the rest, plays about the surface, and never introduces me into the reality, for contact with which we would even pay the costly price of sons and lovers. Was it Boscovich[6] who found out that bodies never come in contact? Well, souls never touch their objects. An innavigable sea washes with silent waves between us and the things we aim at and converse with. Grief too will make us idealists. In the death of my son,[7] now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate, — no more. I cannot get it nearer to me. If to-morrow I should be informed of the bankruptcy of my principal debtors, the loss of my property would be a great inconvenience to me, perhaps, for many years; but it would leave me as it found me, — neither better nor worse.

So is it with this calamity; it does not touch me; something which I fancied was a part of me, which could not be torn away without tearing me nor enlarged without enriching me, falls off from me and leaves no scar. It was caducous. I grieve that grief can teach me nothing, nor carry me one step into real nature. The Indian [8] who was laid under a curse that the wind should not blow on him, nor water flow to him, nor fire burn him, is a type of us all. The dearest events are summer rain, and we the Para [9] coats that shed every drop. Nothing is left us now but death. We look to that with a grim satisfaction, saying, There at least is reality that will not dodge us.

I take this evanescence and lubricity of all objects, which lets them slip through our fingers then when we clutch hardest, to be the most unhandsome part of our condition. Nature does not like to be observed, and likes that we should be her fools and playmates. We may have the sphere for our cricket-ball, but not a berry for our philosophy. Direct strokes she never gave us power to make; all our blows glance, all our hits are accidents. Our relations to each other are oblique and casual.

Dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion. Life is a train of moods [10] like a string of beads, and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus. From the mountain you see the mountain. We animate what we can, and we see only what we animate. Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and

there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism. The more or less depends on structure or temperament. Temperament is the iron wire on which the beads are strung. Of what use is fortune or talent to a cold and defective nature? Who cares what sensibility or discrimination a man has at some time shown, if he falls asleep in his chair? or if he laugh and giggle? or if he apologize? or is infected with egotism? or thinks of his dollar? or cannot go by food? or has gotten a child in his boyhood? Of what use is genius, if the organ is too convex or too concave and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life? Of what use, if the brain is too cold or too hot, and the man does not care enough for results to stimulate him to experiment, and hold him up in it? or if the web is too finely woven, too irritable by pleasure and pain, so that life stagnates from too much reception without due outlet? Of what use to make heroic vows of amendment, if the same old law-breaker is to keep them? What cheer can the religious sentiment yield, when that is suspected to be secretly dependent on the seasons of the year and the state of the blood? I knew a witty physician [11] who found the creed in the biliary duct, and used to affirm that if there was disease in the liver, the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound, he became a Unitarian. Very mortifying is the reluctant experience that some unfriendly excess or imbecility neutralizes the promise of genius. We see young men who owe us a new world, so readily and lavishly they promise, but they never acquit the debt; they die young and dodge the account; or if they live they lose themselves in the crowd.

Temperament also enters fully into the system of

illusions and shuts us in a prison of glass which we cannot see. There is an optical illusion about every person we meet. In truth they are all creatures of given temperament, which will appear in a given character, whose boundaries they will never pass; but we look at them, they seem alive, and we presume there is impulse in them. In the moment it seems impulse; in the year, in the lifetime, it turns out to be a certain uniform tune which the revolving barrel of the music-box must play. Men resist the conclusion in the morning, but adopt it as the evening wears on, that temper prevails over everything of time, place and condition, and is inconsumable in the flames of religion. Some modifications the moral sentiment avails to impose, but the individual texture holds its dominion, if not to bias the moral judgments, yet to fix the measure of activity and of enjoyment.

I thus express the law as it is read from the platform of ordinary life, but must not leave it without noticing the capital exception. For temperament is a power which no man willingly hears any one praise but himself. On the platform of physics we cannot resist the contracting influences of so-called science. Temperament puts all divinity to rout. I know the mental proclivity of physicians. I hear the chuckle of the phrenologists. Theoretic kidnappers and slave-drivers, they esteem each man the victim of another, who winds him round his finger by knowing the law of his being; and, by such cheap signboards as the color of his beard or the slope of his occiput, reads the inventory of his fortunes and character. The grossest ignorance does not disgust like this impudent knowingness. The physicians say they are not materialists; but they are: Spirit is matter reduced to an extreme

thinness: O *so* thin! — But the definition of *spiritual* should be, *that which is its own evidence.*[12] What notions do they attach to love! what to religion! One would not willingly pronounce these words in their hearing, and give them the occasion to profane them. I saw a gracious gentleman who adapts his conversation to the form of the head of the man he talks with! I had fancied that the value of life lay in its inscrutable possibilities; in the fact that I never know, in addressing myself to a new individual, what may befall me. I carry the keys of my castle in my hand, ready to throw them at the feet of my lord, whenever and in what disguise soever he shall appear. I know he is in the neighborhood, hidden among vagabonds. Shall I preclude my future by taking a high seat and kindly adapting my conversation to the shape of heads? When I come to that, the doctors shall buy me for a cent. — 'But, sir, medical history; the report to the Institute; the proven facts!' — I distrust the facts and the inferences. Temperament is the veto or limitation-power in the constitution, very justly applied to restrain an opposite excess in the constitution, but absurdly offered as a bar to original equity. When virtue is in presence, all subordinate powers sleep. On its own level, or in view of nature, temperament is final. I see not, if one be once caught in this trap of so-called sciences, any escape for the man from the links of the chain of physical necessity. Given such an embryo, such a history must follow. On this platform one lives in a sty of sensualism, and would soon come to suicide.[13] But it is impossible that the creative power should exclude itself. Into every intelligence there is a door which is never closed, through which the creator passes. The intellect, seeker of absolute

truth, or the heart, lover of absolute good, intervenes for our succor, and at one whisper of these high powers we awake from ineffectual struggles with this nightmare. We hurl it into its own hell,[14] and cannot again contract ourselves to so base a state.

The secret of the illusoriness is in the necessity of a succession of moods or objects. Gladly we would anchor, but the anchorage is quicksand. This onward trick of nature is too strong for us: *Pero si muove.*[15] When at night I look at the moon and stars, I seem stationary, and they to hurry. Our love of the real draws us to permanence, but health of body consists in circulation, and sanity of mind in variety or facility of association. We need change of objects. Dedication to one thought is quickly odious. We house with the insane, and must humor them; then conversation dies out. Once I took such delight in Montaigne that I thought I should not need any other book; before that, in Shakspeare; then in Plutarch; then in Plotinus; at one time in Bacon; afterwards in Goethe; even in Bettine;[16] but now I turn the pages of either of them languidly, whilst I still cherish their genius. So with pictures;[17] each will bear an emphasis of attention once, which it cannot retain, though we fain would continue to be pleased in that manner. How strongly I have felt of pictures that when you have seen one well, you must take your leave of it; you shall never see it again. I have had good lessons from pictures which I have since seen without emotion or remark. A deduction must be made from the opinion which even the wise express on a new book or occurrence. Their opinion gives me tidings of their mood, and some vague guess at the new fact, but is nowise

to be trusted as the lasting relation between that intellect and that thing. The child asks, 'Mamma, why don't I like the story as well as when you told it me yesterday?' Alas! child, it is even so with the oldest cherubim of knowledge. But will it answer thy question to say, Because thou wert born to a whole and this story is a particular? The reason of the pain this discovery causes us (and we make it late in respect to works of art and intellect) is the plaint of tragedy which murmurs from it in regard to persons, to friendship and love.[18]

That immobility and absence of elasticity which we find in the arts, we find with more pain in the artist. There is no power of expansion in men.[19] Our friends early appear to us as representatives of certain ideas which they never pass or exceed. They stand on the brink of the ocean of thought and power, but they never take the single step that would bring them there. A man is like a bit of Labrador spar,[20] which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors. There is no adaptation or universal applicability in men, but each has his special talent, and the mastery of successful men consists in adroitly keeping themselves where and when that turn shall be oftenest to be practised. We do what we must, and call it by the best names we can, and would fain have the praise of having intended the result which ensues. I cannot recall any form of man who is not superfluous sometimes. But is not this pitiful? Life is not worth the taking, to do tricks in.

Of course it needs the whole society to give the symmetry we seek. The party-colored wheel must revolve very fast to appear white. Something is earned too

by conversing with so much folly and defect. In fine, whoever loses, we are always of the gaining party.[21] Divinity is behind our failures and follies also. The plays of children are nonsense, but very educative nonsense. So it is with the largest and solemnest things, with commerce, government, church, marriage, and so with the history of every man's bread, and the ways by which he is to come by it. Like a bird which alights nowhere, but hops perpetually from bough to bough, is the Power which abides in no man and in no woman, but for a moment speaks from this one, and for another moment from that one.

But what help from these fineries or pedantries? What help from thought? Life is not dialectics.[22] We, I think, in these times, have had lessons enough of the futility of criticism. Our young people have thought and written much on labor and reform, and for all that they have written, neither the world nor themselves have got on a step. Intellectual tasting of life will not supersede muscular activity. If a man should consider the nicety of the passage of a piece of bread down his throat, he would starve. At Education Farm[23] the noblest theory of life sat on the noblest figures of young men and maidens, quite powerless and melancholy. It would not rake or pitch a ton of hay; it would not rub down a horse; and the men and maidens it left pale and hungry. A political orator wittily compared our party promises to western roads, which opened stately enough, with planted trees on either side to tempt the traveller, but soon became narrow and narrower and ended in a squirrel-track and ran up a tree. So does culture with us; it ends in headache. Unspeakably sad and barren does life look to those who a few

months ago were dazzled with the splendor of the promise of the times. "There is now no longer any right course of action nor any self-devotion left among the Iranis." [24] Objections and criticism we have had our fill of. There are objections to every course of life and action, and the practical wisdom infers an indifferency, from the omnipresence of objection. The whole frame of things preaches indifferency. Do not craze yourself with thinking, but go about your business anywhere. Life is not intellectual or critical, but sturdy. Its chief good is for well-mixed people who can enjoy what they find, without question. Nature hates peeping, and our mothers speak her very sense when they say, "Children, eat your victuals, and say no more of it." To fill the hour, — that is happiness; to fill the hour and leave no crevice for a repentance or an approval. We live amid surfaces, and the true art of life is to skate well on them. Under the oldest mouldiest conventions a man of native force prospers just as well as in the newest world, and that by skill of handling and treatment.[25] He can take hold anywhere. Life itself is a mixture of power and form, and will not bear the least excess of either.[26] To finish the moment, to find the journey's end in every step of the road, to live the greatest number of good hours, is wisdom.[27] It is not the part of men, but of fanatics, or of mathematicians if you will, to say that, the shortness of life considered, it is not worth caring whether for so short a duration we were sprawling in want or sitting high. Since our office is with moments, let us husband them. Five minutes of to-day are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millennium. Let us be poised, and wise, and our own, to-day. Let us treat the men and women well; treat them as if they

were real; perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labor. It is a tempest of fancies, and the only ballast I know is a respect to the present hour. Without any shadow of doubt, amidst this vertigo of shows and politics, I settle myself ever the firmer in the creed that we should not postpone and refer [28] and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with, accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. If these are mean and malignant, their contentment, which is the last victory of justice, is a more satisfying echo to the heart than the voice of poets and the casual sympathy of admirable persons. I think that however a thoughtful man may suffer from the defects and absurdities of his company, he cannot without affectation deny to any set of men and women a sensibility to extraordinary merit. The coarse and frivolous have an instinct of superiority, if they have not a sympathy, and honor it in their blind capricious way with sincere homage.

The fine young people despise life, but in me, and in such as with me are free from dyspepsia, and to whom a day is a sound and solid good, it is a great excess of politeness to look scornful and to cry for company. I am grown by sympathy a little eager and sentimental, but leave me alone and I should relish every hour and what it brought me, the potluck [29] of the day, as heartily as the oldest gossip in the bar-room. I am thankful for small mercies. I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything of the universe and is disappointed when anything is less

than the best, and I found that I begin at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and am always full of thanks for moderate goods. I accept the clangor and jangle of contrary tendencies. I find my account in sots and bores also. They give a reality to the circumjacent picture which such a vanishing meteorous appearance can ill spare. In the morning I awake and find the old world, wife, babes and mother, Concord and Boston, the dear old spiritual world and even the dear old devil not far off. If we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures. The great gifts are not got by analysis. Everything good is on the highway. The middle region of our being is the temperate zone. We may climb into the thin and cold realm of pure geometry and lifeless science, or sink into that of sensation. Between these extremes is the equator of life, of thought, of spirit, of poetry, — a narrow belt. Moreover, in popular experience everything good is on the highway. A collector peeps into all the picture-shops of Europe for a landscape of Poussin,[30] a crayon-sketch of Salvator;[31] but the Transfiguration, the Last Judgment, the Communion of Saint Jerome,[32] and what are as transcendent as these, are on the walls of the Vatican, the Uffizi,[33] or the Louvre, where every footman may see them; to say nothing of Nature's pictures in every street, of sunsets and sunrises every day, and the sculpture of the human body never absent. A collector recently bought at public auction, in London, for one hundred and fifty-seven guineas, an autograph of Shakspeare; but for nothing a school-boy can read Hamlet and can detect secrets of highest concernment yet unpublished therein. I think I will never read any but the commonest books, — the Bible, Homer, Dante, Shak-

speare and Milton. Then we are impatient of so public a life and planet, and run hither and thither for nooks and secrets. The imagination delights in the woodcraft of Indians, trappers and bee-hunters. We fancy that we are strangers, and not so intimately domesticated in the planet as the wild man and the wild beast and bird. But the exclusion reaches them also; reaches the climbing, flying, gliding, feathered and four-footed man. Fox and woodchuck, hawk and snipe and bittern, when nearly seen, have no more root in the deep world than man, and are just such superficial tenants of the globe. Then the new molecular philosophy [34] shows astronomical interspaces betwixt atom and atom, shows that the world is all outside; it has no inside.

The mid-world is best. Nature, as we know her, is no saint. The lights of the church, the ascetics, Gentoos and corn-eaters, she does not distinguish by any favor. She comes eating and drinking and sinning. Her darlings, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not children of our law; do not come out of the Sunday School, nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commandments. If we will be strong with her strength we must not harbor such disconsolate consciences, borrowed too from the consciences of other nations. We must set up the strong present tense [35] against all the rumors of wrath, past or to come. So many things are unsettled which it is of the first importance to settle; —and, pending their settlement, we will do as we do. Whilst the debate goes forward on the equity of commerce, and will not be closed for a century or two, New and Old England may keep shop. Law of copyright [36] and international copyright is to be discussed, and in the interim we

will sell our books for the most we can. Expediency of literature,[37] reason of literature, lawfulness of writing down a thought, is questioned; much is to say on both sides, and, while the fight waxes hot, thou, dearest scholar, stick to thy foolish task, add a line every hour, and between whiles add a line. Right to hold land, right of property, is disputed, and the conventions convene, and before the vote is taken, dig away in your garden, and spend your earnings as a waif or godsend to all serene and beautiful purposes. Life itself is a bubble and a scepticism, and a sleep within a sleep. Grant it, and as much more as they will, — but thou, God's darling! heed thy private dream; thou wilt not be missed in the scorning and scepticism; there are enough of them; stay there in thy closet and toil until the rest are agreed what to do about it. Thy sickness, they say, and thy puny habit require that thou do this or avoid that, but know that thy life is a flitting state, a tent for a night, and do thou, sick or well, finish that stint.[38] Thou art sick, but shalt not be worse, and the universe, which holds thee dear, shall be the better.

Human life is made up of the two elements, power and form, and the proportion must be invariably kept if we would have it sweet and sound. Each of these elements in excess makes a mischief as hurtful as its defect. Everything runs to excess; every good quality is noxious if unmixed, and, to carry the danger to the edge of ruin, nature causes each man's peculiarity to superabound. Here, among the farms, we adduce the scholars as examples of this treachery. They are nature's victims of expression. You who see the artist, the orator, the poet, too near, and find their life no more excellent than that of mechanics or

farmers, and themselves victims of partiality, very hollow and haggard, and pronounce them failures, not heroes, but quacks, — conclude very reasonably that these arts are not for man, but are disease. Yet nature will not bear you out. Irresistible nature made men such, and makes legions more of such, every day. You love the boy reading in a book, gazing at a drawing or a cast; yet what are these millions who read and behold, but incipient writers and sculptors? Add a little more of that quality which now reads and sees, and they will seize the pen and chisel. And if one remembers how innocently he began to be an artist, he perceives that nature joined with his enemy. A man is a golden impossibility. The line he must walk is a hair's breadth. The wise through excess of wisdom is made a fool.[39]

How easily, if fate would suffer it, we might keep forever these beautiful limits, and adjust ourselves, once for all, to the perfect calculation of the kingdom of known cause and effect! In the street and in the newspapers, life appears so plain a business that manly resolution and adherence to the multiplication-table through all weathers will insure success. But ah! presently comes a day, or is it only a half-hour, with its angel-whispering, — which discomfits the conclusions of nations and of years! To-morrow again every thing looks real and angular, the habitual standards are reinstated, common-sense is as rare as genius, — is the basis of genius, and experience is hands and feet to every enterprise; — and yet, he who should do his business on this understanding would be quickly bankrupt. Power keeps quite another road than the turnpikes of choice and will; namely the subterranean and invisible tunnels and

channels of life. It is ridiculous that we are diplomatists, and doctors, and considerate people; there are no dupes like these. Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. 'You will not remember,' he seems to say, 'and you will not expect.'[40] All good conversation, manners and action come from a spontaneity which forgets usages and makes the moment great. Nature hates calculators; her methods are saltatory and impulsive. Man lives by pulses; our organic movements are such; and the chemical and ethereal agents are undulatory and alternate; and the mind goes antagonizing on, and never prospers but by fits. We thrive by casualties. Our chief experiences have been casual. The most attractive class of people are those who are powerful obliquely and not by the direct stroke; men of genius, but not yet accredited; one gets the cheer of their light without paying too great a tax. Theirs is the beauty of the bird or the morning light, and not of art. In the thought of genius there is always a surprise; and the moral sentiment is well called "the newness," for it is never other; as new to the oldest intelligence as to the young child; — "the kingdom that cometh without observation." In like manner, for practical success, there must not be too much design. A man will not be observed in doing that which he can do best. There is a certain magic about his properest action which stupefies your powers of observation, so that though it is done before you, you wist not of it. The art of

life has a pudency, and will not be exposed. Every man is an impossibility until he is born; every thing impossible until we see a success. The ardors of piety agree at last with the coldest scepticism, — that nothing is of us or our works, — that all is of God. Nature will not spare us the smallest leaf of laurel. All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having. I would gladly be moral and keep due metes and bounds, which I dearly love, and allow the most to the will of man; but I have set my heart on honesty in this chapter, and I can see nothing at last, in success or failure, than more or less of vital force supplied from the Eternal. The results of life are uncalculated and uncalculable. The years teach much which the days never know. The persons who compose our company converse, and come and go, and design and execute many things, and somewhat comes of it all, but an unlooked-for result. The individual is always mistaken.[41] He designed many things, and drew in other persons as coadjutors, quarrelled with some or all, blundered much, and something is done; all are a little advanced, but the individual is always mistaken. It turns out somewhat new and very unlike what he promised himself.

The ancients, struck with this irreducibleness of the elements of human life to calculation, exalted Chance into a divinity; but that is to stay too long at the spark, which glitters truly at one point, but the universe is warm with the latency of the same fire. The miracle of life which will not be expounded but will remain a miracle, introduces a new element. In the growth of the embryo, Sir Everard Home,[42] I think, noticed that the evolution was not from one central

point, but coactive from three or more points. Life has no memory. That which proceeds in succession might be remembered, but that which is coexistent, or ejaculated from a deeper cause, as yet far from being conscious, knows not its own tendency. So is it with us, now sceptical or without unity, because immersed in forms and effects all seeming to be of equal yet hostile value, and now religious, whilst in the reception of spiritual law. Bear with these distractions, with this coetaneous growth of the parts; they will one day be *members*, and obey one will. On that one will, on that secret cause, they nail our attention and hope. Life is hereby melted into an expectation or a religion. Underneath the inharmonious and trivial particulars, is a musical perfection; the Ideal journeying always with us, the heaven without rent or seam. Do but observe the mode of our illumination. When I converse with a profound mind, or if at any time being alone I have good thoughts, I do not at once arrive at satisfactions, as when, being thirsty, I drink water; or go to the fire, being cold; no! but I am at first apprised of my vicinity to a new and excellent region of life. By persisting to read or to think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveller the inland mountains, with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance. But every insight from this realm of thought is felt as initial, and promises a sequel. I do not make it; I arrive there, and behold what was there already. I make! O no! I clap my hands in infantine joy and amazement before the first opening

to me of this august magnificence, old with the love and homage of innumerable ages, young with the life of life, the sunbright Mecca of the desert.[43] And what a future it opens! I feel a new heart beating with the love of the new beauty. I am ready to die out of nature and be born again into this new yet unapproachable America I have found in the West: —

> "Since neither now nor yesterday began
> These thoughts, which have been ever, nor yet can
> A man be found who their first entrance knew." [44]

If I have described life as a flux of moods, I must now add that there is that in us which changes not and which ranks all sensations and states of mind. The consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body; life above life, in infinite degrees. The sentiment from which it sprung determines the dignity of any deed, and the question ever is, not what you have done or forborne, but at whose command you have done or forborne it.

Fortune, Minerva, Muse, Holy Ghost, — these are quaint names, too narrow to cover this unbounded substance. The baffled intellect must still kneel before this cause, which refuses to be named, — ineffable cause, which every fine genius has essayed to represent by some emphatic symbol, as, Thales by water,[45] Anaximenes by air, Anaxagoras[46] by (Νοῦς) thought, Zoroaster[47] by fire, Jesus and the moderns by love; and the metaphor of each has become a national religion. The Chinese Mencius[48] has not been the least successful in his generalization. "I fully understand language," he said, "and nourish well my vast flowing vigor." — "I beg to ask what you call vast flowing vigor?" said his companion. "The expla-

nation," replied Mencius, "is difficult. This vigor is supremely great, and in the highest degree unbending. Nourish it correctly and do it no injury, and it will fill up the vacancy between heaven and earth. This vigor accords with and assists justice and reason, and leaves no hunger." — In our more correct writing we give to this generalization the name of Being, and thereby confess that we have arrived as far as we can go. Suffice it for the joy of the universe that we have not arrived at a wall, but at interminable oceans. Our life seems not present so much as prospective; not for the affairs on which it is wasted, but as a hint of this vast-flowing vigor. Most of life seems to be mere advertisement of faculty; information is given us not to sell ourselves cheap; that we are very great. So, in particulars, our greatness is always in a tendency or direction, not in an action. It is for us to believe in the rule, not in the exception. The noble are thus known from the ignoble. So in accepting the leading of the sentiments, it is not what we believe concerning the immortality of the soul or the like, but *the universal impulse to believe*, that is the material circumstance and is the principal fact in the history of the globe. Shall we describe this cause as that which works directly? The spirit is not helpless or needful of mediate organs. It has plentiful powers and direct effects. I am explained without explaining, I am felt without acting, and where I am not. Therefore all just persons are satisfied with their own praise. They refuse to explain themselves, and are content that new actions should do them that office. They believe that we communicate without speech and above speech, and that no right action of ours is quite unaffecting to our friends, at whatever distance; for the

influence of action is not to be measured by miles. Why should I fret myself because a circumstance has occurred which hinders my presence where I was expected? If I am not at the meeting, my presence where I am should be as useful to the commonwealth of friendship and wisdom, as would be my presence in that place. I exert the same quality of power in all places. Thus journeys the mighty Ideal before us; it never was known to fall into the rear. No man ever came to an experience which was satiating, but his good is tidings of a better. Onward and onward! In liberated moments we know that a new picture of life and duty is already possible; the elements already exist in many minds around you of a doctrine of life which shall transcend any written record we have. The new statement will comprise the scepticisms as well as the faiths of society, and out of unbeliefs a creed shall be formed. For scepticisms are not gratuitous or lawless, but are limitations of the affirmative statement, and the new philosophy must take them in and make affirmations outside of them, just as much as it must include the oldest beliefs.

It is very unhappy, but too late to be helped, the discovery we have made that we exist. That discovery is called the Fall of Man. Ever afterwards we suspect our instruments. We have learned that we do not see directly, but mediately, and that we have no means of correcting these colored and distorting lenses which we are, or of computing the amount of their errors. Perhaps these subject-lenses have a creative power; perhaps there are no objects. Once we lived in what we saw; now, the rapaciousness of this new power,

which threatens to absorb all things, engages us. Nature, art, persons, letters, religions, objects, successively tumble in, and God is but one of its ideas. Nature and literature are subjective phenomena; every evil and every good thing is a shadow which we cast. The street is full of humiliations to the proud. As the fop contrived to dress his bailiffs in his livery and make them wait on his guests at table, so the chagrins which the bad heart gives off as bubbles, at once take form as ladies and gentlemen in the street, shopmen or bar-keepers in hotels, and threaten or insult whatever is threatenable and insultable in us. 'T is the same with our idolatries. People forget that it is the eye which makes the horizon, and the rounding mind's eye which makes this or that man a type or representative of humanity, with the name of hero or saint. Jesus, the "providential man," is a good man on whom many people are agreed that these optical laws shall take effect. By love on one part and by forbearance to press objection on the other part, it is for a time settled that we will look at him in the centre of the horizon, and ascribe to him the properties that will attach to any man so seen. But the longest love or aversion has a speedy term. The great and crescive self,[49] rooted in absolute nature, supplants all relative existence and ruins the kingdom of mortal friendship and love. Marriage (in what is called the spiritual world) is impossible, because of the inequality between every subject and every object. The subject is the receiver of Godhead, and at every comparison must feel his being enhanced by that cryptic might. Though not in energy, yet by presence, this magazine of substance cannot be otherwise than felt; nor can any force of intellect attribute to the object the proper

deity which sleeps or wakes forever in every subject. Never can love make consciousness and ascription equal in force. There will be the same gulf between every me and thee as between the original and the picture. The universe is the bride of the soul. All private sympathy is partial. Two human beings are like globes, which can touch only in a point, and whilst they remain in contact all other points of each of the spheres are inert; their turn must also come, and the longer a particular union lasts the more energy of appetency the parts not in union acquire.

Life will be imaged, but cannot be divided nor doubled. Any invasion of its unity would be chaos. The soul is not twin-born but the only begotten, and though revealing itself as child in time, child in appearance, is of a fatal and universal power, admitting no co-life. Every day, every act betrays the ill-concealed deity. We believe in ourselves as we do not believe in others. We permit all things to ourselves, and that which we call sin in others is experiment for us. It is an instance of our faith in ourselves that men never speak of crime as lightly as they think; or every man thinks a latitude safe for himself which is nowise to be indulged to another. The act looks very differently on the inside and on the outside; in its quality and in its consequences. Murder in the murderer is no such ruinous thought as poets and romancers will have it; it does not unsettle him or fright him from his ordinary notice of trifles; it is an act quite easy to be contemplated; but in its sequel it turns out to be a horrible jangle and confounding of all relations. Especially the crimes that spring from love seem right and fair from the actor's point of view, but when acted are found destructive of society. No man at last believes

that he can be lost, or that the crime in him is as black as in the felon. Because the intellect qualifies in our own case the moral judgments. For there is no crime to the intellect. That is antinomian or hypernomian,[50] and judges law as well as fact. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," said Napoleon, speaking the language of the intellect. To it, the world is a problem in mathematics or the science of quantity, and it leaves out praise and blame and all weak emotions. All stealing is comparative. If you come to absolutes, pray who does not steal? Saints are sad, because they behold sin (even when they speculate) from the point of view of the conscience, and not of the intellect; a confusion of thought. Sin, seen from the thought, is a diminution, or *less*; seen from the conscience or will, it is pravity or *bad*. The intellect names it shade, absence of light, and no essence. The conscience must feel it as essence, essential evil. This it is not; it has an objective existence, but no subjective.

Thus inevitably does the universe wear our color, and every object fall successively into the subject itself. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things sooner or later fall into place. As I am, so I see; use what language we will, we can never say anything but what we are; Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, Newton, Bonaparte,[51] are the mind's ministers. Instead of feeling a poverty when we encounter a great man, let us treat the new-comer like a travelling geologist who passes through our estate and shows us good slate, or limestone, or anthracite, in our brush pasture. The partial action of each strong mind in one direction is a telescope for the objects on which it is pointed. But every other part of knowledge is to be pushed to the same extravagance, ere the soul at-

tains her due sphericity. Do you see that kitten chasing so prettily her own tail? If you could look with her eyes you might see her surrounded with hundreds of figures performing complex dramas, with tragic and comic issues, long conversations, many characters, many ups and downs of fate, — and meantime it is only puss and her tail. How long before our masquerade will end its noise of tambourines, laughter and shouting, and we shall find it was a solitary performance? A subject and an object, — it takes so much to make the galvanic circuit complete, but magnitude adds nothing. What imports it whether it is Kepler and the sphere,[52] Columbus and America, a reader and his book, or puss with her tail?

It is true that all the muses and love and religion hate these developments, and will find a way to punish the chemist who publishes in the parlor the secrets of the laboratory. And we cannot say too little of our constitutional necessity of seeing things under private aspects, or saturated with our humors. And yet is the God the native of these bleak rocks. That need makes in morals the capital virtue of self-trust. We must hold hard to this poverty, however scandalous, and by more vigorous self-recoveries, after the sallies of action, possess our axis more firmly. The life of truth is cold and so far mournful; but it is not the slave of tears, contritions and perturbations. It does not attempt another's work, nor adopt another's facts. It is a main lesson of wisdom to know your own from another's. I have learned that I cannot dispose of other people's facts; but I possess such a key to my own as persuades me, against all their denials, that they also have a key to theirs. A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drown-

ing men, who all catch at him, and if he give so much as a leg or a finger they will drown him. They wish to be saved from the mischiefs of their vices, but not from their vices. Charity would be wasted on this poor waiting on the symptoms. A wise and hardy physician will say, *Come out of that*, as the first condition of advice.

In this our talking America we are ruined by our good nature and listening on all sides. This compliance takes away the power of being greatly useful. A man should not be able to look other than directly and forthright. A preoccupied attention is the only answer to the importunate frivolity of other people; an attention, and to an aim which makes their wants frivolous. This is a divine answer, and leaves no appeal and no hard thoughts. In Flaxman's drawing [53] of the Eumenides of Æschylus, Orestes supplicates Apollo, whilst the Furies sleep on the threshold. The face of the god expresses a shade of regret and compassion, but is calm with the conviction of the irreconcilableness of the two spheres. He is born into other politics, into the eternal and beautiful. The man at his feet asks for his interest in turmoils of the earth, into which his nature cannot enter. And the Eumenides there lying express pictorially this disparity. The god is surcharged with his divine destiny.

Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality, Subjectiveness,[54] — these are threads on the loom of time, these are the lords of life. I dare not assume to give their order, but I name them as I find them in my way. I know better than to claim any completeness for my picture. I am a fragment,

and this is a fragment of me. I can very confidently announce one or another law, which throws itself into relief and form, but I am too young yet by some ages to compile a code. I gossip for my hour concerning the eternal politics. I have seen many fair pictures not in vain. A wonderful time I have lived in. I am not the novice I was fourteen, nor yet seven years ago. Let who will ask, Where is the fruit? I find a private fruit sufficient. This is a fruit, — that I should not ask for a rash effect from meditations, counsels and the hiving of truths. I should feel it pitiful to demand a result on this town and county, an overt effect on the instant month and year. The effect is deep and secular as the cause. It works on periods in which mortal lifetime is lost. All I know is reception; I am and I have: but I do not get, and when I have fancied I had gotten anything, I found I did not. I worship with wonder the great Fortune. My reception has been so large, that I am not annoyed by receiving this or that superabundantly. I say to the Genius, if he will pardon the proverb, *In for a mill, in for a million.* When I receive a new gift, I do not macerate my body to make the account square, for if I should die I could not make the account square. The benefit overran the merit the first day, and has overrun the merit ever since. The merit itself, so-called, I reckon part of the receiving.

Also that hankering after an overt or practical effect seems to me an apostasy. In good earnest I am willing to spare this most unnecessary deal of doing. Life wears to me a visionary face. Hardest roughest action is visionary also. It is but a choice between soft and turbulent dreams. People disparage knowing and the intellectual life, and urge doing. I am very content

with knowing, if only I could know. That is an august entertainment, and would suffice me a great while. To know a little would be worth the expense of this world. I hear always the law of Adrastia,[55] "that every soul which had acquired any truth, should be safe from harm until another period."

I know that the world I converse with in the city and in the farms, is not the world I *think*. I observe that difference, and shall observe it. One day I shall know the value and law of this discrepance. But I have not found that much was gained by manipular attempts to realize the world of thought. Many eager persons successively make an experiment in this way, and make themselves ridiculous. They acquire democratic manners, they foam at the mouth, they hate and deny. Worse, I observe that in the history of mankind there is never a solitary example of success, —taking their own tests of success. I say this polemically, or in reply to the inquiry, Why not realize your world? But far be from me the despair which prejudges the law by a paltry empiricism; — since there never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at the last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions of the element of time. It takes a good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life. We dress our garden, eat our dinners, discuss the household with our wives, and these things make no impression, are forgotten next week; but, in the solitude to which every man is always returning, he has a sanity and revelations which in his passage into new worlds he will carry with him. Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat; up again,

old heart! — it seems to say, — there is victory yet for all justice; and the true romance which the world exists to realize will be the transformation of genius into practical power.

CHARACTER

THE sun set; but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye:
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet,
As hid all measure of the feat.

WORK of his hand
He nor commends nor grieves:
Pleads for itself the fact;
As unrepenting Nature leaves
Her every act.

CHARACTER

I HAVE read that those who listened to Lord Chatham[1] felt that there was something finer in the man than anything which he said. It has been complained of our brilliant English historian[2] of the French Revolution that when he has told all his facts about Mirabeau,[3] they do not justify his estimate of his genius. The Gracchi,[4] Agis,[5] Cleomenes,[6] and others of Plutarch's [7] heroes, do not in the record of facts equal their own fame. Sir Philip Sidney,[8] the Earl of Essex,[9] Sir Walter Raleigh,[10] are men of great figure and of few deeds. We cannot find the smallest part of the personal weight of Washington in the narrative of his exploits. The authority of the name of Schiller [11] is too great for his books. This inequality of the reputation to the works or the anecdotes is not accounted for by saying that the reverberation is longer than the thunder-clap, but somewhat resided in these men which begot an expectation that outran all their performance. The largest part of their power was latent. This is that which we call — Character, a reserved force, which acts directly by presence and without means. It is conceived of as a certain undemonstrable force, a Familiar or Genius,[12] by whose impulses the man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart; which is company for him, so that such men are often solitary, or if they chance to be social, do not need society but can entertain themselves very well alone. The purest literary talent appears at one time great, at another time small, but character is of a stellar and undiminishable

greatness. What others effect by talent or by eloquence, this man accomplishes by some magnetism. "Half his strength he put not forth." His victories are by demonstration of superiority, and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers because his arrival alters the face of affairs. "O Iole! how did you know that Hercules was a god?"[13] "Because," answered Iole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him. When I beheld Theseus, I desired that I might see him offer battle, or at least guide his horses in the chariot-race; but Hercules did not wait for a contest; he conquered whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did." Man, ordinarily a pendant to events, only half attached, and that awkwardly, to the world he lives in, in these examples appears to share the life of things, and to be an expression of the same laws which control the tides and the sun, numbers and quantities.

But to use a more modest illustration and nearer home, I observe that in our political elections, where this element, if it appears at all, can only occur in its coarsest form, we sufficiently understand its incomparable rate. The people know that they need in their representative much more than talent, namely the power to make his talent trusted. They cannot come at their ends by sending to Congress a learned, acute and fluent speaker,[14] if he be not one who, before he was appointed by the people to represent them, was appointed by Almighty God to stand for a fact,[15] — invincibly persuaded of that fact in himself, — so that the most confident and the most violent persons learn that here is resistance on which both impudence and terror are wasted, namely faith in a fact. The men who carry their points do not need to inquire of their constituents what they should say, but are themselves

the country which they represent; nowhere are its emotions or opinions so instant and true as in them; nowhere so pure from a selfish infusion. The constituency at home hearkens to their words, watches the color of their cheek, and therein, as in a glass, dresses its own. Our public assemblies are pretty good tests of manly force. Our frank countrymen of the west and south have a taste for character, and like to know whether the New Englander is a substantial man, or whether the hand can pass through him.

The same motive force appears in trade. There are geniuses in trade, as well as in war, or the State, or letters; and the reason why this or that man is fortunate is not to be told. It lies in the man; that is all anybody can tell you about it. See him and you will know as easily why he succeeds, as, if you see Napoleon, you would comprehend his fortune. In the new objects we recognize the old game, the habit of fronting the fact, and not dealing with it at second hand,[16] through the perceptions of somebody else. Nature seems to authorize trade, as soon as you see the natural merchant, who appears not so much a private agent as her factor and Minister of Commerce. His natural probity combines with his insight into the fabric of society to put him above tricks, and he communicates to all his own faith that contracts are of no private interpretation. The habit of his mind is a reference to standards of natural equity and public advantage; and he inspires respect and the wish to deal with him, both for the quiet spirit of honor which attends him, and for the intellectual pastime which the spectacle of so much ability affords. This immensely stretched trade,[17] which makes the capes of the Southern Ocean his wharves and the Atlantic Sea his familiar port, centres

in his brain only; and nobody in the universe can make his place good. In his parlor I see very well that he has been at hard work this morning, with that knitted brow and that settled humor, which all his desire to be courteous cannot shake off. I see plainly how many firm acts have been done; how many valiant *noes* have this day been spoken, when others would have uttered ruinous *yeas*. I see, with the pride of art and skill of masterly arithmetic and power of remote combination, the consciousness of being an agent and playfellow of the original laws of the world. He too believes that none can supply him, and that a man must be born to trade or he cannot learn it.

This virtue draws the mind more when it appears in action to ends not so mixed. It works with most energy in the smallest companies and in private relations. In all cases it is an extraordinary and incomputable agent. The excess of physical strength is paralyzed by it. Higher natures overpower lower ones by affecting them with a certain sleep.[18] The faculties are locked up, and offer no resistance. Perhaps that is the universal law. When the high cannot bring up the low to itself, it benumbs it, as man charms down the resistance of the lower animals. Men exert on each other a similar occult power. How often has the influence of a true master realized all the tales of magic! A river of command seemed to run down from his eyes into all those who beheld him, a torrent of strong sad light, like an Ohio or Danube, which pervaded them with his thoughts and colored all events with the hue of his mind. "What means did you employ?" was the question asked of the wife of Concini,[19] in regard to her treatment of Mary of Medici; and the answer was, "Only that influence which every

strong mind has over a weak one." Cannot Cæsar in irons shuffle off the irons and transfer them to the person of Hippo or Thraso[20] the turnkey? Is an iron handcuff so immutable a bond? Suppose a slaver on the coast of Guinea should take on board a gang of negroes which should contain persons of the stamp of Toussaint L'Ouverture:[21] or, let us fancy, under these swarthy masks he has a gang of Washingtons in chains. When they arrive at Cuba, will the relative order of the ship's company be the same? Is there nothing but rope and iron? Is there no love, no reverence? Is there never a glimpse of right in a poor slave-captain's mind; and cannot these be supposed available to break or elude or in any manner overmatch the tension of an inch or two of iron ring?

This is a natural power, like light and heat, and all nature coöperates with it. The reason why we feel one man's presence and do not feel another's is as simple as gravity. Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. This natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force. We can drive a stone upward for a moment into the air, but it is yet true that all stones will forever fall; and whatever instances can be quoted of unpunished theft, or of a lie which somebody credited, justice must prevail, and it is the privilege of truth to make itself believed. Character is this moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. An individual is an encloser. Time and space, liberty and necessity, truth and thought, are left at large no

longer. Now, the universe is a close or pound. All things exist in the man tinged with the manners of his soul. With what quality is in him he infuses all nature that he can reach; nor does he tend to lose himself in vastness, but, at how long a curve soever, all his regards return into his own good at last.[22] He animates all he can, and he sees only what he animates. He encloses the world, as the patriot does his country, as a material basis for his character, and a theatre for action. A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole; so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object betwixt them and the sun, and whoso journeys towards the sun, journeys towards that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.[23]

The natural measure of this power is the resistance of circumstances. Impure men consider life as it is reflected in opinions, events and persons. They cannot see the action until it is done. Yet its moral element preëxisted in the actor, and its quality as right or wrong it was easy to predict. Everything in nature is bipolar, or has a positive and a negative pole. There is a male and a female, a spirit and a fact, a north and a south. Spirit is the positive, the event is the negative. Will is the north, action the south pole. Character may be ranked as having its natural place in the north. It shares the magnetic currents of the system. The feeble souls are drawn to the south or negative pole. They look at the profit or hurt of the action. They never behold a principle until it is lodged in a person. They do not wish to be lovely, but to

be loved. Men of character like to hear of their faults; the other class do not like to hear of faults; they worship events; secure to them a fact, a connection, a certain chain of circumstances, and they will ask no more. The hero sees that the event is ancillary;[24] it must follow *him*. A given order of events has no power to secure to him the satisfaction which the imagination attaches to it; the soul of goodness escapes from any set of circumstances; whilst prosperity belongs to a certain mind, and will introduce that power and victory which is its natural fruit, into any order of events. No change of circumstances can repair a defect of character. We boast our emancipation from many superstitions; but if we have broken any idols it is through a transfer of the idolatry. What have I gained, that I no longer immolate a bull to Jove or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate; that I do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Catholic Purgatory, or the Calvinistic Judgment-day, — if I quake at opinion, the public opinion as we call it; or at the threat of assault, or contumely, or bad neighbors, or poverty, or mutilation, or at the rumor of revolution, or of murder? If I quake, what matters it what I quake at?[25] Our proper vice takes form in one or another shape, according to the sex, age, or temperament of the person, and, if we are capable of fear, will readily find terrors. The covetousness or the malignity which saddens me when I ascribe it to society, is my own. I am always environed by myself. On the other part, rectitude is a perpetual victory, celebrated not by cries of joy but by serenity, which is joy fixed or habitual. It is disgraceful to fly to events for confirmation of our truth and worth. The capitalist does not run every hour to the broker to coin his advantages into current

money of the realm; he is satisfied to read in the quotations of the market that his stocks have risen. The same transport which the occurrence of the best events in the best order would occasion me, I must learn to taste purer in the perception that my position is every hour meliorated, and does already command those events I desire. That exultation is only to be checked by the foresight of an order of things so excellent as to throw all our prosperities into the deepest shade.

The face which character wears to me is self-sufficingness. I revere the person who is riches; so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or a client, but as perpetual patron, benefactor and beatified man. Character is centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset. A man should give us a sense of mass. Society is frivolous, and shreds its day into scraps, its conversation into ceremonies and escapes. But if I go to see an ingenious man I shall think myself poorly entertained if he give me nimble pieces of benevolence and etiquette; rather he shall stand stoutly in his place and let me apprehend, if it were only his resistance; know that I have encountered a new and positive quality; — great refreshment for both of us. It is much that he does not accept the conventional opinions and practices. That non-conformity will remain a goad and remembrancer, and every inquirer will have to dispose of him, in the first place. There is nothing real or useful that is not a seat of war. Our houses ring with laughter and personal and critical gossip, but it helps little. But the uncivil, unavailable man, who is a problem and a threat to society, whom it cannot let pass in silence but must either worship or hate, — and to whom all parties feel related, both the leaders of

opinion and the obscure and eccentric, — he helps; he puts America and Europe in the wrong, and destroys the scepticism which says, 'Man is a doll,[26] let us eat and drink, 't is the best we can do,' by illuminating the untried and unknown. Acquiescence in the establishment and appeal to the public, indicate infirm faith, heads which are not clear, and which must see a house built before they can comprehend the plan of it. The wise man not only leaves out of his thought the many, but leaves out the few. Fountains, the self-moved, the absorbed, the commander because he is commanded, the assured, the primary, — they are good; for these announce the instant presence of supreme power.

Our action should rest mathematically on our substance. In nature there are no false valuations. A pound of water in the ocean-tempest has no more gravity than in a midsummer pond. All things work exactly according to their quality and according to their quantity; attempt nothing they cannot do, except man only. He has pretension; he wishes and attempts things beyond his force. I read in a book of English memoirs, "Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) said, he must have the Treasury; he had served up to it, and would have it." Xenophon and his Ten Thousand were quite equal to what they attempted, and did it; so equal, that it was not suspected to be a grand and inimitable exploit. Yet there stands that fact unrepeated, a high-water mark in military history. Many have attempted it since, and not been equal to it. It is only on reality that any power of action can be based. No institution will be better than the institutor. I knew an amiable and accomplished person[27] who undertook a practical reform, yet I was never

able to find in him the enterprise of love he took in hand. He adopted it by ear and by the understanding from the books he had been reading. All his action was tentative, a piece of the city carried out into the fields, and was the city still, and no new fact,[28] and could not inspire enthusiasm. Had there been something latent in the man, a terrible undemonstrated genius agitating and embarrassing his demeanor, we had watched for its advent. It is not enough that the intellect should see the evils and their remedy. We shall still postpone our existence, nor take the ground to which we are entitled, whilst it is only a thought and not a spirit that incites us. We have not yet served up to it.

These are properties of life, and another trait is the notice of incessant growth. Men should be intelligent and earnest. They must also make us feel that they have a controlling happy future opening before them, whose early twilights already kindle in the passing hour. The hero is misconceived and misreported;[29] he cannot therefore wait to unravel any man's blunders; he is again on his road, adding new powers and honors to his domain and new claims on your heart, which will bankrupt you if you have loitered about the old things and have not kept your relation to him by adding to your wealth. New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or to receive. If your friend has displeased you, you shall not sit down to consider it, for he has already lost all memory of the passage, and has doubled his power to serve you, and ere you can rise up again will burden you with blessings.

We have no pleasure in thinking of a benevolence that is only measured by its works. Love is inexhaust-

ible, and if its estate is wasted, its granary emptied, still cheers and enriches, and the man, though he sleep, seems to purify the air and his house to adorn the landscape and strengthen the laws. People always recognize this difference. We know who is benevolent, by quite other means than the amount of subscription to soup-societies. It is only low merits that can be enumerated. Fear, when your friends say to you what you have done well, and say it through; but when they stand with uncertain timid looks of respect and half-dislike, and must suspend their judgment for years to come, you may begin to hope.[30] Those who live to the future must always appear selfish to those who live to the present. Therefore it was droll in the good Riemer, who has written memoirs of Goethe, to make out a list of his donations and good deeds, as, so many hundred thalers given to Stilling, to Hegel, to Tischbein; a lucrative place found for Professor Voss, a post under the Grand Duke for Herder, a pension for Meyer, two professors recommended to foreign universities; etc., etc. The longest list of specifications of benefit would look very short. A man is a poor creature if he is to be measured so. For all these of course are exceptions, and the rule and hodiurnal life of a good man is benefaction. The true charity of Goethe is to be inferred from the account he gave Dr. Eckermann of the way in which he had spent his fortune. "Each *bon mot* of mine has cost a purse of gold. Half a million of my own money, the fortune I inherited, my salary and the large income derived from my writings for fifty years back, have been expended to instruct me in what I now know. I have besides seen," etc.

I own it is but poor chat and gossip to go to enu-

merate traits of this simple and rapid power, and we are painting the lightning with charcoal; but in these long nights and vacations I like to console myself so. Nothing but itself can copy it. A word warm from the heart enriches me. I surrender at discretion.[31] How death-cold is literary genius before this fire of life! These are the touches that reanimate my heavy soul and give it eyes to pierce the dark of nature. I find, where I thought myself poor, there was I most rich. Thence comes a new intellectual exaltation, to be again rebuked by some new exhibition of character. Strange alternation of attraction and repulsion! Character repudiates intellect, yet excites it; and character passes into thought, is published so, and then is ashamed before new flashes of moral worth.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is of no use to ape it or to contend with it. Somewhat is possible of resistance, and of persistence, and of creation, to this power, which will foil all emulation.

This masterpiece is best where no hands but nature's have been laid on it. Care is taken that the greatly-destined shall slip up into life in the shade, with no thousand-eyed Athens [32] to watch and blazon every new thought, every blushing emotion of young genius. Two persons lately, very young children of the most high God, have given me occasion for thought. When I explored the source of their sanctity and charm for the imagination, it seemed as if each answered, 'From my non-conformity; I never listened to your people's law, or to what they call their gospel, and wasted my time. I was content with the simple rural poverty of my own; hence this sweetness; my work never reminds you of that, — is pure of that.' And nature advertises me in such persons that in demo-

cratic America she will not be democratized. How cloistered and constitutionally sequestered from the market and from scandal! It was only this morning that I sent away some wild flowers of these wood-gods. They are a relief from literature,—these fresh draughts from the sources of thought and sentiment; as we read, in an age of polish and criticism, the first lines of written prose and verse of a nation. How captivating is their devotion to their favorite books, whether Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare, or Scott, as feeling that they have a stake in that book; who touches that, touches them,—and especially the total solitude of the critic, the Patmos of thought[33] from which he writes, in unconsciousness of any eyes that shall ever read this writing. Could they dream on still, as angels, and not wake to comparisons and to be flattered! Yet some natures are too good to be spoiled by praise, and wherever the vein of thought reaches down into the profound, there is no danger from vanity. Solemn friends will warn them of the danger of the head's being turned by the flourish of trumpets, but they can afford to smile. I remember the indignation of an eloquent Methodist[34] at the kind admonitions of a Doctor of Divinity,—'My friend, a man can neither be praised nor insulted.' But forgive the counsels; they are very natural. I remember the thought which occurred to me when some ingenious and spiritual foreigners[35] came to America, was, Have you been victimized in being brought hither?—or, prior to that, answer me this, 'Are you victimizable?'

As I have said, Nature keeps these sovereignties in her own hands, and however pertly our sermons and disciplines would divide some share of credit, and teach that the laws fashion the citizen, she goes her

own gait and puts the wisest in the wrong. She makes very light of gospels and prophets, as one who has a great many more to produce and no excess of time to spare on any one. There is a class of men, individuals of which appear at long intervals, so eminently endowed with insight and virtue that they have been unanimously saluted as *divine*, and who seem to be an accumulation of that power we consider. Divine persons are character born, or, to borrow a phrase from Napoleon, they are victory organized. They are usually received with ill-will, because they are new and because they set a bound to the exaggeration that has been made of the personality of the last divine person. Nature never rhymes her children, nor makes two men alike. When we see a great man we fancy a resemblance to some historical person, and predict the sequel of his character and fortune; a result which he is sure to disappoint. None will ever solve the problem of his character according to our prejudice, but only in his own high unprecedented way. Character wants room; must not be crowded on by persons nor be judged from glimpses got in the press of affairs or on few occasions. It needs perspective, as a great building. It may not, probably does not, form relations rapidly; and we should not require rash explanation, either on the popular ethics, or on our own, of its action.

I look on Sculpture as history. I do not think the Apollo and the Jove impossible in flesh and blood. Every trait which the artist recorded in stone he had seen in life, and better than his copy. We have seen many counterfeits, but we are born believers in great men.[36] How easily we read in old books, when men were few, of the smallest action of the patriarchs. We

require that a man should be so large and columnar in the landscape, that it should deserve to be recorded that he arose, and girded up his loins, and departed to such a place. The most credible pictures are those of majestic men who prevailed at their entrance, and convinced the senses; as happened to the eastern magian who was sent to test the merits of Zertusht or Zoroaster. "When the Yunâni sage arrived at Balkh, the Persians tell us, Gushtasp appointed a day on which the Mobeds of every country should assemble, and a golden chair was placed for the Yunâni sage. Then the beloved of Yezdam, the prophet Zertusht, advanced into the midst of the assembly. The Yunâni sage, on seeing that chief, said, 'This form and this gait cannot lie, and nothing but truth can proceed from them.'" [37] Plato said it was impossible not to believe in the children of the gods, "though they should speak without probable or necessary arguments." [38] I should think myself very unhappy in my associates if I could not credit the best things in history. "John Bradshaw," says Milton,[39] "appears like a consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings." I find it more credible, since it is anterior information, that one man should *know heaven*, as the Chinese say, than that so many men should know the world. "The virtuous prince confronts the gods, without any misgiving. He waits a hundred ages till a sage comes, and does not doubt. He who confronts the gods, without any misgiving, knows heaven; he who waits a hundred ages until a sage comes, without doubting, knows men. Hence the virtuous prince moves, and for ages shows empire the

way." But there is no need to seek remote examples. He is a dull observer whose experience has not taught him the reality and force of magic, as well as of chemistry. The coldest precisian cannot go abroad without encountering inexplicable influences. One man fastens an eye on him and the graves of the memory render up their dead; the secrets that make him wretched either to keep or to betray must be yielded; — another, and he cannot speak, and the bones of his body seem to lose their cartilages; the entrance of a friend adds grace, boldness and eloquence to him; and there are persons he cannot choose but remember, who gave a transcendent expansion to his thought, and kindled another life in his bosom.

What is so excellent as strict relations of amity, when they spring from this deep root? The sufficient reply to the sceptic who doubts the power and the furniture[40] of man, is in that possibility of joyful intercourse with persons, which makes the faith and practice of all reasonable men. I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend. It is a happiness which postpones all other gratifications, and makes politics, and commerce, and churches, cheap. For when men shall meet as they ought, each a benefactor, a shower of stars, clothed with thoughts, with deeds, with accomplishments, it should be the festival of nature which all things announce. Of such friendship, love in the sexes is the first symbol, as all other things are symbols of love. Those relations to the best men, which, at one time, we reckoned the romances of youth, become, in the progress of the character, the most solid enjoyment.

If it were possible to live in right relations with men! — if we could abstain from asking anything of them, from asking their praise, or help, or pity, and content us with compelling them through the virtue of the eldest laws! Could we not deal with a few persons, — with one person, — after the unwritten statutes, and make an experiment of their efficacy? Could we not pay our friend the compliment of truth, of silence, of forbearing? Need we be so eager to seek him? If we are related, we shall meet. It was a tradition of the ancient world that no metamorphosis could hide a god from a god; and there is a Greek verse which runs, —

"The gods are to each other not unknown." [41]

Friends also follow the laws of divine necessity; they gravitate to each other, and cannot otherwise: —

"When each the other shall avoid,
Shall each by each be most enjoyed." [42]

Their relation is not made, but allowed. The gods must seat themselves without seneschal [43] in our Olympus, and as they can instal themselves by seniority divine. Society is spoiled if pains are taken, if the associates are brought a mile to meet. And if it be not society, it is a mischievous, low, degrading jangle, though made up of the best. All the greatness of each is kept back and every foible [44] in painful activity, as if the Olympians should meet to exchange snuff-boxes.

Life goes headlong. We chase some flying scheme, or we are hunted by some fear or command behind us. But if suddenly we encounter a friend, we pause; our heat and hurry look foolish enough; now pause, now possession is required, and the power to swell the moment from the resources of the heart. The moment is all, in all noble relations.

A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits for the fulfilment of these two in one. The ages are opening this moral force. All force is the shadow or symbol of that. Poetry is joyful and strong as it draws its inspiration thence. Men write their names on the world as they are filled with this. History has been mean; our nations have been mobs; we have never seen a man; that divine form we do not yet know, but only the dream and prophecy of such: we do not know the majestic manners which belong to him, which appease and exalt the beholder. We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity, and grandeur of character acts in the dark, and succors them who never saw it. What greatness has yet appeared is beginnings and encouragements to us in this direction. The history of those gods and saints which the world has written and then worshipped, are documents of character. The ages have exulted in the manners of a youth [45] who owed nothing to fortune, and who was hanged at the Tyburn [46] of his nation, who, by the pure quality of his nature, shed an epic splendor around the facts of his death which has transfigured every particular into an universal symbol for the eyes of mankind. This great defeat is hitherto our highest fact. But the mind requires a victory to the senses; a force of character which will convert judge, jury, soldier and king; which will rule animal and mineral virtues, and blend with the courses of sap, of rivers, of winds, of stars, and of moral agents.

If we cannot attain at a bound to these grandeurs, at least let us do them homage. In society, high advantages are set down to the possessor as disadvan-

tages. It requires the more wariness in our private estimates. I do not forgive in my friends the failure to know a fine character and to entertain it with thankful hospitality. When at last that which we have always longed for is arrived and shines on us with glad rays out of that far celestial land, then to be coarse, then to be critical and treat such a visitant with the jabber and suspicion of the streets, argues a vulgarity that seems to shut the doors of heaven. This is confusion, this the right insanity, when the soul no longer knows its own, nor where its allegiance, its religion, are due. Is there any religion but this, to know that wherever in the wide desert of being the holy sentiment we cherish has opened into a flower, it blooms for me? if none sees it, I see it; I am aware, if I alone, of the greatness of the fact. Whilst it blooms, I will keep sabbath or holy time, and suspend my gloom and my folly and jokes. Nature is indulged by the presence of this guest. There are many eyes that can detect and honor the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can discern Genius on his starry track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love which is all-suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses, — only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it is to own it.[47]

SELF-RELIANCE

"Ne te quaesiveris extra."

MAN is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

CAST the bantling on the rocks,
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat,
Wintered with the hawk and fox,
Power and speed be hands and feet.

SELF-RELIANCE

I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter [1] which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty.[2] Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony.[3] The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely intrusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest

mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.[4]

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an indepen-

dent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, — must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacred-

ness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested, — "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he.[5] I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes,[6] why should I not say to him, 'Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home.' Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it, — else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show

cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies; — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world, — as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions.[7] I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic

right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, — under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are: and of course so much force is withdrawn from all your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side,

not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins [8] us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean the "foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The by-standers look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough

for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow,[9] it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder?[10] Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every

thing you said to-day. — 'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.' — Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.[11]

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;[12] — read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects.[13] The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills.[14] Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will ex-

plain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough to-day to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. They shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he would wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and

office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is there is nature. He measures you and all men and all events. Ordinarily, every body in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of[15] the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design; — and posterity seem to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome;" and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, 'Who are you, Sir?' Yet

they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.[16]

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg[17] and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous;[18] did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with

honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed.[19] We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom and which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philo-

sophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. My wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving; — the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, command my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind, — although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the centre of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it, — one as much as another. All things are dissolved to their centre by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old

mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be any thing more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage.[20] He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God today. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children

who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, — painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; — the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean,

the South Sea; long intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates; that the soul *becomes;* for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present there will be power not confident but agent.[21] To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and im-

pure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. Power is, in nature, the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul.

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! [22] So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood and I all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, climate,

child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say, — 'Come out unto us.' But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, 'O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife, — but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your com-

panions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last. — But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat and dog — whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself,

that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons.[23] We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force and do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant,[24] our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it*, *farms it*, *peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not 'studying a profession,' for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but

a hundred chances. Let a Stoic open the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him; —and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves![25] That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout

nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's "Bonduca,"[26] when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies, —

> "His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;
> Our valors are our best gods."

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, 'Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey.' Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother,[27] because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new

classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Fourier,[28] it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system! In proportion to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental thought of duty and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating every thing to the new terminology as a girl who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see, — how you can see; 'It must be somehow that you stole the light from us.' They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable,[29] will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own.[30] If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Travelling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt,

retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveller; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes, the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.[31]

3. But the rage of travelling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action.

The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression[82] are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique.[83] The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.

There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal[34] chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances.[35] It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For every thing that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad-axe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks

so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity, entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion,[86] Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes,[87] are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry[88] and Franklin,[89] whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid

series of celestial phenomena than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience dies with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has if he see that it is accidental, — came to him by inheritance, or gift,

or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him and merely lies there because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire; and what the man acquires, is living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it."[40] Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.*

HEROISM

Paradise is under the shadow of swords. — *Mahomet.*

RUBY wine is drunk by knaves,
Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons;
Thunderclouds are Jove's festoons,
Drooping oft in wreaths of dread
Lightning-knotted round his head·
The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.

HEROISM

In the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behavior were as easily marked in the society of their age as color is in our American population. When any Rodrigo, Pedro or Valerio [1] enters, though he be a stranger, the duke or governor exclaims, 'This is a gentleman,' — and proffers civilities without end; but all the rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue, — as in Bonduca, Sophocles,[2] the Mad Lover, the Double Marriage, — wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial and on such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry. Among many texts take the following. The Roman Martius has conquered Athens, — all but the invincible spirits of Sophocles, the duke of Athens, and Dorigen, his wife. The beauty of the latter inflames Martius, and he seeks to save her husband; but Sophocles will not ask his life, although assured that a word will save him, and the execution of both proceeds: —

Valerius. Bid thy wife farewell.
Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen,
Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.
Dor. Stay, Sophocles, — with this tie up my sight;
Let not soft nature so transformèd be,

And lose her gentler sexed humanity,
To make me see my lord bleed. So, 't is well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles:
Farewell; now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 't is to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And, therefore, not what 't is to live; to die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
An old, stale, weary work and to commence
A newer and a better. 'T is to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society
Of gods and goodness. Thou thyself must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude what then 't will do.
Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave thy life thus?
Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent
To them I ever loved best? Now I'll kneel,
But with my back toward thee: 't is the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.
Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth.
This is a man, a woman. Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?
Soph. Martius, O Martius,
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.
Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captived himself, has captivated me,
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul.
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved,
Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity."

I do not readily remember any poem, play, sermon, novel or oration that our press vents in the last few years, which goes to the same tune. We have a great many flutes and flageolets, but not often the sound of any fife. Yet Wordsworth's "Laodamia," and the ode of "Dion," and some sonnets, have a certain noble music; and Scott will sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord Evandale given by Balfour of Burley.[3] Thomas Carlyle, with his natural taste for what is manly and daring in character, has suffered no heroic trait in his favorites to drop from his biographical and historical pictures. Earlier, Robert Burns has given us a song or two. In the Harleian Miscellanies [4] there is an account of the battle of Lutzen [5] which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's [6] History of the Saracens recounts the prodigies of individual valor, with admiration all the more evident on the part of the narrator that he seems to think that his place in Christian Oxford requires of him some proper protestations of abhorrence. But if we explore the literature of Heroism we shall quickly come to Plutarch, who is its doctor and historian. To him we owe the Brasidas, the Dion, the Epaminondas, the Scipio of old, and I must think we are more deeply indebted to him than to all the ancient writers. Each of his "Lives" is a refutation to the despondency and cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a Stoicism not of the schools but of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book its immense fame.[7]

We need books of this tart cathartic virtue more than books of political science or of private economy. Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front. The violations of the laws of nature

by our predecessors and our contemporaries are punished in us also. The disease and deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual and moral laws, and often violation on violation to breed such compound misery. A lock-jaw that bends a man's head back to his heels; hydrophobia that makes him bark at his wife and babes; insanity that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily no man exists who has not in his own person become to some amount a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation.

Our culture therefore must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behavior.

Towards all this external evil the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence, in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind [8] of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly and as it were merrily he advances to

his own music, alike in frightful alarms and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it has pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right; and although a different breeding, different religion and greater intellectual activity would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than any one else. Therefore just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past; then they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men [9] see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of

the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say then to the sugar-plums and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards and custard, which rack the wit of all society? What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness.[10] When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense.[11] "Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace it is to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-colored ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!" [12]

Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display; the soul of a better quality thrusts back

the unseasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Haukal,[13] the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bukharia. "When I was in Sogd I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country." The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger, — so it be done for love and not for ostentation, — do, as it were, put God under obligation to them,[14] so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water than belong to city feasts.

The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonor to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man

scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses; but without railing or precision his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot,[15] the Indian Apostle, drank water, and said of wine, — "It is a noble, generous liquor and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as I remember, water was made before it." Better still is the temperance of King David,[16] who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink at the peril of their lives.

It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, — "O Virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.

But that which takes my fancy most in the heroic class, is the good-humor and hilarity they exhibit.[17] It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes.[18] Socrates's condemnation of himself [19] to be maintained in all honor in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness [20] at the scaffold, are of the same strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea

Voyage," Juletta tells the stout captain and his company, —

Jul. Why, slaves, 't is in our power to hang ye.
Master. Very likely,
'T is in our powers, then, to be hanged and scorn ye.

These replies are sound and whole. Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take any thing seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years. Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own game in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws [21] of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though to the eyes of mankind at large they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences.

The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose. All these great and transcendent properties are ours. If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia and England, so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River and Boston Bay you think

paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here, and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels and the Supreme Being shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate,[22] does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground[23] enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard,[24] Sidney,[25] Hampden,[26] teach us how needlessly mean our life is; that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendor, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.[27]

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority; they seem to throw contempt on our entire polity and social state; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession and the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plough in its furrow. They found

no example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations is yet true; and a better valor and a purer truth shall one day organize their belief. Or why should a woman liken herself to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho,[28] or Sévigné,[29] or De Staël,[30] or the cloistered souls who have had genius and cultivation do not satisfy the imagination and the serene Themis,[31] none can,—certainly not she? Why not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed. Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, search in turn all the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power and the charm of her new-born being, which is the kindling of a new dawn in the recesses of space. The fair girl who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her; O friend, never strike sail to a fear![32] Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

The characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your

words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person, — "Always do what you are afraid to do." [33] A simple manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion,[34] when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.

There is no weakness or exposure [35] for which we cannot find consolation in the thought — this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity as well as of our money. Greatness once and for ever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover when another man recites his charities.

To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity, — but it behooves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting

forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country and at this hour than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy[36] gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

I see not any road of perfect peace which a man can walk, but after the counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and stablish himself in those courses he approves.[37] The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to men may befall a man again; and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper and a sufficient number of his neighbors to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart to see how quick a bound Na-

ture has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us: —

"Let them rave:
Thou art quiet in thy grave." [33]

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy those who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavor? Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and for ever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

HISTORY

THERE is no great and no small[1]
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

I AM the owner of the sphere,[1]
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain.

HISTORY

THERE is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But the thought is always prior to the fact; all the facts of history [3] preëxist in the mind as laws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances predominant, and the limits of nature give power to but one at a time. A man is the whole encyclopædia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.

This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole

of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist [4] in him. Each new fact in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution [5] was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion,[6] and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We, as we read, must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner; must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall learn nothing rightly. What befell [7] Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia [8] is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and depravations as what has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has a meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, 'Under this mask did my Proteus nature hide itself.' This remedies the defect of our too great nearness to ourselves. This throws our actions into perspective, — and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance and the waterpot lose their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without

heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

It is the universal nature which gives worth to particular men and things. Human life, as containing this, is mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with penalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate reason; all express more or less distinctly some command of this supreme, illimitable essence. Property also holds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and instinctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws and wide and complex combinations. The obscure consciousness of this fact is the light of all our day,[9] the claim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, for charity; the foundation of friendship and love and of the heroism and grandeur which belong to acts of self-reliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings.[10] Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures, — in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius, — anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for better men; but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes we feel most at home. All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. We sympathize in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities of men; — because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck, *for us*, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded.

We have the same interest in condition and character. We honor the rich because they have externally the freedom, power, and grace which we feel to be pro-

per to man, proper to us. So all that is said of the wise man by Stoic or Oriental or modern essayist, describes to each reader his own idea, describes his unattained but attainable self. All literature writes the character of the wise man. Books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent and the eloquent praise him and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves, as by personal allusions. A true aspirant therefore never needs look for allusions personal and laudatory [11] in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but, more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character, yea further in every fact and circumstance, — in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows, from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.

These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night, let us use in broad day. The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the Muse of history will utter oracles, as never to those who do not respect themselves. I have no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day.

The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age or state of society or mode of action in history to which there is not somewhat corresponding in his life. Everything tends in a wonderful manner to abbreviate itself and yield its own virtue to him. He should see that he can live all history in his own person. He must sit solidly at home, and not suffer

himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world; he must transfer the point of view from which history is commonly read, from Rome and Athens and London, to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the court, and if England or Egypt have anything to say to him he will try the case; if not, let them forever be silent. He must attain and maintain that lofty sight where facts yield their secret sense, and poetry and annals are alike. The instinct of the mind, the purpose of nature, betrays itself in the use we make of the signal narrations of history. Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact. Babylon, Troy, Tyre, Palestine, and even early Rome are passing already into fiction. The Garden of Eden, the sun standing still in Gibeon,[12] is poetry thenceforward to all nations. Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sign? London and Paris and New York must go the same way. "What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" This life of ours is stuck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, Court and Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild ornaments grave and gay. I will not make more account of them. I believe in Eternity. I can find Greece, Asia, Italy, Spain and the Islands, — the genius and creative principle of each and of all eras, in my own mind.

We are always coming up with the emphatic facts of history in our private experience and verifying them here. All history becomes subjective; in other words there is properly no history, only biography. Every

mind must know the whole lesson for itself, — must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does not live, it will not know. What the former age has epitomized into a formula or rule for manipular convenience it will lose all the good of verifying for itself, by means of the wall of that rule. Somewhere, sometime, it will demand and find compensation for that loss, by doing the work itself. Ferguson discovered many things in astronomy which had long been known. The better for him.

History must be this or it is nothing. Every law which the state enacts indicates a fact in human nature; that is all. We must in ourselves see the necessary reason of every fact, — see how it could and must be. So stand before every public and private work; before an oration of Burke, before a victory of Napoleon, before a martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, of Sidney, of Marmaduke Robinson;[13] before a French Reign of Terror, and a Salem hanging of witches; before a fanatic Revival and the Animal Magnetism in Paris, or in Providence. We assume that we under like influence should be alike affected, and should achieve the like; and we aim to master intellectually the steps and reach the same height or the same degradation that our fellow, our proxy has done.

All inquiry into antiquity, all curiosity respecting the Pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio Circles, Mexico, Memphis,[14] — is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its place the Here and the Now. Belzoni [15] digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail,

that it was made by such a person as he, so armed and so motived, and to ends to which he himself should also have worked, the problem is solved; his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now.*[16]

A Gothic cathedral affirms that it was done by us and not done by us. Surely it was by man, but we find it not in our man. But we apply ourselves to the history of its production. We put ourselves into the place and state of the builder. We remember the forest-dwellers, the first temples, the adherence to the first type, and the decoration of it as the wealth of the nation increased; the value which is given to wood by carving led to the carving over the whole mountain of stone of a cathedral. When we have gone through this process, and added thereto the Catholic Church, its cross, its music, its processions, its Saints' days and image-worship, we have as it were been the man that made the minster; we have seen how it could and must be. We have the sufficient reason.

The difference between men is in their principle of association. Some men classify objects by color and size and other accidents of appearance; others by intrinsic likeness, or by the relation of cause and effect. The progress of the intellect is to the clearer vision of causes, which neglects surface differences. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance. Every chemical substance, every plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity of cause, the variety of appearance.

Upborne and surrounded as we are by this all-creat-

ing nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, why should we be such hard pedants, and magnify a few forms? Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of figure? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its law, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with graybeards and in churches. Genius studies the causal thought, and far back in the womb of things sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge, ere they fall, by infinite diameters. Genius watches the monad [17] through all his masks as he performs the metempsychosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, through the caterpillar, through the grub, through the egg, the constant individual; through countless individuals the fixed species; through many species the genus; through all genera the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organized life the eternal unity. Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same. She casts the same thought into troops of forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. Through the bruteness [18] and toughness of matter, a subtle spirit bends all things to its own will. The adamant streams into soft but precise form before it, and whilst I look at it its outline and texture are changed again. Nothing is so fleeting as form; yet never does it quite deny itself. In man we still trace the remains or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races; yet in him they enchance his nobleness and grace; as Io, in Æschylus,[19] transformed to a cow, offends the imagination; but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Osiris-Jove, a beautiful woman with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns as the splendid ornament of her brows!

The identity of history is equally intrinsic, the diver-

sity equally obvious. There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the centre there is simplicity of cause. How many are the acts of one man in which we recognize the same character! Observe the sources of our information in respect to the Greek genius. We have the *civil history* of that people, as Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plutarch[20] have given it; a very sufficient account of what manner of persons they were and what they did. We have the same national mind expressed for us again in their *literature*,[21] in epic and lyric poems, drama, and philosophy; a very complete form. Then we have it once more in their *architecture*, a beauty as of temperance itself, limited to the straight line and the square, — a builded geometry. Then we have it once again in *sculpture*, the "tongue on the balance of expression,"[22] a multitude of forms in the utmost freedom of action and never transgressing the ideal serenity; like votaries performing some religious dance before the gods, and, though in convulsive pain or mortal combat, never daring to break the figure and decorum of their dance. Thus of the genius of one remarkable people we have a fourfold representation: and to the senses what more unlike than an ode of Pindar, a marble centaur, the peristyle of the Parthenon, and the last actions of Phocion?

Every one must have observed faces and forms which, without any resembling feature, make a like impression on the beholder. A particular picture or copy of verses, if it do not awaken the same train of images, will yet superinduce the same sentiment as some wild mountain walk, although the resemblance is nowise obvious to the senses, but is occult and out of the reach of the understanding. Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws.

She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.[23]

Nature is full of a sublime family likeness throughout her works, and delights in startling us with resemblances in the most unexpected quarters. I have seen the head of an old sachem of the forest which at once reminded the eye of a bald mountain summit, and the furrows of the brow suggested the strata of the rock.[24] There are men whose manners have the same essential splendor as the simple and awful sculpture on the friezes of the Parthenon and the remains of the earliest Greek art. And there are compositions of the same strain to be found in the books of all ages. What is Guido's Rospigliosi Aurora [25] but a morning thought, as the horses in it are only a morning cloud? If any one will but take pains to observe the variety of actions to which he is equally inclined in certain moods of mind and those to which he is averse, he will see how deep is the chain of affinity.

A painter told me that nobody could draw a tree without in some sort becoming a tree; or draw a child by studying the outlines of its form merely, — but by watching for a time his motions and plays, the painter enters into his nature and can then draw him at will in every attitude. So Roos [26] "entered into the inmost nature of a sheep." I knew a draughtsman employed in a public survey who found that he could not sketch the rocks until their geological structure was first explained to him.[27] In a certain state of thought is the common origin of very diverse works. It is the spirit and not the fact that is identical. By a deeper apprehension, and not primarily by a painful acquisition of many manual skills, the artist attains the power of awakening other souls to a given activity.

It has been said that "common souls pay with what they do, nobler souls with that which they are."[28] And why? Because a profound nature awakens in us by its actions and words, by its very looks and manners, the same power and beauty that a gallery of sculpture or of pictures addresses.

Civil and natural history, the history of art and of literature, must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us, — kingdom, college, tree, horse, or iron shoe, — the roots of all things are in man. Santa Croce and the Dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model.[29] Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach.[30] The true poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the ship-builder. In the man, could we lay him open, we should see the reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work; as every spine and tint in the sea-shell preëxists in the secreting organs of the fish. The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add.

The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us and converting into things the words and signs which we had heard and seen without heed. A lady with whom I was riding in the forest said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer had passed onward; a thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies, which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel

at the creation of light and of the world. I remember one summer day in the fields my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches, a round block in the centre, which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings.[31] What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning which at once showed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift [32] along the sides of the stone wall which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower.[33]

By surrounding ourselves with the original circumstances we invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple preserves the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. "The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock," says Heeren [34] in his Researches on the Ethopians, "determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which it assumed. In these caverns, already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings

have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen or lean on the pillars of the interior?"

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade; as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, elm, oak, pine, fir and spruce.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

In like manner all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once History becomes fluid and true, and Biography deep and sublime. As the Persian imitated in the slender shafts and capitals of his architecture the stem and flower of the lotus and palm, so the Persian court in its magnificent era never gave over the nomadism of its barbarous tribes, but travelled from Ecbatana,

where the spring was spent, to Susa in summer and to Babylon for the winter.

In the early history of Asia and Africa, Nomadism and Agriculture are the two antagonist facts. The geography of Asia and of Africa necessitated a nomadic life. But the nomads were the terror of all those whom the soil or the advantages of a market had induced to build towns. Agriculture therefore was a religious injunction, because of the perils of the state from nomadism. And in these late and civil countries of England and America these propensities still fight out the old battle, in the nation and in the individual. The nomads of Africa were constrained to wander, by the attacks of the gad-fly, which drives the cattle mad, and so compels the tribe to emigrate in the rainy season and to drive off the cattle to the higher sandy regions. The nomads of Asia follow the pasturage from month to month. In America and Europe the nomadism is of trade and curiosity; a progress, certainly, from the gad-fly of Astaboras [35] to the Anglo and Italomania of Boston Bay. Sacred cities, to which a periodical religious pilgrimage was enjoined, or stringent laws and customs tending to invigorate the national bond, were the check on the old rovers; and the cumulative values of long residence are the restraints on the itinerancy of the present day. The antagonism of the two tendencies is not less active in individuals, as the love of adventure or the love of repose happens to predominate. A man of rude health and flowing spirits has the faculty of rapid domestication, lives in his wagon and roams through all latitudes as easily as a Calmuc.[36] At sea, or in the forest, or in the snow, he sleeps as warm, dines with as good appetite, and associates as happily as beside his own chimneys. Or

perhaps his facility is deeper seated, in the increased range of his faculties of observation, which yield him points of interest wherever fresh objects meet his eyes. The pastoral nations were needy and hungry to desperation; and this intellectual nomadism, in its excess, bankrupts [37] the mind through the dissipation of power on a miscellany of objects. The home-keeping wit, on the other hand, is that continence or content which finds all the elements of life in its own soil; and which has its own perils of monotony and deterioration, if not stimulated by foreign infusions.

Everything the individual sees without him corresponds to his states of mind, and everything is in turn intelligible to him, as his onward thinking leads him into the truth to which that fact or series belongs.

The primeval world, —the Fore-World,[38] as the Germans say, — I can dive to it in myself as well as grope for it with researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the broken reliefs and torsos of ruined villas.

What is the foundation of that interest all men feel in Greek history, letters, art and poetry, in all its periods from the Heroic or Homeric age down to the domestic life of the Athenians and Spartans, four or five centuries later? What but this, that every man passes personally through a Grecian period. The Grecian state is the era of the bodily nature, the perfection of the senses, — of the spiritual nature unfolded in strict unity with the body. In it existed those human forms which supplied the sculptor with his models of Hercules, Phœbus and Jove; not like the forms abounding in the streets of modern cities, wherein the face is a confused blur of features, but composed of incorrupt, sharply defined and symmetrical features, whose eye-sockets are so formed that it would be im-

possible for such eyes to squint and take furtive glances on this side and on that, but they must turn the whole head. The manners of that period are plain and fierce. The reverence exhibited is for personal qualities; courage, address, self-command, justice, strength, swiftness, a loud voice, a broad chest. Luxury and elegance are not known. A sparse population and want make every man his own valet, cook, butcher and soldier, and the habit of supplying his own needs educates the body to wonderful performances. Such are the Agamemnon and Diomed of Homer, and not far different is the picture Xenophon gives of himself and his compatriots in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. "After the army had crossed the river Teleboas in Armenia, there fell much snow, and the troops lay miserably on the ground covered with it. But Xenophon arose naked, and taking an axe, began to split wood; whereupon others rose and did the like." Throughout his army exists a boundless liberty of speech. They quarrel for plunder, they wrangle with the generals on each new order, and Xenophon is as sharp-tongued as any and sharper-tongued than most, and so gives as good as he gets. Who does not see that this is a gang of great boys, with such a code of honor and such lax discipline as great boys have?

The costly charm [39] of the ancient tragedy, and indeed of all the old literature, is that the persons speak simply, — speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective, but perfect in their senses and in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults

acted with the simplicity and grace of children. They made vases, tragedies and statues,[40] such as healthy senses should, — that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists; but, as a class, from their superior organization, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. The attraction of these manners is that they belong to man, and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; besides that there are always individuals who retain these characteristics. A person of childlike genius and inborn energy is still a Greek, and revives our love of the Muse of Hellas. I admire the love of nature in the Philoctetes.[41] In reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains and waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow-beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they meet mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English,[42] between Classic and Romantic schools, seems superficial and pedantic.[43] When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me, — when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do as it were run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years?

The student interprets the age of chivalry by his own age of chivalry, and the days of maritime adventure and circumnavigation by quite parallel miniature experiences of his own. To the sacred history of the

world he has the same key. When the voice of a prophet out of the deeps of antiquity merely echoes to him a sentiment of his infancy, a prayer of his youth, he then pierces to the truth through all the confusion of tradition and the caricature of institutions.

Rare, extravagant spirits come by us at intervals, who disclose to us new facts in nature. I see that men of God have from time to time walked among men and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer. Hence evidently the tripod, the priest, the priestess inspired by the divine afflatus.

Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite him to history, or reconcile him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily,[44] their own piety explains every fact, every word.

How easily these old worships of Moses, of Zoroaster, of Menu,[45] of Socrates, domesticate themselves in the mind. I cannot find any antiquity in them. They are mine as much as theirs.

I have seen the first monks and anchorets, without crossing seas or centuries. More than once some individual has appeared to me with such negligence of labor and such commanding contemplation, a haughty beneficiary begging in the name of God, as made good to the nineteenth century Simeon the Stylite, the Thebais, and the first Capuchins.[46]

The priestcraft of the East and West, of the Magian,[47] Brahmin, Druid, and Inca, is expounded in the individual's private life. The cramping influence of a hard formalist on a young child, in repressing his spirits and courage, paralyzing the understanding, and that without producing indignation, but only fear and obedience, and even much sympathy with the tyranny, — is a

familiar fact, explained to the child when he becomes a man, only by seeing that the oppressor of his youth is himself a child tyrannized over by those names and words and forms of whose influence he was merely the organ to the youth. The fact teaches him how Belus [48] was worshipped and how the Pyramids were built, better than the discovery by Champollion [49] of the names of all the workmen and the cost of every tile. He finds Assyria and the Mounds of Cholula [50] at his door, and himself has laid the courses.

Again, in that protest which each considerate person makes against the superstition of his times, he repeats step by step the part of old reformers, and in the search after truth finds, like them, new perils to virtue. He learns again what moral vigor is needed to supply the girdle of a superstition. A great licentiousness treads on the heels of a reformation. How many times in the history of the world has the Luther of the day had to lament the decay of piety in his own household! "Doctor," said his wife to Martin Luther, one day, "how is it that whilst subject to papacy we prayed so often and with such fervor, whilst now we pray with the utmost coldness and very seldom?"

The advancing man discovers how deep a property he has in literature, — in all fable as well as in all history. He finds that the poet was no odd fellow who described strange and impossible situations, but that universal man wrote by his pen a confession true for one and true for all. His own secret biography he finds in lines wonderfully intelligible to him, dotted down before he was born. One after another he comes up in his private adventures with every fable of Æsop, of Homer, of Hafiz, of Ariosto, of Chaucer, of Scott, and verifies them with his own head and hands.

The beautiful fables of the Greeks, being proper creations of the imagination and not of the fancy, are universal verities. What a range of meanings and what perpetual pertinence has the story of Prometheus! Beside its primary value as the first chapter of the history of Europe (the mythology thinly veiling authentic facts, the invention of the mechanic arts and the migration of colonies), it gives the history of religion, with some closeness to the faith of later ages. Prometheus is the Jesus of the old mythology. He is the friend of man; stands between the unjust "justice" of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all things on their account. But where it departs from the Calvinistic Christianity and exhibits him as the defier of Jove, it represents a state of mind which readily appears wherever the doctrine of Theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and which seems the self-defence of man against this untruth, namely a discontent with the believed fact that a God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence is onerous. It would steal if it could the fire of the Creator, and live apart from him and independent of him. The Prometheus Vinctus [51] is the romance of skepticism. Not less true to all time are the details of that stately apologue. Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. When the gods come among men, they are not known. Jesus was not; Socrates and Shakspeare were not. Antæus was suffocated by the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his mother-earth his strength was renewed. Man is the broken giant, and in all his weakness both his body and his mind are invigorated by habits of conversation with nature. The power of music, the power of poetry, to unfix and as it were clap wings to solid nature, interprets the

riddle of Orpheus.[52] The philosophical perception of identity through endless mutations of form makes him know the Proteus. What else am I who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night like a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And what see I on any side but the transmigrations of Proteus? I can symbolize my thought by using the name of any creature, of any fact, because every creature is man agent or patient. Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul.[53] The transmigration of souls is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barn-yard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah! brother, stop the ebb of thy soul,[54] — ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. As near and proper to us is also that old fable of the Sphinx, who was said to sit in the road-side and put riddles to every passenger. If the man could not answer, she swallowed him alive. If he could solve the riddle, the Sphinx was slain. What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events? In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit. Those men who cannot answer by a superior wisdom these facts or questions of time, serve them. Facts encumber them, tyrannize over them, and make the men of routine, the men of *sense*, in whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man But if the man is true to his

better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race; remains fast by the soul and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him.

See in Goethe's Helena [55] the same desire that every word should be a thing. These figures, he would say, these Chirons,[56] Griffins,[57] Phorkyas,[58] Helen and Leda,[59] are somewhat, and do exert a specific influence on the mind. So far then are they eternal entities, as real to-day as in the first Olympiad. Much revolving them he writes out freely his humor, and gives them body to his own imagination. And although that poem be as vague and fantastic as a dream, yet is it much more attractive than the more regular dramatic pieces of the same author, for the reason that it operates a wonderful relief to the mind from the routine of customary images, — awakens the reader's invention and fancy by the wild freedom of the design, and by the unceasing succession of brisk shocks of surprise.

The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand; so that when he seems to vent a mere caprice and wild romance, the issue is an exact allegory. Hence Plato said that "poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand." All the fictions of the Middle Age explain themselves as a masked or frolic expression of that which in grave earnest the mind of that period toiled to achieve. Magic and all that is ascribed to it is a deep presentiment of the powers of science.[60] The shoes of swiftness, the sword of sharpness, the power of subduing the elements, of using the secret virtues of minerals, of

understanding the voices of birds, are the obscure efforts of the mind in a right direction. The preternatural prowess of the hero, the gift of perpetual youth, and the like, are alike the endeavor of the human spirit "to bend the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

In Perceforest and Amadis de Gaul [61] a garland and a rose bloom on the head of her who is faithful, and fade on the brow of the inconstant. In the story of the Boy and the Mantle [62] even a mature reader may be surprised with a glow of virtuous pleasure at the triumph of the gentle Venelas; and indeed all the postulates of elfin annals, — that the fairies do not like to be named; that their gifts are capricious and not to be trusted; that who seeks a treasure must not speak; and the like, — I find true in Concord, however they might be in Cornwall or Bretagne.

Is it otherwise in the newest romance? I read the Bride of Lammermoor. Sir William Ashton is a mask for a vulgar temptation, Ravenswood Castle a fine name for proud poverty, and the foreign mission of state only a Bunyan disguise for honest industry. We may all shoot a wild bull that would toss the good and beautiful, by fighting down the unjust and sensual. Lucy Ashton is another name for fidelity, which is always beautiful and always liable to calamity in this world.

But along with the civil and metaphysical history of man, another history goes daily forward, — that of the external world, — in which he is not less strictly implicated. He is the compend of time; [63] he is also the correlative of nature. His power consists in the multitude of his affinities, in the fact that his life is inter-

twined with the whole chain of organic and inorganic being. In old Rome the public roads beginning at the Forum proceeded north, south, east, west, to the centre of every province of the empire, making each market-town of Persia, Spain and Britain pervious to the soldiers of the capital: so out of the human heart go as it were highways to the heart of every object in nature, to reduce it under the dominion of man. A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. His faculties refer to natures out of him and predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose air. He cannot live without a world.[64] Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air, and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded that is by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow; —

"His substance is not here.
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it."[65]

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace[66] need myriads of age and thick-strewn celestial areas. One may say a gravitating solar system is already prophesied[67] in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy[68] or of Gay-Lussac,[69] from childhood exploring the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of

organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Handel [70] predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore,[71] Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard, and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water, and wood? Do not the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society? Here also we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue, or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation or alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time.

I will not now go behind the general statement to explore the reason of this correspondency. Let it suffice that in the light of these two facts, namely, that the mind is One, and that nature is its correlative, history is to be read and written.

Thus in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil. He too shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read.[72] You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk, as the poets have described that goddess,

in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences; — his own form and features by their exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the Age of Gold, the Apples of Knowledge, the Argonautic Expedition, the calling of Abraham, the building of the Temple, the Advent of Christ, Dark Ages, the Revival of Letters, the Reformation, the discovery of new lands, the opening of new sciences and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessing of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth.

Is there somewhat overweening in this claim? Then I reject all I have written, for what is the use of pretending to know what we know not? But it is the fault of our rhetoric that we cannot strongly state one fact without seeming to belie some other. I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As old as the Caucasian man, — perhaps older, — these creatures have kept their counsel beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from one to the other. What connection do the books show between the fifty or sixty chemical elements and the historical eras? Nay, what does history yet record of the metaphysical annals of man? What light does it shed on those mysteries which we hide under the names Death and Immortality? Yet every history should be written in a wisdom which divined the range of our affinities and looked at facts as symbols. I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-

called History is. How many times we must say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople! What does Rome know of rat and lizard?[73] What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being? Nay, what food or experience or succor have they for the Esquimaux seal-hunter, for the Kanàka[74] in his canoe, for the fisherman, the stevedore, the porter?

Broader and deeper we must write our annals, — from an ethical reformation, from an influx of the ever new, ever sanative conscience, — if we would trulier express our central and wide-related nature, instead of this old chronology of selfishness and pride to which we have too long lent our eyes. Already that day exists for us, shines in on us at unawares, but the path of science and of letters is not the way into nature. The idiot, the Indian, the child and unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary.[75]

POLITICS

Gold and iron are good
To buy iron and gold;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Boded Merlin wise,[1]
Proved Napoleon great, —
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.
Fear, Craft, and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
Out of dust to build
What is more than dust, —
Walls Amphion piled
Phœbus stablish must.
When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman ploughs
Furrow for the wheat;
When the Church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home.

POLITICS

In dealing with the State we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born; that they are not superior to the citizen; that every one of them was once the act of a single man; every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case; that they all are imitable, all alterable; we may make as good, we may make better. Society is an illusion to the young citizen. It lies before him in rigid repose, with certain names, men and institutions rooted like oak-trees to the centre, round which all arrange themselves the best they can. But the old statesman knows that society is fluid; there are no such roots and centres, but any particle may suddenly become the centre of the movement and compel the system to gyrate round it; as every man of strong will, like Pisistratus [2] or Cromwell,[3] does for a time, and every man of truth, like Plato or Paul, does forever. But politics rest on necessary foundations, and cannot be treated with levity. Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education and religion may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand [4] which perishes in the twisting; [5] that the State must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest

usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on Ideas, build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem the statute somewhat: so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force. The statute stands there to say, Yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel ye this article to-day? Our statute is a currency which we stamp with our own portrait: it soon becomes unrecognizable, and in process of time will return to the mint. Nature is not democratic, nor limited-monarchical, but despotic, and will not be fooled or abated of any jot of her authority by the pertest of her sons; and as fast as the public mind is opened to more intelligence,[6] the code is seen to be brute and stammering.[7] It speaks not articulately, and must be made to. Meantime the education of the general mind never stops. The reveries of the true and simple are prophetic. What the tender poetic youth dreams, and prays, and paints to-day, but shuns the ridicule of saying aloud, shall presently be the resolutions of public bodies; then shall be carried as grievance and bill of rights through conflict and war, and then shall be triumphant law and establishment for a hundred years, until it gives place in turn to new prayers and pictures. The history of the State sketches in coarse outline the progress of thought, and follows at a distance the delicacy of culture and of aspiration.

The theory of politics which has possessed the mind of men, and which they have expressed the best they could in their laws and in their revolutions, considers persons and property as the two objects for whose protection government exists. Of persons, all have

equal rights, in virtue of being identical in nature. This interest of course with its whole power demands a democracy. Whilst the rights of all as persons are equal, in virtue of their access to reason, their rights in property are very unequal. One man owns his clothes, and another owns a county. This accident, depending primarily on the skill and virtue of the parties, of which there is every degree, and secondarily on patrimony, falls unequally, and its rights of course are unequal. Personal rights, universally the same, demand a government framed on the ratio of the census; property demands a government framed on the ratio of owners and of owning. Laban,[8] who has flocks and herds, wishes them looked after by an officer on the frontiers, lest the Midianites shall drive them off; and pays a tax to that end. Jacob has no flocks or herds and no fear of the Midianites, and pays no tax to the officer. It seemed fit that Laban and Jacob should have equal rights to elect the officer who is to defend their persons, but that Laban and not Jacob should elect the officer who is to guard the sheep and cattle. And if question arise whether additional officers or watch-towers should be provided, must not Laban and Isaac, and those who must sell part of their herds to buy protection for the rest, judge better of this, and with more right, than Jacob, who, because he is a youth and a traveller, eats their bread and not his own?

In the earliest society the proprietors made their own wealth, and so long as it comes to the owners in the direct way, no other opinion would arise in any equitable community than that property should make the law for property, and persons the law for persons.

But property passes through donation or inheritance

to those who do not create it. Gift, in one case, makes it as really the new owner's as labor made it the first owner's: in the other case, of patrimony, the law makes an ownership which will be valid in each man's view according to the estimate which he sets on the public tranquillity.

It was not, however, found easy to embody the readily admitted principle that property should make law for property, and persons for persons; since persons and property mixed themselves in every transaction. At last it seemed settled that the rightful distinction was that the proprietors should have more elective franchise than non-proprietors, on the Spartan principle of "calling that which is just, equal; not that which is equal, just."

That principle no longer looks so self-evident as it appeared in former times, partly because doubts have arisen [9] whether too much weight had not been allowed in the laws to property, and such a structure given to our usages as allowed the rich to encroach on the poor, and to keep them poor; but mainly because there is an instinctive sense, however obscure and yet inarticulate, that the whole constitution of property, on its present tenures, is injurious, and its influence on persons deteriorating and degrading; that truly the only interest for the consideration of the State is persons; that property will always follow persons; that the highest end of government is the culture of men; and that if men can be educated, the institutions will share their improvement and the moral sentiment will write the law of the land.

If it be not easy to settle the equity of this question, the peril is less when we take note of our natural defences. We are kept by better guards than the vigi-

lance of such magistrates as we commonly elect. Society always consists in greatest part of young and foolish persons. The old, who have seen through the hypocrisy of courts and statesmen, die and leave no wisdom to their sons. They believe their own newspaper, as their fathers did at their age. With such an ignorant and deceivable [10] majority, States would soon run to ruin, but that there are limitations beyond which the folly and ambition of governors cannot go. Things have their laws, as well as men; and things refuse to be trifled with.[11] Property will be protected. Corn will not grow unless it is planted and manured; but the farmer will not plant or hoe it unless the chances are a hundred to one that he will cut and harvest it.[12] Under any forms, persons and property must and will have their just sway. They exert their power, as steadily as matter its attraction. Cover up a pound of earth never so cunningly, divide and subdivide it; melt it to liquid, convert it to gas; it will always weigh a pound; it will always attract and resist other matter by the full virtue of one pound weight: — and the attributes of a person, his wit and his moral energy, will exercise, under any law or extinguishing tyranny, their proper force, — if not overtly, then covertly; if not for the law, then against it; if not wholesomely, then poisonously; with right, or by might.

The boundaries of personal influence it is impossible to fix, as persons are organs of moral or supernatural force. Under the dominion of an idea which possesses the minds of multitudes, as civil freedom, or the religious sentiment, the powers of persons[13] are no longer subjects of calculation. A nation of men unanimously bent on freedom or conquest can easily confound the arithmetic of statists, and achieve extravagant actions,

out of all proportions to their means; as the Greeks, the Saracens, the Swiss, the Americans and the French have done.

In like manner to every particle of property belongs its own attraction. A cent is the representative of a certain quantity of corn or other commodity. Its value is in the necessities of the animal man. It is so much warmth, so much bread, so much water, so much land. The law may do what it will with the owner of property; its just power will still attach to the cent. The law may in a mad freak say that all shall have power except the owners of property; they shall have no vote. Nevertheless, by a higher law, the property will, year after year, write every statute that respects property. The non-proprietor will be the scribe of the proprietor. What the owners wish to do, the whole power of property will do, either through the law or else in defiance of it. Of course I speak of all the property, not merely of the great estates. When the rich are outvoted, as frequently happens, it is the joint treasury of the poor which exceeds their accumulations. Every man owns something, if it is only a cow, or a wheelbarrow, or his arms, and so has that property to dispose of.[14]

The same necessity which secures the rights of person and property against the malignity or folly of the magistrate, determines the form and methods of governing, which are proper to each nation and to its habit of thought, and nowise transferable to other states of society. In this country we are very vain of our political institutions, which are singular in this, that they sprung, within the memory of living men, from the character and condition of the people, which they still express with sufficient fidelity, — and we ostentatiously prefer them to any other in history. They are not

better, but only fitter for us. We may be wise in asserting the advantage in modern times of the democratic form, but to other states of society, in which religion consecrated the monarchical, that and not this was expedient. Democracy is better for us, because the religious sentiment of the present time accords better with it. Born democrats, we are nowise qualified to judge of monarchy, which, to our fathers living in the monarchical idea, was also relatively right. But our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well.[15] What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick?

The same benign necessity and the same practical abuse appear in the parties, into which each State divides itself, of opponents and defenders of the administration of the government. Parties are also founded on instincts,[16] and have better guides to their own humble aims than the sagacity of their leaders. They have nothing perverse in their origin, but rudely mark some real and lasting relation. We might as wisely reprove the east wind or the frost, as a political party, whose members, for the most part, could give no account of their position, but stand for the defence of those interests in which they find themselves. Our quarrel with them begins when they quit this deep natural ground at the bidding of some leader, and obeying personal considerations, throw themselves into the maintenance and defence of points nowise belonging to their system. A party is perpetually cor-

rupted by personality. Whilst we absolve the association from dishonesty, we cannot extend the same charity to their leaders. They reap the rewards of the docility and zeal of the masses which they direct. Ordinarily our parties are parties of circumstance, and not of principle; as the planting interest in conflict with the commercial; the party of capitalists and that of operatives: parties which are identical in their moral character, and which can easily change ground with each other in the support of many of their measures. Parties of principle, as, religious sects, or the party of free-trade, of universal suffrage, of abolition of slavery, of abolition of capital punishment, — degenerate into personalities, or would inspire enthusiasm. The vice of our leading parties in this country (which may be cited as a fair specimen of these societies of opinion) is that they do not plant themselves on the deep and necessary grounds to which they are respectively entitled, but lash themselves to fury in the carrying of some local and momentary measure, nowise useful to the commonwealth. Of the two great parties which at this hour almost share the nation between them, I should say that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man, will of course wish to cast his vote with the democrat, for free-trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power. But he can rarely accept the persons whom the so-called popular party propose to him as representatives of these liberalities. They have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism

is destructive and aimless: [17] it is not loving; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy; it does not build, nor write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor establish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate the slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the immigrant. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.

I do not for these defects despair of our republic. We are not at the mercy of any waves of chance. In the strife of ferocious parties, human nature always finds itself cherished; as the children of the convicts at Botany Bay [18] are found to have as healthy a moral sentiment as other children. Citizens of feudal states are alarmed at our democratic institutions lapsing into anarchy, and the older and more cautious among ourselves are learning from Europeans to look with some terror at our turbulent freedom. It is said that in our license of construing the Constitution, and in the despotism of public opinion, we have no anchor; and one foreign observer thinks he has found the safeguard in the sanctity of Marriage among us; and another thinks he has found it in our Calvinism. Fisher Ames [19] expressed the popular security more wisely, when he compared a monarchy and a republic, saying that a monarchy is a merchantman, which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock and go to the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft, which would never sink, but then

your feet are always in water. No forms can have any dangerous importance whilst we are befriended by the laws of things. It makes no difference how many tons' weight of atmosphere presses on our heads, so long as the same pressure resists it within the lungs. Augment the mass a thousand-fold, it cannot begin to crush us, as long as reaction is equal to action. The fact of two poles, of two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, is universal, and each force by its own activity develops the other. Wild liberty develops iron conscience.[20] Want of liberty, by strengthening law and decorum, stupefies conscience. 'Lynch-law'[21] prevails only where there is greater hardihood and self-subsistency in the leaders. A mob cannot be a permanency; everybody's interest requires that it should not exist, and only justice satisfies all.

We must trust infinitely to the beneficent necessity which shines through all laws. Human nature expresses itself in them as characteristically as in statues, or songs, or railroads; and an abstract of the codes of nations would be a transcript of the common conscience. Governments have their origin in the moral identity of men. Reason for one is seen to be reason for another, and for every other. There is a middle measure which satisfies all parties, be they never so many or so resolute for their own. Every man finds a sanction for his simplest claims and deeds, in decisions of his own mind, which he calls Truth and Holiness. In these decisions all the citizens find a perfect agreement, and only in these; not in what is good to eat, good to wear, good use of time, or what amount of land or of public aid each is entitled to claim. This truth and justice men presently endeavor to make application of to the measuring of land, the appor-

tionment of service, the protection of life and property. Their first endeavors, no doubt, are very awkward. Yet absolute right is the first governor; or, every government is an impure theocracy. The idea after which each community is aiming to make and mend its law, is the will of the wise man. The wise man it cannot find in nature,[22] and it makes awkward but earnest efforts to secure his government by contrivance; as by causing the entire people to give their voices on every measure; or by a double choice to get the representation of the whole; or by a selection of the best citizens; or to secure the advantages of efficiency and internal peace by confiding the government to one, who may himself select his agents. All forms of government symbolize an immortal government, common to all dynasties and independent of numbers, perfect where two men exist, perfect where there is only one man.

Every man's nature is a sufficient advertisement to him of the character of his fellows. My right and my wrong is their right and their wrong. Whilst I do what is fit for me, and abstain from what is unfit, my neighbor and I shall often agree in our means, and work together for a time to one end. But whenever I find my dominion over myself not sufficient for me, and undertake the direction of him also, I overstep the truth, and come into false relations to him. I may have so much more skill or strength than he that he cannot express adequately his sense of wrong, but it is a lie, and hurts like a lie both him and me. Love and nature cannot maintain the assumption; it must be executed by a practical lie, namely by force. This undertaking for another is the blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world. It is the same thing in numbers, as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible.

I can see well enough a great difference between my setting myself down to a self-control, and my going to make somebody else act after my views; but when a quarter of the human race assume to tell me what I must do, I may be too much disturbed by the circumstances to see so clearly the absurdity of their command. Therefore all public ends look vague and quixotic beside private ones. For any laws but those which men make for themselves are laughable.[23] If I put myself in the place of my child, and we stand in one thought and see that things are thus or thus, that perception is law for him and me. We are both there, both act. But if, without carrying him into the thought, I look over into his plot, and, guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, he will never obey me. This is the history of governments, — one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me taxes me; looking from afar at me ordains that a part of my labor shall go to this or that whimsical end, —not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence. Of all debts men are least willing to pay the taxes.[24] What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except for these.

Hence the less government we have the better, — the fewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the Individual; the appearance of the principal to supersede the proxy; the appearance of the wise man; of whom the existing government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imitation. That which all things tend to educe; which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver, is character; that is the end of Nature, to

reach unto this coronation of her king. To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the State expires. The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary. The wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort, or navy, — he loves men too well; no bribe, or feast, or palace, to draw friends to him; no vantage ground, no favorable circumstance. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; no church, for he is a prophet; no statute-book, for he has the lawgiver; no money, for he is value; no road, for he is at home where he is; no experience, for the life of the creator shoots through him, and looks from his eyes. He has no personal friends,[25] for he who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him needs not husband and educate a few to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic; his memory is myrrh to them; his presence, frankincense and flowers.

We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all rulers from their chairs, its presence is hardly yet suspected. Malthus[26] and Ricardo[27] quite omit it; the Annual Register[28] is silent; in the Conversations' Lexicon[29] it is not set down; the President's Message, the Queen's Speech, have not mentioned it; and yet it is never nothing. Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.[30] The gladiators in the lists of power feel, through all their frocks of force[31] and simulation, the presence of worth. I think the very strife of trade and ambition is confession of this divinity; and successes in those fields are the poor amends, the fig-leaf[32] with

which the shamed soul attempts to hide its nakedness I find the like unwilling homage in all quarters. It is because we know how much is due from us that we are impatient to show some petty talent as a substitute for worth. We are haunted by a conscience [33] of this right to grandeur of character, and are false to it. But each of us has some talent, can do somewhat useful, or graceful, or formidable, or amusing, or lucrative. That we do, as an apology to others and to ourselves for not reaching the mark of a good and equal life. But it does not satisfy *us*, whilst we thrust it on the notice of our companions. It may throw dust in their eyes, but does not smooth our own brow, or give us the tranquillity of the strong when we walk abroad. We do penance as we go. Our talent is a sort of expiation, and we are constrained to reflect on our splendid moment [34] with a certain humiliation, as somewhat too fine, and not as one act of many acts, a fair expression of our permanent energy. Most persons of ability meet in society with a kind of tacit appeal. Each seems to say, 'I am not all here.' [35] Senators and presidents have climbed so high with pain enough, not because they think the place specially agreeable, but as an apology for real worth, and to vindicate their manhood in our eyes. This conspicuous chair is their compensation to themselves for being of a poor, cold, hard nature. They must do what they can. Like one class of forest animals, they have nothing but a prehensile tail; climb they must, or crawl.[36] If a man found himself so rich-natured that he could enter into strict relations with the best persons and make life serene around him by the dignity and sweetness of his behavior, could he afford to circumvent the favor of the caucus and the press, and covet relations so hollow

and pompous as those of a politician? Surely nobody would be a charlatan who could afford to be sincere.

The tendencies of the times favor the idea of self-government, and leave the individual, for all code,[37] to the rewards and penalties of his own constitution; which work with more energy than we believe whilst we depend on artificial restraints. The movement in this direction has been very marked in modern history. Much has been blind and discreditable, but the nature of the revolution is not affected by the vices of the revolters; for this is a purely moral force. It was never adopted by any party in history, neither can be. It separates the individual from all party, and unites him at the same time to the race. It promises a recognition of higher rights than those of personal freedom, or the security of property. A man has a right to be employed, to be trusted, to be loved, to be revered. The power of love, as the basis of a State, has never been tried. We must not imagine that all things are lapsing into confusion if every tender protestant be not compelled to bear his part in certain social conventions; nor doubt that roads can be built, letters carried, and the fruit of labor secured, when the government of force is at an end. Are our methods now so excellent that all competition is hopeless?[38] could not a nation of friends even devise better ways? On the other hand, let not the most conservative and timid fear anything from a premature surrender of the bayonet and the system of force. For, according to the order of nature, which is quite superior to our will, it stands thus; there will always be a government of force where men are selfish; and when they are pure enough to abjure the code of force they will be wise enough to see how these public ends of the post-office, of the highway, or commerce

and the exchange of property, of museums and libraries, of institutions of art and science can be answered.

We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. There is not, among the most religious and instructed men of the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on the moral sentiment and a sufficient belief in the unity of things, to persuade them that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system; or that the private citizen might be reasonable and a good neighbor, without the hint of a jail or a confiscation. What is strange too, there never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love. All those who have pretended this design [39] have been partial reformers, and have admitted in some manner the supremacy of the bad State. I do not call to mind a single human being who has steadily denied the authority of the laws, on the simple ground of his own moral nature. Such designs, full of genius and full of faith [40] as they are, are not entertained except avowedly as air-pictures.[41] If the individual who exhibits them dare to think them practicable, he disgusts scholars and churchmen; and men of talent and women of superior sentiments cannot hide their contempt. Not the less does nature continue to fill the heart of youth with suggestions of this enthusiasm, and there are now men, — if indeed I can speak in the plural number, — more exactly, I will say, I have just been conversing with one man, to whom no weight of adverse experience will make it for a moment appear impossible that thousands of human beings might exercise towards each other the grandest and simplest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of lovers.

BEHAVIOR

Grace, Beauty, and Caprice
Build this golden portal,
Graceful women, chosen men
Dazzle every mortal:
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanting food;
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude.
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground,
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little he says to them,
So dances his heart in his breast,
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants or his doom,
The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

BEHAVIOR

The soul which animates nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulate speech. This silent and subtile language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech and behavior?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy way of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo,[1] in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and in real life, Talma [2] taught Napoleon [3] the arts of behavior. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, better the

instruction.[4] They stereotype the lesson they have learned, into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant, — an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them, they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they may learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead and also to daunt and repel, derives from their[5] belief that she knows resources and behaviors not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected, a police in citizens' clothes, who are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities, but 't is our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who

knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force;[6] how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, — we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power and beauty.

Their first service is very low, — when they are the minor morals; but 't is the beginning of civility, — to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness; teach them to stifle the base and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviors are.

Bad behavior the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless and frivolous persons, who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners — forms accepted by the sense of all — can reach; the contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to

growl at any passer-by and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight. I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them or say something which they do not understand: — then the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the persevering talker, who gives you his society in large saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves, a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus,[7] who relies on you to find him in ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe[8] of absurdity; — these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be entrusted to the restraining force of custom and proverbs and familiar rules of behavior impressed on young people in their school-days.

In the hotels on the banks of the Mississippi they print, or used to print, among the rules of the house, that "No gentleman can be permitted to come to the public table without his coat;" and in the same country, in the pews of the churches little placards plead with the worshipper against the fury of expectoration. Charles Dickens self-sacrificingly undertook the reformation of our American manners in unspeakable particulars. I think the lesson was not quite lost; that it held bad manners up, so that the churls could see the deformity. Unhappily the book had its own deformities. It ought not to need to print in a reading-room a caution to strangers not to speak loud; nor to persons who look over fine engravings that they should be handled like cobwebs and butterflies' wings; nor to persons who look at marble statues that they shall not smite them with canes. But even in the perfect civilization of this city such cautions are not quite needless in the Athenæum[9] and City Library.

Manners are factitious, and grow out of circumstance as well as out of character. If you look at the pictures of patricians and of peasants of different periods and countries, you will see how well they match the same classes in our towns. The modern aristocrat not only is well drawn in Titian's[10] Venetian doges and in Roman coins and statues, but also in the pictures which Commodore Perry brought home of dignitaries in Japan. Broad lands and great interests not only arrive to such heads as can manage them, but form manners of power. A keen eye too will see nice gradations of rank, or see in the manners the degree of homage the party is wont to receive. A prince who is accustomed every day to be courted and deferred to by the highest grandees, acquires a corresponding expectation and a becoming mode of receiving and replying to this homage.

There are always exceptional people and modes. English grandees affect to be farmers. Claverhouse[11] is a fop, and under the finish of dress and levity of behavior hides the terror of his war. But Nature and Destiny are honest, and never fail to leave their mark, to hang out a sign for each and for every quality. It is much to conquer one's face, and perhaps the ambitious youth thinks he has got the whole secret when he has learned that disengaged manners are commanding. Don't be deceived by a facile exterior. Tender men sometimes have strong wills. We had in Massachusetts an old statesman who had sat all his life in courts and in chairs of state without overcoming an extreme irritability of face, voice and bearing; when he spoke, his voice would not serve him; it cracked, it broke, it wheezed, it piped; — little cared he; he knew that it had got to pipe, or wheeze, or screech his argu-

ment and his indignation. When he sat down, after speaking, he seemed in a sort of fit, and held on to his chair with both hands: but underneath all this irritability was a puissant will, firm and advancing, and a memory in which lay in order and method like geologic strata every fact of his history, and under the control of his will.[12]

Manners are partly factitious, but mainly there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favor of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man — mathematician, artist, soldier or merchant — looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn-bush," said the emir Abdel-Kader,[13] "and sprinkle it for a whole year with rose-water; — it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date-tree, leave it without water, without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date-tree and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behavior. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles and announcing

to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended. It almost violates the proprieties if we say above the breath here what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveller found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmed eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life and hunting and labor give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or in its altered mood by beams of kindness it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michael Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand, but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision (that of health and beauty), or in strained vision (that of art and labor).

Eyes are bold as lions, —roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age, or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power nor virtue nor sex; but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic.[14] The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls and bats and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'T is remarkable too that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and for-

gotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries.[15] Others are liquid and deep, — wells that a man might fall into; — others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'T is the city of Lacedæmon; 't is a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate, — some of good and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye. It is very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

If the organ of sight is such a vehicle of power, the other features have their own. A man finds room in

the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of all his history and his wants. The sculptor and Winckelmann[16] and Lavater will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its forms express strength or weakness of will, and good or bad temper. The nose of Julius Cæsar, of Dante, and of Pitt, suggest "the terrors of the beak." What refinement and what limitations the teeth betray! "Beware you don't laugh," said the wise mother, "for then you show all your faults."

Balzac left in manuscript a chapter which he called "*Théorie de la démarche*," in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk, are identical. But, as it has not been given to man the power to stand guard at once over these four different simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which, in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them, are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier; and Saint Simon[17] and Cardinal de Retz and Rœderer and an encyclopædia of *Mémoires* will instruct you, if you wish, in those potent secrets. Thus it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince that his head had the air of leaning downwards, in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland[18] that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met

with some signal good fortune. In *Notre Dame*,[10] the grandee took his place on the dais with the look of one who is thinking of something else. But we must not peep and eavesdrop at palace doors.

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others. A scholar may be a well-bred man, or he may not. The enthusiast is introduced to polished scholars in society and is chilled and silenced by finding himself not in their element. They all have somewhat which he has not, and, it seems, ought to have. But if he finds the scholar apart from his companions, it is then the enthusiast's turn, and the scholar has no defence, but must deal on his terms. Now they must fight the battle out on their private strength. What is the talent of that character so common — the successful man of the world — in all marts, senates and drawing-rooms? Manners: manners of power; sense to see his advantage, and manners up to it. See him approach his man. He knows that troops behave as they are handled at first; that is his cheap secret; just what happens to every two persons who meet on any affair, — one instantly perceives that he has the key of the situation, that his will comprehends the other's will, as the cat does the mouse; and he has only to use courtesy and furnish good-natured reasons to his victim to cover up the chain, lest he be shamed into resistance.

The theatre in which this science of manners has a formal importance is not with us a court, but dress-circles, wherein, after the close of the day's business, men and women meet at leisure, for mutual entertainment, in ornamented drawing-rooms. Of course it has every variety of attraction and merit; but to earnest persons, to youths or maidens who have great objects at heart, we cannot extol it highly. A well-dressed

talkative company where each is bent to amuse the other, —yet the high-born Turk who came hither fancied that every woman seemed to be suffering for a chair; that all the talkers were brained and exhausted by the deoxygenated air; it spoiled the best persons; it put all on stilts. Yet here are the secret biographies written and read. The aspect of that man is repulsive; I do not wish to deal with him. The other is irritable, shy and on his guard. The youth looks humble and manly; I choose him. Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here come the sentimentalists, and the invalids. Here is Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world and has always increased it since. Here are creep-mouse manners, and thievish manners. "Look at Northcote,"[20] said Fuseli;[21] "he looks like a rat that has seen a cat." In the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard; the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behavior. Here are the sweet following eyes of Cecile; it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train. and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong

to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a Pariah[22] caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step. As we sometimes dream that we are in a well-dressed company without any coat, so Godfrey acts ever as if he suffered from some mortifying circumstance. The hero should find himself at home, wherever he is; should impart comfort by his own security and good nature to all beholders. The hero is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him, — an immunity from all the observances, yea, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members. "Euripides," says Aspasia,[23] "has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but," she adds good-humoredly," the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please, on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated." [24]

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste. Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men

can usually command. Here comes to me Roland, with a delicacy of sentiment leading and enwrapping him like a divine cloud or holy ghost. 'T is a great destitution to both that this should not be entertained with large leisures, but contrariwise should be balked by importunate affairs.

But through this lustrous varnish the reality is ever shining.[25] 'T is hard to keep the *what* from breaking through this pretty painting of the *how*. The core will come to the surface. Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners and create new; and the thought of the present moment has a greater value than all the past. In persons of character we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the actions of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civil presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these fames. At least it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him; as when in Paris the chief of the police enters a ball-room, so many diamonded pretenders shrink and make themselves as inconspicuous as they can, or give him a supplicating look as they pass. "I had received," said a sibyl, "I had received at birth the fatal gift of penetration;" and these Cassandras are always born.[26]

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point, carries a broad and con-

tented expression, which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honor because he was not lying in wait for these.[27] The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and cold. A little integrity is better than any career. So deep are the sources of this surface-action that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger, when at ease and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot; go into the house; if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 't is of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds,[28] — you quickly come to the end of all: but if the man is self-possessed, happy and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi.

Neither Aristotle, nor Leibnitz, nor Junius,[29] nor Champollion[30] has set down the grammar-rules of this dialect, older than Sanscrit; but they who cannot yet read English, can read this. Men take each other's measure, when they meet for the first time, — and every time they meet. How do they get this rapid knowledge, even before they speak, of each other's power and disposition? One would say that the per-

suasion of their speech is not in what they say, — or that men do not convince by their argument, but by their personality, by who they are, and what they said and did heretofore. A man already strong is listened to, and everything he says is applauded. Another opposes him with sound argument, but the argument is scouted until by and by it gets into the mind of some weighty person; then it begins to tell on the community.

Self-reliance is the basis of behavior, as it is the guaranty that the powers are not squandered in too much demonstration. In this country, where school education is universal, we have a superficial culture, and a profusion of reading and writing and expression. We parade our nobilities in poems and orations, instead of working them up into happiness. There is a whisper out of the ages to him who can understand it, — "Whatever is known to thyself alone, has always very great value." There is some reason to believe that when a man does not write his poetry it escapes by other vents through him, instead of the one vent of writing; clings to his form and manners, whilst poets have often nothing poetical about them except their verses. Jacobi[31] said that "when a man has fully expressed his thought, he has somewhat less possession of it." One would say, the rule is, — What man is irresistibly urged to say, helps him and us. In explaining his thought to others, he explains it to himself, but when he opens it for show, it corrupts him.

Society is the stage on which manners are shown; novels are the literature. Novels are the journal or record of manners, and the new importance of these books derives from the fact that the novelist begins to penetrate the surface and treat this part of life more worthily. The novels used to be all alike, and had a

quite vulgar tone. The novels used to lead us on to a foolish interest in the fortunes of the boy and girl they described. The boy was to be raised from a humble to a high position. He was in want of a wife and a castle, and the object of the story was to supply him with one or both. We watched sympathetically, step by step, his climbing, until at last the point is gained, the wedding day is fixed, and we follow the gala procession home to the bannered portal, when the doors are slammed in our face and the poor reader is left outside in the cold, not enriched by so much as an idea or a virtuous impulse.

But the victories of character are instant, and victories for all. Its greatness enlarges all. We are fortified by every heroic anecdote. The novels are as useful as Bibles if they teach you the secret that the best of life is conversation, and the greatest success is confidence, or perfect understanding between sincere people. 'T is a French definition of friendship, *rien que s'entendre*, good understanding. The highest compact we can make with our fellow, is,—'Let there be truth between us two forevermore.' That is the charm in all good novels, as it is the charm in all good histories, that the heroes mutually understand, from the first, and deal loyally and with a profound trust in each other. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet or speak or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.

In all the superior people I have met I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to ex-

hibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence; they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related by the monk Basle,[32] that being excommunicated by the Pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humor of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly and civilly treated even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that in whatever condition, Basle remained incorrigibly Basle. The legend says his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven and was canonized as a saint.

There is a stroke of magnanimity in the correspondence of Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, when the latter was King of Spain, and complained that he missed in Napoleon's letters the affectionate tone which had marked their childish correspondence. "I

am sorry," replies Napoleon, "you think you shall find your brother again only in the Elysian Fields. It is natural that at forty he should not feel toward you as he did at twelve. But his feelings toward you have greater truth and strength. His friendship has the features of his mind."

How much we forgive to those who yield us the rare spectacle of heroic manners! We will pardon them the want of books, of arts, and even of the gentler virtues. How tenaciously we remember them! Here is a lesson which I brought along with me in boyhood from the Latin School, and which ranks with the best of Roman anecdotes. Marcus Scaurus was accused by Quintus Varius Hispanus, that he had excited the allies to take arms against the Republic. But he, full of firmness and gravity, defended himself in this manner: — "Quintus Varius Hispanus alleges that Marcus Scaurus, President of the Senate, excited the allies to arms: Marcus Scaurus, President of the Senate, denies it. There is no witness. Which do you believe, Romans?" "*Utri creditis, Quirites?*" When he had said these words he was absolved by the assembly of the people.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty;[33] that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show self-control; you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest.[34] Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around

us. It is good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. It is better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.[35] We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture,[36] which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of; the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now, and yet I will write it, — that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly awaked company, respecting the divine communications out of which all must be presumed to have newly come. An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, "When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you."'[37]

As respects the delicate question of culture I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners? the golden mean is so delicate, difficult, — say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanor? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is con-

tinually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 't is a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or many of her class to whom she habitually postpones herself. But nature lifts her easily and without knowing it over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable but undescribable.[38]

MANNERS

"How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be."

" Again yourselves compose,
And now put all the aptness on
Of Figure, that Proportion
Or Color can disclose;
That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and Picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground,
Instructed by the heightening sense
Of dignity and reverence
In their true motions found."

BEN JONSON.

MANNERS

HALF the world, it is said, knows not how the other half live. Our Exploring Expedition saw the Feejee islanders getting their dinner off human bones; and they are said to eat their own wives and children. The husbandry of the modern inhabitants of Gournou (west of old Thebes) is philosophical [1] to a fault. To set up their housekeeping nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat which is the bed. The house, namely a tomb, is ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof, and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command. "It is somewhat singular," adds Belzoni,[2] to whom we owe this account, "to talk of happiness among people who live in sepulchres, among the corpses and rags of an ancient nation which they know nothing of." In the deserts of Borgoo[3] the rock-Tibboos [4] still dwell in caves, like cliff-swallows, and the language of these negroes is compared by their neighbors to the shrieking of bats and to the whistling of birds. Again, the Bornoos[5] have no proper names; individuals are called after their height, thickness, or other accidental quality, and have nicknames merely. But the salt, the dates, the ivory, and the gold, for which these horrible regions are visited, find their way into countries where the purchaser and consumer can hardly be ranked in one race with these cannibals

and man-stealers; countries where man serves himself with metals, wood, stone, glass, gum, cotton, silk and wool; honors himself with architecture;[6] writes laws, and contrives to execute his will through the hands of many nations; and, especially, establishes a select society, running through all the countries of intelligent men, a self-constituted aristocracy, or fraternity of the best, which, without written law or exact usage of any kind, perpetuates itself, colonizes every new-planted island and adopts and makes its own whatever personal beauty or extraordinary native endowment anywhere appears.

What fact more conspicuous in modern history than the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry is that, and loyalty is that, and in English literature half the drama, and all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott, paint this figure. The word *gentleman*, which, like the word *Christian*, must hereafter characterize the present and the few preceding centuries by the importance attached to it, is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties. Frivolous and fantastic additions have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise that it is at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign, — cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in men. It seems a certain permanent average; as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decompounded. *Comme il faut*, is the Frenchman's description of good

society: *as we must be*.[7] It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigor, who take the lead in the world of this hour, and though far from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and highest tone of human feeling, it is as good as the whole society permits it to be. It is made of the spirit, more than of the talent of men, and is a compound result into which every great force enters as an ingredient, namely virtue, wit, beauty, wealth and power.

There is something equivocal in all the words in use to express the excellence of manners and social cultivation, because the quantities are fluxional, and the last effect is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word *gentleman* has not any correlative abstract to express the quality. *Gentility* is mean, and *gentilesse* [8] is obsolete. But we must keep alive in the vernacular the distinction between *fashion*, a word of narrow and often sinister meaning, and the heroic character which *the gentleman* imports. The usual words, however, must be respected; they will be found to contain the root of the matter. The point of distinction in all this class of names, as courtesy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is that the flower and fruit, not the grain of the tree, are contemplated. It is beauty which is the aim this time, and not worth.[9] The result is now in question, although our words intimate well enough the popular feeling that the appearance supposes a substance. The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior; not in any manner dependent and servile, either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature or benevolence: manhood first, and then gentle-

ness. The popular notion certainly adds a condition of ease and fortune; but that is a natural result of personal force and love, that they should possess and dispense the goods of the world. In times of violence, every eminent person must fall in with many opportunities to approve his stoutness and worth; therefore every man's name that emerged at all from the mass in the feudal ages rattles in our ear like a flourish of trumpets. But personal force never goes out of fashion. That is still paramount to-day, and in the moving crowd of good society the men of valor and reality are known and rise to their natural place. The competition is transferred from war to politics and trade, but the personal force appears readily enough in these new arenas.

Power first, or no leading class. In politics and in trade, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks. God knows that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door; but whenever used in strictness and with any emphasis, the name will be found to point at original energy. It describes a man standing in his own right and working after untaught methods. In a good lord there must first be a good animal,[10] at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power, which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage and of attempts which intimidate the pale scholar. The courage which girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane,[11] or a sea-fight. The intellect relies on memory to make some supplies to face these extemporaneous squadrons. But memory is a base men-

dicant with basket and badge, in the presence of these sudden masters. The rulers of society must be up to the work of the world, and equal to their versatile office: men of the right Cæsarian pattern, who have great range of affinity. I am far from believing the timid maxim of Lord Falkland [12] ("that for ceremony there must go two to it; since a bold fellow will go through the cunningest forms"), and am of opinion that the gentleman is the bold fellow whose forms are not to be broken through; and only that plenteous nature is rightful master which is the complement of whatever person it converses with. My gentleman gives the law where he is; he will outpray saints in chapel, outgeneral veterans in the field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for pirates and good with academicians; so that it is useless to fortify yourself against him; he has the private entrance to all minds, and I could as easily exclude myself, as him. The famous gentlemen of Asia and Europe have been of this strong type; Saladin, Sapor,[13] the Cid,[14] Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Alexander, Pericles, and the lordliest personages. They sat very carelessly in their chairs, and were too excellent themselves, to value any condition at a high rate.

A plentiful fortune is reckoned necessary, in the popular judgment, to the completion of this man of the world; and it is a material deputy which walks through the dance which the first has led. Money is not essential, but this wide affinity is, which transcends the habits of clique and caste and makes itself felt by men of all classes. If the aristocrat is only valid in fashionable circles and not with truckmen, he will never be a leader in fashion; and if the man of the people cannot speak on equal terms with the gentle-

man, so that the gentleman shall perceive that he is already really of his own order, he is not to be feared. Diogenes, Socrates, and Epaminondas, are gentlemen of the best blood who have chosen the condition of poverty when that of wealth was equally open to them. I use these old names, but the men I speak of are my contemporaries.[15] Fortune will not supply to every generation one of these well-appointed knights, but every collection of men furnishes some example of the class; and the politics of this country, and the trade of every town, are controlled by these hardy and irresponsible doers, who have invention to take the lead, and a broad sympathy which puts them in fellowship with crowds, and makes their action popular.

The manners of this class are observed and caught with devotion by men of taste. The association of these masters with each other and with men intelligent of their merits, is mutually agreeable and stimulating. The good forms, the happiest expressions of each, are repeated and adopted. By swift consent everything superfluous is dropped, everything graceful is renewed. Fine manners show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man. They are a subtler science of defence to parry and intimidate; but once matched by the skill of the other party, they drop the point of the sword, — points and fences disappear,[16] and the youth finds himself in a more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding rises between the players. Manners aim to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments and bring the man pure to energize.[17] They aid our dealing and conversation as a railway aids travelling, by getting rid of all avoidable obstructions of the road and leaving nothing to be conquered but pure space.[18] These

forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinctions. Thus grows up Fashion, an equivocal semblance, the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals [19] and violence assault in vain.

There exists a strict relation between the class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. The strong men usually give some allowance even to the petulances of fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Napoleon, child of the revolution, destroyer of the old noblesse, never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Germain; [20] doubtless with the feeling that fashion is a homage to men of his stamp. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is virtue gone to seed: it is a kind of posthumous honor. It does not often caress the great, but the children of the great: it is a hall of the Past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour. Great men are not commonly in its halls; they are absent in the field: they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children; of those who through the value and virtue of somebody, have acquired lustre to their name, marks of distinction, means of cultivation and generosity, and in their physical organization a certain health and excellence which secure to them, if not the highest power to work, yet high power to enjoy. The class of power, the working heroes, the Cortez, the Nelson, the Napoleon, see that this is the festivity and permanent celebration of such as they; that fashion is funded talent; is Mexico, Marengo [21] and Trafalgar [22] beaten out thin; that the brilliant names of fashion run back to just such busy names as their own, fifty or sixty

years ago. They are the sowers, their sons shall be the reapers, and *their* sons, in the ordinary course of things, must yield the possession of the harvest to new competitors with keener eyes and stronger frames. The city is recruited from the country. In the year 1805, it is said, every legitimate monarch in Europe was imbecile. The city would have died out, rotted and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday that is city and court to-day.[23]

Aristocracy and fashion are certain inevitable results. These mutual selections are indestructible. If they provoke anger in the least favored class, and the excluded majority revenge themselves on the excluding minority by the strong hand and kill them, at once a new class finds itself at the top, as certainly as cream rises in a bowl of milk: and if the people should destroy class after class, until two men only were left, one of these would be the leader and would be involuntarily served and copied by the other. You may keep this minority out of sight and out of mind, but it is tenacious of life, and is one of the estates of the realm. I am the more struck with this tenacity, when I see its work. It respects the administration of such unimportant matters, that we should not look for any durability in its rule. We sometimes meet men under some strong moral influence, as a patriotic, a literary, a religious movement, and feel that the moral sentiment rules man and nature. We think all other distinctions and ties will be slight and fugitive, this of caste or fashion for example; yet come from year to year and see how permanent that is, in this Boston or New York life of man, where too it has not the least countenance from the law of the land. Not in Egypt or in India a

firmer or more impassable line. Here are associations whose ties go over and under and through it, a meeting of merchants, a military corps, a college class, a fire-club, a professional association, a political, a religious convention; — the persons seem to draw inseparably near; yet, that assembly once dispersed, its members will not in the year meet again. Each returns to his degree in the scale of good society, porcelain remains porcelain, and earthen earthen. The objects of fashion may be frivolous, or fashion may be objectless, but the nature of this union and selection can be neither frivolous nor accidental. Each man's rank in that perfect graduation depends on some symmetry in his structure or some agreement in his structure to the symmetry of society. Its doors unbar instantaneously to a natural claim of their own kind. A natural gentleman finds his way in, and will keep the oldest patrician out who has lost his intrinsic rank. Fashion understands itself; good-breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris by the purity of their tournure.[24]

To say what good of fashion we can, it rests on reality, and hates nothing so much as pretenders; to exclude and mystify pretenders and send them into everlasting 'Coventry,'[25] is its delight. We contemn in turn every other gift of men of the world; but the habit even in little and the least matters of not appealing to any but our own sense of propriety, constitutes the foundation of all chivalry. There is almost no kind of self-reliance, so it be sane and proportioned, which fashion does not occasionally adopt and give it the freedom of its saloons. A sainted soul is always ele-

gant, and, if it will, passes unchallenged into the most guarded ring. But so will Jock the teamster pass, in some crisis that brings him thither, and find favor, as long as his head is not giddy with the new circumstance, and the iron shoes do not wish to dance in waltzes and cotillons. For there is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behavior yield to the energy of the individual. The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual according to which every act and compliment must be performed, or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment, and speak or abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way; and that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure and self-content. A circle of men perfectly well-bred would be a company of sensible persons in which every man's native manners and character appeared. If the fashionist [26] have not this quality, he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance that we excuse in a man many sins if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be, of mine, or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling: I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master. A man should not go where he cannot carry his whole sphere or society with him, — not bodily, the whole circle of his friends, but atmospherically. He should preserve in a new company the same attitude of mind and reality of relation which his daily

associates draw him to, else he is shorn of his best beams, and will be an orphan in the merriest club. "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr[27] with his tail on!—" But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry his belongings in some fashion, if not added as honor, then severed as disgrace.

There will always be in society certain persons who are mercuries of its approbation, and whose glance will at any time determine for the curious their standing in the world. These are the chamberlains of the lesser gods.[28] Accept their coldness as an omen of grace with the loftier deities, and allow them all their privilege. They are clear in their office, nor could they be thus formidable without their own merits. But do not measure the importance of this class by their pretension, or imagine that a fop can be the dispenser of honor and shame. They pass also at their just rate; for how can they otherwise, in circles which exist as a sort of herald's office for the sifting of character?

As the first thing man requires of man is reality, so that appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, and by name, introduce the parties to each other. Know you before all heaven and earth, that this is Andrew, and this is Gregory, — they look each other in the eye; they grasp each other's hand, to identify and signalize each other. It is a great satisfaction. A gentleman never dodges; his eyes look straight forward, and he assures the other party, first of all, that he has been met. For what is it that we seek, in so many visits and hospitalities? Is it your draperies, pictures and decorations? Or do we not insatiably ask, Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a great household where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury and taste, and yet not encounter

there any Amphitryon [29] who shall subordinate these appendages. I may go into a cottage, and find a farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to see, and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a very natural point of old feudal etiquette that a gentleman who received a visit, though it were of his sovereign, should not leave his roof, but should wait his arrival at the door of his house. No house, though it were the Tuileries or the Escurial, is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not often gratified by this hospitality. Everybody we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guest. Does it not seem as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dreaded nothing so much as a full rencontre front to front with his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to abolish the use of these screens, which are of eminent convenience, whether the guest is too great or too little. We call together many friends who keep each other in play, or by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the young people, and guard our retirement. Or if perchance a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose eye we have no care to stand, then again we run to our curtain, and hide ourselves as Adam at the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate at Paris, defended himself from the glances of Napoleon by an immense pair of green spectacles. Napoleon remarked them, and speedily managed to rally them off: and yet Napoleon, in his turn, was not great enough, with eight hundred thousand troops at his back, to face a pair of freeborn eyes, but fenced himself with etiquette and within triple barriers of reserve; and, as all the world knows from Madame de

Staël, was wont, when he found himself observed, to discharge his face of all expression. But emperors and rich men are by no means the most skilful masters of good manners. No rent-roll nor army-list can dignify skulking and dissimulation; and the first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all the forms of good-breeding point that way.

I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good-breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise. We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and, spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from

peak to peak all round Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness.[31] If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates? as foolish people [32] who have lived long together know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should recall,[33] however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny.

The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf and explore what parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good-breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and

workyard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts, but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together.[34] That makes the good and bad of manners, namely what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

The dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but it must be tempered and shaded, or that will also offend.[35] Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door, when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures and sleepy languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace and good-will: the air of drowsy strength, which disarms criticism; perhaps because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game, and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive.

Therefore besides personal force and so much perception as constitutes unerring taste, society demands in its patrician class another element already intimated, which it significantly terms good-nature, — expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige, up to the heights of magnanimity and love. Insight we must have,[36] or we shall run against one another and miss the way to our food; but intellect is selfish and barren. The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in the company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion. All his information is a little impertinent.[37] A man who is happy there, finds in every turn of the conversation equally lucky occasions for the introduction of that which he has to say. The favorites of society, and what it calls *whole souls*,[38] are able men and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company; contented and content-

ing, at a marriage or a funeral, a ball or a jury, a water-party or a shooting-match. England, which is rich in gentlemen, furnished, in the beginning of the present century, a good model of that genius which the world loves, in Mr. Fox, who added to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of men. Parliamentary history has few better passages than the debate in which Burke and Fox separated in the House of Commons; when Fox urged on his old friend the claims of old friendship with such tenderness that the house was moved to tears. Another anecdote is so close to my matter, that I must hazard the story. A tradesman who had long dunned him for a note of three hundred guineas, found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment. "No," said Fox, "I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of honor; if an accident should happen to me, he has nothing to show." "Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces. Fox thanked the man for his confidence and paid him, saying, "his debt was of older standing, and Sheridan must wait." Lover of liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of the African slave, he possessed a great personal popularity; and Napoleon said of him on the occasion of his visit to Paris, in 1805, "Mr. Fox will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries."

We may easily seem ridiculous in our eulogy of courtesy, whenever we insist on benevolence as its foundation. The painted phantasm Fashion rises to cast a species of derision on what we say. But I will neither be driven from some allowance to Fashion as a symbolic institution, nor from the belief that love is the basis of courtesy.[39] We must obtain *that*, if we can; but by all means we must affirm *this*. Life owes

much of its spirit to these sharp contrasts. Fashion, which affects to be honor, is often, in all men's experience, only a ballroom code. Yet so long as it is the highest circle in the imagination of the best heads on the planet, there is something necessary and excellent in it; for it is not to be supposed that men have agreed to be the dupes of anything preposterous; and the respect which these mysteries inspire in the most rude and sylvan characters, and the curiosity with which details of high life are read, betray the universality of the love of cultivated manners. I know that a comic disparity would be felt, if we should enter the acknowledged 'first circles' and apply these terrific standards of justice, beauty and benefit to the individuals actually found there. Monarchs and heroes, sages and lovers, these gallants are not. Fashion has many classes and many rules of probation and admission, and not the best alone. There is not only the right of conquest, which genius pretends, — the individual demonstrating his natural aristocracy best of the best;[40] — but less claims will pass for the time; for Fashion loves lions, and points like Circe[41] to her horned company. This gentleman is this afternoon arrived from Denmark; and that is my Lord Ride, who came yesterday from Bagdat; here is Captain Friese, from Cape Turnagain; and Captain Symmes, from the interior of the earth; and Monsieur Jovaire, who came down this morning in a balloon; Mr. Hobnail, the reformer; and Reverend Jul Bat, who has converted the whole torrid zone in his Sunday school; and Signor Torre del Greco, who extinguished Vesuvius by pouring into it the Bay of Naples; Spahi, the Persian ambassador; and Tul Wil Shan, the exiled nabob of Nepaul, whose saddle is the new moon. — But these are monsters of one day,

and to-morrow will be dismissed to their holes and dens; for in these rooms every chair is waited for. The artist, the scholar, and, in general, the clerisy,[42] win their way up into these places and get represented here, somewhat on this footing of conquest. Another mode is to pass through all the degrees, spending a year and a day in St. Michael's Square,[43] being steeped in Cologne water, and perfumed, and dined, and introduced, and properly grounded in all the biography and politics and anecdotes of the boudoirs.

Yet these fineries may have grace and wit. Let there be grotesque sculpture [44] about the gates and offices of temples. Let the creed and commandments even have the saucy homage of parody.[45] The forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not merely French and sentimental; nor is it to be concealed that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age: "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, who loved his friend and persuaded his enemy: what his mouth ate, his hand paid for: what his servants robbed, he restored: if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain: he never forgot his children; and whoso touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." [46] Even the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is still ever some admirable person in plain

clothes, standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; there is still some absurd inventor of charities; some guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some friend of Poland; some Philhellene; some fanatic who plants shade-trees for the second and third generation, and orchards when he is grown old; some well-concealed piety; some just man happy in an ill fame; some youth ashamed of the favors of fortune and impatiently casting them on other shoulders. And these are the centres of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses. These are the creators of Fashion, which is an attempt to organize beauty of behavior. The beautiful and the generous are, in the theory, the doctors and apostles of this church: Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Washington, and every pure and valiant heart who worshipped Beauty by word and by deed. The persons who constitute the natural aristocracy are not found in the actual aristocracy, or only on its edge; as the chemical energy of the spectrum is found to be greatest just outside of the spectrum. Yet that is the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their sovereign when he appears. The theory of society supposes the existence and sovereignty of these. It divines afar off their coming. It says with the elder gods, —

> "As Heaven and Earth are fairer far
> Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
> And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
> In form and shape compact and beautiful; . . .
> So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
> A power more strong in beauty, born of us
> And fated to excel us, as we pass
> In glory that old Darkness . . . .
> . . . For 't is the eternal law
> That first in beauty shall be first in might." [47]

Therefore, within the ethnical circle [48] of good society there is a narrower and higher circle, concentration of its light, and flower of courtesy, to which there is always a tacit appeal of pride and reference, as to its inner and imperial court; the parliament of love and chivalry. And this is constituted of those persons in whom heroic dispositions are native; with the love of beauty, the delight in society, and the power to embellish the passing day. If the individuals who compose the purest circles of aristocracy in Europe, the guarded blood of centuries, should pass in review, in such manner as that we could at leisure and critically inspect their behavior, we might find no gentleman and no lady; for although excellent specimens of courtesy and high-breeding would gratify us in the assemblage, in the particulars we should detect offence. Because elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth. There must be romance of character, or the most fastidious exclusion of impertinencies will not avail. It must be genius which takes that direction: it must be not courteous, but courtesy. High behavior is as rare in fiction as it is in fact. Scott is praised for the fidelity with which he painted the demeanor and conversation of the superior classes. Certainly, kings and queens, nobles and great ladies, had some right to complain of the absurdity that had been put in their mouths before the days of Waverley; but neither does Scott's dialogue bear criticism. His lords brave each other in smart epigrammatic speeches, but the dialogue is in costume, and does not please on the second reading: it is not warm with life. In Shakspeare alone the speakers do not strut and bridle, the dialogue is easily great, and he adds to so many titles that of being the best-bred man in England and in Christendom. Once or twice

in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.[49] A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual whose manners, though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy, spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood; yet with the port of an emperor, if need be,—calm, serious and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

The open air and the fields, the street and public chambers are the places where Man executes his will; let him yield or divide the sceptre at the door of the house. Woman, with her instinct of behavior, instantly detects in man a love of trifles, any coldness or imbecility, or, in short, any want of that large, flowing and magnanimous deportment which is indispensable as an exterior in the hall. Our American institutions have been friendly to her, and at this moment I esteem it a chief felicity of this country, that it excels in women. A certain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the men may give rise to the new chivalry in behalf of

Woman's Rights. Certainly let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature, that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polymnia; and by the firmness with which she treads her upward path, she convinces the coarsest calculators [50] that another road exists than that which their feet know. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic Sibyls, are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues and we speak; who anoint our eyes and we see? [51] We say things we never thought to have said; for once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are. Was it Hafiz or Firdousi [52] that said of his Persian Lilla, She was an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her day after day radiating, every instant, redundant joy and grace on all around her? She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society: like air or water, an element of such a great range of affinities that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did, became her. She had too much sympathy

and desire to please, than that you could say her manners were marked with dignity, yet no princess could surpass her clear and erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar, nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For though the bias of her nature was not to thought, but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature as to meet intellectual persons by the fulness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments; believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble.

I know that this Byzantine pile[53] of chivalry or Fashion, which seems so fair and picturesque to those who look at the contemporary facts for science or for entertainment, is not equally pleasant to all spectators. The constitution of our society makes it a giant's castle to the ambitious youth who have not found their names enrolled in its Golden Book,[54] and whom it has excluded from its coveted honors and privileges. They have yet to learn that its seeming grandeur is shadowy and relative: it is great by their allowance; its proudest gates will fly open at the approach of their courage and virtue. For the present distress, however, of those who are predisposed to suffer from the tyrannies of this caprice, there are easy remedies. To remove your residence a couple of miles,[55] or at most four, will commonly relieve the most extreme susceptibility. For the advantages which fashion values are plants which thrive in very confined localities, in a few streets namely. Out of this precinct they go for nothing; are of no use in the farm, in the forest, in the market, in war, in the nuptial society, in the literary or scientific circle, at sea, in friendship, in the heaven of thought or virtue.

But we have lingered long enough in these painted courts. The worth of the thing signified must vindicate our taste for the emblem. Everything that is called fashion and courtesy humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this the fire, which[56] in all countries and contingencies, will work after its kind and conquer and expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What *is* rich? Are you rich enough to help anybody? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper which commends him "To the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons?[57] What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours one holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The king of Schiraz could not afford to be so bountiful as the poor Osman[58] who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so broad and deep that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him;

that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the centre of the country, that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored he did not share. Is not this to be rich? this only to be rightly rich?

But I shall hear without pain that I play the courtier very ill, and talk of that which I do not well understand. It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad, has much that is necessary, and much that is absurd. Too good for banning,[59] and too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology, in any attempt to settle its character. 'I overheard Jove, one day,' said Silenus, 'talking of destroying the earth; he said it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who went from bad to worse, as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circumstance, that they had a blur, or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad, they would appear so; if you called them good, they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl, much more all Olympus, to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good.'[60]

FRIENDSHIP

A BUDDY drop of manly blood [1]
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again, —
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red,
All things through thee take nobler form
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears [2]
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

FRIENDSHIP

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection.[3] The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, — and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected

and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont.[4] We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over.[5] He has heard the first, the last and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress and the dinner,— but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed;[6] there is no winter and no

night; all tragedies, all ennuis vanish, — all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine, — a possession for all time. Nor is Nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them [7] derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard, — poetry without stop, — hymn, ode and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these too separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them

is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison of misused wine" [8] of the affections. A new person is to me a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, — his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.[9]

Yet the systole and diastole [10] of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by min-

ing for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull[11] at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success,[12] even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at least a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity, — thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is, — thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak.[13] Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a

grander self-acquaintance or solitude;[14] and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love: —

DEAR FRIEND,

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable, and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life.[15] They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship [16] are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness.[17] We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly,[18] but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate

him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet.[19] All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation.[20] It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum: —

"The valiant warrior famousèd for fight,
After a hundred victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razèd quite
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled." [21]

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* [22] which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good

spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness.[23] Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men.[24] But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself [25] whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the

wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the speed in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments [26] of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed,[27] like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank; *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere.[28] At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty.[29] At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting — as indeed he could not help doing — for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plaindealing, and what love

of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not?[30] We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility — requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend therefore is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.[31]

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, — but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author[32] says, — "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as

well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-peddlers to the silken and perfumed amity [33] which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.[34]

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted,

and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation,[35] which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much.[36] The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other

enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other, will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation, — no more.[37] A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the *not mine* is *mine*. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession.[38] Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always

economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours,[39] and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons,[40] or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest benefit.[41]

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend?[42] Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great

defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy,[43] untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter.[44] That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb; — you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.*[45] To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent,[46] — so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland.

There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late, — very late, — we perceive that no arrangements,[47] no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, — but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands.[48] Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues

of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no god attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, — those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man.[49] We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, 'Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more.' Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced; he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I sel-

dom use them. We must have society on our own terms and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend.[50] If he is great he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid moods, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions; not with yourself but with your lustres, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtile and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not

capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited.[51] True love transcends the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

NOTES

COMPENSATION

Doctor Edward Emerson notes that it is not certain that this essay was originally given in lecture form, as were so many others. The Centenary Edition also calls attention to the early date at which this theme is treated in Emerson's *Journal* and in the *Poems* (1834). "During the days of his ministry, he wrote thus in his Journal: —

'CHARDON ST., June 29, 1831.

'Is not the law of Compensation perfect? It holds, as far as we can see, different gifts to different individuals, but with a mortgage of responsibility on every one. "The gods sell all things." — Well, old man, hast got no farther? Why, this was taught thee months and years ago. It was writ on the autumn leaves at Roxbury in keep-school days — it sounded in the blind man's ear at Cambridge. And all the joy and all the sorrow since have added nothing to thy wooden book. I can't help it. Heraclitus, grown old, complains that all resolved itself into identity. . . . And I have nothing charactered in my brain that outlives this word Compensation.'"

NOTE 1. Mr. Emerson loved to place a motto at the head of his chapter. Dr. Holmes suggested that the hereditary use of a text before a discourse survived thus in him. *C. E.*[1]

NOTE 2. The phrase is an example of the startling way in which truth that nobody ought to question can be put by an Emerson. For an equally unconventional treatment of the same idea, the student should compare Robert Browning's *Instans Tyrannus:* —

"Did I say 'without friend'?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest!
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
— So, *I* was afraid!"

[1] Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1904.

Note 3. This sentence is illustrative not only of Emerson's philosophy but of his characteristic rhetoric. The reader is likely to overemphasize the first clause at the expense of the second, to forget that if evil seemed ultimately unreal to Emerson, so did time appear to him a human limitation. Eternal justice is now or never. The terms are not badness, success, and justice only, but being, appearing, and time as implied by them. The underlying thought is not only that of the Platonic dialogues, but of the New Testament, John XVII, 3: "And this is life eternal, that they might *know* thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." To one who knows virtue, the "immense concession" is indeed a fallacy.

Note 4. This is a favorite thought with Emerson. Compare the famous sentence from *Pensées de Pascal*, Art. XVI, iii: "Le cœur a ses raisons, que la raison ne connait pas." Pascal was a favorite author with Emerson, who as a young man carried a copy of the *Pensées* in his pocket.

Note 5. This is a reference to *Spiritual Laws*.

Note 6. The thought of this paragraph is far from simple. It takes into account the things which in nature are undoubtedly dual and also the tendency of the mind to associate things in pairs until finally the duality becomes merely verbal. The same method is used by the Platonic Socrates in conducting his dialectic. His victim does not clearly see that some things may have more than one opposite. Besides upper and under, for example, there is sidelong. The next paragraph is clearly an exaggeration of instances into law.

Note 7. The theory that genius is abnormal has been elaborately worked out by the Italian Lombroso in *The Man of Genius*. Dryden. in *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. 1, l. 163, has, —

> "Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Note 8. See John I, 7.

Note 9. An instance of Emerson's precise use of words. "Continuous means unbroken, and is passive; incessant means unceasing, and is active." *Cent. Dict.*

Note 10. The close of this passage illustrates the way in which Emerson used Bible phrases to round out his thought or to give familiar point to his distinctions.

Note 11. This precise combination of words thus far eludes search. The sentiment is found in Cicero, Lucretius, Burke, Blackstone, and others, but as a quotation it refuses to give up its secret.

Note 12. This passage is not to be interpreted literally of course. It reflects Emerson's wide reading and independent use of what he had read in science and philosophy. The influence of the monad theory of Leibnitz is evident as well as that of the evolutionary thought at that time in the air. Darwin's *Origin of Species* did not appear until 1850.

NOTE 13. From a lost play of Sophocles.

NOTE 14. The meaning of *to truck* is to barter or exchange; its origin is unknown. It is used in Hakluyt's *Voyages*. *Higgle* is a form of huckster and means to bend over merchandise for the purpose of selling it. The word is used by Crabbe and by Sterne, and Burke has "truck and huckster." Both words occur in the colloquial speech of New England.

NOTE 15. Horace, *Epistles*, I, 10, "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret."

NOTE 16. This word is seldom used with a negative dependent clause.

> "Brags of his substance, not of ornament."
> *Romeo and Juliet*, II, vi.

But the brag is on his lips.

> "Beauty is Nature's brag."
> Milton, *Comus*, I, 745.

NOTE 17. St. Augustine's *Confessions*, Bk. I.

NOTE 18. From the *Prometheus* of Æschylus.

NOTE 19. Punitive; pertaining to or serving as punishment.

NOTE 20. Inhabitants of an island, Thasus, in the Ægean Sea off the coast of Thrace. It is mentioned by Virgil, Livy, Pliny, Statius, and others. This story of Theagenes is found in *Pausanias*, Bk. VI, ii, 11. The rest of the story is that the relatives of the victim brought suit against the statue. This custom of keeping out natural justice by law is treated by E. B. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I, pp. 286–7. The old English law declared forfeit such inanimate objects as had caused the death of any one, and ordered them to be sold for the poor.

NOTE 21. The title of a comedy by Ben Jonson, played in 1616, printed in 1631. The name of the "less devil" is Pug.

NOTE 22. "A clew or cop of thread, twine, or yarn." *Cent. Dict.* In the effort to make his meaning clear, Emerson was casting about among the stores of figure with which his experience, his reading, and his sympathy familiarized him. The thread-ball has taken its place in literature now as one of the quaint devices employed by Henrik Ibsen to present the close of Peer Gynt's career:—

PEER

What is this, like children's weeping?
Weeping, but half-way to song. —
Thread-balls at my feet are rolling! —
(*Kicking at them*)

THE THREAD-BALLS (*on the ground*)

We are thoughts;
thou shouldst have thought us; —
feet to run on
thou shouldst have given us!

PEER (*going roundabout*)

I have given life to *one;* —
't was a bungled, crook-legged thing!

THE THREAD-BALLS

We should have soared up
like clangorous voices, —
and here we must trundle
as grey-yarn thread-balls.

In a letter written about 1845 Emerson says: "It is strange how people act on me. I am not a pith-ball nor raw silk, yet to human electricity is no piece of humanity so sensible."

NOTE 23. The political philosophy of Burke is very congenial to that of Emerson. The essays are full of reminiscence of Burke's wise sayings and magnanimous politics. Yet I fail to find these words in Burke's writings.

NOTE 24. "Herodotus tells that Fortune had so favored Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, that his friend Amasis, king of Egypt, sent him word that to ward off the fate sure to follow unbroken prosperity, he ought to sacrifice whatever he valued most. Struck by this counsel, Polycrates cast into the sea his emerald ring. Next day it returned to him in the stomach of a fish sent as a present. Amasis at once broke off the alliance, foreseeing in this event the impending doom of Polycrates. Revolt of his subjects, and civil and foreign wars followed, and not long after the tyrant was lured out of his domain by the satrap of Sardis and crucified." *C. E.*

NOTE 25. A rhyming formula from the Latin laws of William the Conqueror (*hlot et scot*). The general meaning is a contribution laid on subjects according to their ability.

"I have paid scot and lot there any time these eighteen years."
Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humor*, III, 3.

NOTE 26. See the account of the manna, Exodus XVI, 20.

NOTE 27. An obsolete form of "ledger."

NOTE 28. See Wordsworth's Sonnet, *Near Dover*, 1802.

NOTE 29. This sentiment expresses Emerson's extreme individualism and is curiously worded into paradox. "Voluntarily bereaving" and "traversing" are used to vindicate cause and effect, or separate stages of the mob's behavior. Traversing is used in the sense of destroying or contradicting, not in its more common one, of passing over.

NOTE 30. "This passage, as written in the Journal, March 19, 1839, is perhaps more fresh and vigorous: —

"'Such is my confidence in the compensations of nature, that I no longer wish to find silver dollars in the road, nor to have the best of the bargain in my dealings with people, nor that my property should be increased, knowing that all such gains are apparent and not real; for they pay their sure tax. But the perception that it is not desirable to find the dollar I enjoy

without any alloy. This is an abiding good: this is so much accession of Godhead.'" *C. E.*

NOTE 31. Naturally the suggestion is by contrary to the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Genesis IV, 9.

NOTE 32. This is very characteristic of the spiritual intrepidity of Emerson's habit of mind. The assertion is almost stern in its emphasis. The use of "whole" is one that Carlyle shared with him and that is somewhat misleading. It is employed generally, for all; not particularly or precisely, as an equivalent for perfect or complete. The student should read Holmes's poem, *The Chambered Nautilus*, two stanzas of which are, —

"Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

A much more commonplace expression of the duty thus described is to be found in Longfellow's *Excelsior*. The influence of repeated choice of the better on the soul is one of the doctrines taught by Plato in dialectic and in myth. See *The Symposium*, and *Phædrus*. The superiority of the soul to the body is taught in the last book of *The Laws*. By far the most interesting parallel for the suggestion of this passage is to be found in Edmund Spenser's *An Hymne In Honour of Beautie*, five stanzas of which Emerson has placed under the title *Beauty* in *Parnassus*. The first stanza of his selection reads: —

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and is more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the Soul the body form doth take;
For Soul is form, and doth the body make."

A careful comparison of the entire poem with this part of the essay will repay the student.

NOTE 33. See *Give All to Love:* —

"When half-gods go
The gods arrive."

NOTE 34. "An East Indian fig-tree, remarkable for the area which individual trees cover through the development of roots from the branches, which descend to the ground and become trunks for the support and nourishment of the extending crown. . . . As in some other tropical species of the genus, the seeds rarely germinate in the ground, but usually in the crown of palms or other trees, where they have been deposited by birds. Roots are sent down to the ground, and they embrace and finally kill the nurse-palm." *Cent. Dict.* This account seems to raise the question whether Emerson was seriously occupied with the natural history of the banian, or whether he did not use the word in the ornamental way so frequent with Milton, with his friend Carlyle, and at present with Kipling. As to the office he assigns to the tree of his imagination, may he not have been influenced by the mustard of the Bible? See Luke XIII, 18–19: "Then said he, Unto what is the kingdom of God like? and whereunto shall I resemble it?

"It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and cast into his garden; and it grew, and waxed a great tree; and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it."

EXPERIENCE

This Essay is one of the number published under the title "Second Series." Part of the account given of the series by Doctor Emerson in the Centenary Edition is here presented: —

This second book of Essays followed the first by a three years' interval, allowing time for the rehearsal of the lectures, or rather the trial of them on assemblages of men and women in country villages, and before more cultivated, if not more critical, audiences in the city. During that time the matter was often rearranged and extended, and always severely pruned. The book was published by James Munroe & Co., of Boston, in 1844. The papers of the time show that it was better received than either of its predecessors. The Rev. Dr. Hedge, writing in the *Christian Examiner*, praising the *Essays*, though troubled at some expressions with regard to Jesus, went so far as to say that they "were destined to carry far into coming time their lofty cheer and spirit-stirring notes of courage and hope." Chapman, the English publisher, had written to Mr. Emerson asking him to send some work not yet published, for which he would try to get and maintain copyright, and allow half profits to the author. So the book appeared in America and England about the same time.

Carlyle wrote in November: "Your English volume of *Essays*, as Chapman probably informs you by this Post, was advertised yesterday, 'with a Preface from me.' That is hardly accurate — that latter clause. My 'Preface' consists only of a certificate that the Book is correctly printed, and sent forth by a

Publisher of your appointment, whom therefore all readers of yours ought to regard accordingly. Nothing more. There proves, I believe, no visible real vestige of a copyright obtainable here. . . . I will say already of it, It is a *sermon* to me, as all your other deliberate utterances are; a real *word*, which I feel to be such, — alas, almost or altogether the one such, in a world all full of jargons, hearsays, echoes, and vain noises, which cannot pass with me for *words*. This is a praise far beyond any 'literary' one; literary praises are not worth repeating in comparison. For the rest, I have to object still (what you will call objecting against the Law of Nature) that we find you a Speaker indeed, but as it were a *Soliloquizer* on the eternal mountain-tops only, in vast solitudes where men and their affairs lie all hushed in a very dim remoteness; and only *the man* and the stars and the earth are visible, — whom, so fine a fellow seems he, we could perpetually punch into, and say, 'Why won't you come and help us then? We have terrible need of one man like you down among us! It is cold and vacant up there; nothing paintable but rainbows and emotions; come down, and you shall do life-pictures, passions, facts, — which *transcend* all thought, and leave it stuttering and stammering!' To which he answers that he won't, can't, and does n't want to (as the Cockneys have it); and so I leave him, and say, 'You Western Gymnosophist! Well, we can afford one man for that too. But — !' — By the bye, I ought to say, the sentences are very *brief;* and did not, in my *sheet* reading, always entirely cohere for me. Pure genuine Saxon; strong and simple; of a clearness, of a beauty — But they did not, sometimes, rightly stick to their foregoers and their followers; the paragraph not as a beaten *ingot*, but as a beautiful square *bag of duck-shot* held together by canvas! I will try them again, with the Book deliberately before me. There are also one or two utterances about 'Jesus,' 'immortality,' and so forth, which will produce wide-eyes here and there. I do not say it was wrong to utter them; a man obeys his own Dæmon in these cases as his supreme law."

The characteristic reply of Emerson is as follows: —

December, 1844.

My knowledge of the defects of these things I write is all but sufficient to hinder me from writing at all. I am only a sort of lieutenant here in a deplorable absence of captains, and write the laws ill as thinking it a better homage than universal silence. You Londoners know little of the dignities and duties of country lyceums. But of what you say now and heretofore respecting the remoteness of my writing and thinking from real life, though I hear substantially the same criticism made by my countrymen, I do not know what it means. If I can at any time express the law and the ideal right, that should satisfy me without measuring the divergence from it of the last act of Congress. And though I sometimes accept a popu-

lar call, and preach on Temperance or the Abolition of Slavery, as lately on the 1st of August, I am sure to feel, before I have done with it, what an intrusion it is into another sphere, and so much loss of virtue in my own.

A part of Doctor Emerson's account of the essay on *Experience* is: —

"This essay was written at one of the critical epochs of Mr. Emerson's life. 'The Angel troubled the pool.' The old and the new were contending in him. His growth was not without pain. He bore 'the yoke of conscience masterful,' and this inheritance he fortunately could not shake off. But his sudden intellectual growth possibly made the yoke gall at times. He had cut loose from tradition and experienced the difficulties attendant on trying to live only according to each day's oracle. Life became experimental, and manifold experiments were suggested in that period of spiritual and social upheaval. He was severely tried in these years. In many places in his journals he gratefully recognizes his debt to the Puritan tradition of a virtuous ancestry and their inherited impulse. This carried him through the whirlpools or sloughs in which he saw many of the sons of the morning of that day sink. Grief came to him in heavy form — the death of his first-born child, of wonderful promise and charm. In this essay, which presents moods and aspects in an unusual degree of contrast, and of which he says, 'I have set my heart on honesty in this chapter,' he speaks of the speedy healing of this wound and his grieving at the slightness of the scar left. In his desire for utter freedom from hypocrisy, he makes an overstrong statement. But his health and faith and great power of detachment shortened and soothed his suffering.

"He passed through this epoch of unrest bravely, and came soon into that serene strength and happiness which remained for life.

"I find no record of this essay delivered as a lecture. A very small part of it was taken from *Being and Seeming* in the course on 'Human Culture' in 1837–38.

"The motto would seem to have been written after the essay. The 'lords of life' are named a little more fully in a paragraph near its closing portion. This image of a passing of demigods in procession pleased Emerson's fancy, and he often used it. The last lines show him aware of the unrestful character of the piece, and in sure faith of a harmonious solution of the difficulties on a better day.

'The dear, dangerous lords that rule our life'

are spoken of in his poem *Musketaquid*."

Note 1. "Rhea having accompanied with Saturn by stealth, the Sun found them out, and pronounced a solemn curse against her, containing that she should not be delivered in any month

or year; but Hermes afterwards making his court to the goddess, obtained her favor, in requital of which he went and played at dice with the Moon and won of her the seventieth part from each day, and out of all these made five new days, which he added to the three hundred and sixty other days of the year, and these the Egyptians . . . observe as the birthdays of their gods. Upon the first of these, as they say, Osiris was born, and a voice came into the world with him, saying, 'The Lord of all things is now born.'" — Plutarch's *Morals*, "Of Isis and Osiris." *C. E.*

NOTE 2. This use of the word "reference" is unexpected to the conventional reader. Its etymology and suggestion justify the use, however. Possibly Emerson had in mind the circumlocution offices where inquiry is referred from one point to another, as well as the habit of mind which shirks responsibility and refuses to be authoritative or ultimate. His scorn of apology and evasion is characteristic.

NOTE 3. The first, Girolamo Tiraboschi, was a distinguished Italian professor of literature, born at Bergamo, Italy, 1731, died near Modena, 1794: the second, Thomas Warton, 1728–1790, a poet, critic, and historian of English literature; the third, Karl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel, 1772–1829, or more probably, his brother, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, 1767–1845. The works by which they are respectively best known are *Geschichte der alten und neuen Literatur* (Friedrich), and translations from Shakespeare and Calderon (August).

NOTE 4. According to Hesiod, a daughter of Eris; according to Homer, of Zeus. An ancient Greek divinity who led both gods and men to rash and inconsiderate actions and to suffering. By Zeus she was hurled from Olympus and banished forever from the abodes of the gods. In the tragic writers, she appears as the avenger of evil deeds, inflicting just punishments upon offenders and their posterity. Here her character is almost the same as that of Nemesis and Erinnys. She is said by competent critics to be the most prominent in the dramas of Æschylus and least so in those of Euripides, where the idea of justice is more fully developed. In one of his letters to his wife Emerson expresses the thought in a different way: "We fat on our failures and by our dumbness we speak."

NOTE 5. Doctor Emerson says: "The source of these lines cannot be found."

NOTE 6. Boscovich, Ruggiero Giuseppe, 1711–1787. An Italian Jesuit, mathematician, astronomer, and physicist. Two of his works are *Theoria philosophiae naturalis*, and *De maculis solaribus*.

NOTE 7. This event occurred January 27, 1842, and was for the time an overwhelming blow which first seemed to deprive the father of expression and then was the inspiration of the *Threnody*, Emerson's poem that ranks with *Lycidas* and *O Captain! My Captain!* The bereaved Emerson wrote to a

friend: "The innocent and beautiful should not be sourly and gloomily lamented, but with music and fragrant thoughts and sportive recollections. Alas! I chiefly grieve that I cannot grieve. Dear boy, too precious and unique a creation to be huddled aside into the waste and prodigality of things; yet his image, so gentle, so rich in hopes, blends easily with every happy moment, every fair remembrance, every cherished friendship, of my life. Calm and wise, calmly and wisely happy, the beautiful Creative Power looked out from him, and spoke of anything but chaos and interruption. What was the moral of sun and moon, of roses and acorns, that was the moral of the sweet boy's life; softened only and humanized by blue eyes and infant eloquence."

In 1844 he wrote in a letter to Miss Fuller: "When last Saturday night, Lidian (Mrs. Emerson) said, 'It is two years to-day,' I only heard the bell-stroke again. I have had no experience, no progress to put me into better intelligence with my calamity than when it was new. . . . But the inarticulateness of the Supreme Power, how can we insensate hearers, perceivers, and thinkers ever reconcile ourselves unto? It deals all too lightly with us low-levelled and weaponed men. Does the Power labor as men do with the impossibility of perfect application, that always the hurt is of one kind and the compensation of another? My divine temple, which all angels seemed to love to rebuild, and which was shattered in a night, I can never rebuild: and is the facility of entertainment from thought, or friendship, or affairs an amends? Rather it seems like a cup of Somnus or of Momus. Yet the nature of things, against all appearances and specialities whatever, assures us of eternal benefit. But these affirmations are tacit and secular; if spoken, they have a hollow and canting sound. And thus all our being, dear friend, is evermore adjourned. Patience, and patience, and patience! I will try, since you ask it, to copy my rude dirges to my darling, and send them to you." From James Elliot Cabot's *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Vol. II, p. 483.

NOTE 8. See Southey's *The Curse of Kehama*, II, *The Curse*, 14 ff.: —

"I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee;
But Earth which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee

When they fall nigh thee;
And thou shalt seek Death
To release thee in vain!
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And Sleep shall obey me
And visit thee never;
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever."

NOTE 9. In full, Santa Maria de Belem do Grão Pará. The seaport capital of Pará, Brazil, the centre of the river trade of the Amazon system, exporting rubber, cacao, copaiba balsam, hides, nuts, etc. Founded in 1615. An elaborately decorative designation for storm coats. Possibly illustrative of Emerson's stately manners and ceremonious address.

NOTE 10. Shelley's *Adonais*, LII, reads as follows: —

"The one remains, the many change and pass:
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled! Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak."

NOTE 11. The reference is to Doctor Gamaliel Bradford. *C. E.*

NOTE 12. "The soul is its own witness." — *Laws of Menu*, printed among the "Ethnical Scriptures" in the *Dial*. *C. E.*

NOTE 13. The vigorous phrasing in this passage is reminiscent of Milton, *Comus*, l. 77, "To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty." The later reference to the intervention of intellect for the help of the struggler also suggests the sentiments of the Elder Brother in the same poem: —

"Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk."

NOTE 14. See Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. IV, 73 ff.: —

"Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

NOTE 15. *Nevertheless it moves*. The now famous words of Galileo after his retraction before the Inquisition of the heresy of teaching that the earth was not stationary but moved around the sun.

NOTE 16. The reference is to Elizabeth or Bettina von Arnim, 1785–1850, a German writer principally noted for her correspondence with Goethe. Her acquaintance with him lasted from 1807 to 1811. After Goethe's death she published an extensive correspondence for which, however, she could never produce the originals of the letters. It is said of her that "her vanity, caprice, mendacity, and utter want of principle can only be excused on the supposition of her virtual irresponsibility for her actions. She possessed a brilliant fancy, and her remarks occasionally display great penetration; her conversational powers are described as marvellous." This accounts for Emerson's "even" in connection with her name.

NOTE 17. Sentiments like these have been objected to on the ground that Emerson really did not properly understand or value art, as would appear from the latter part of his essay on *Shakespeare* and from the one on *Art*. Such statements are cited as these: "Shall I now add that the whole extant product of the plastic arts has herein its highest value, as *history;* as a stroke drawn in the portrait of that fate, perfect and beautiful, according to whose ordinations all beings advance to their beatitude?" . . . "There is higher work for Art than the arts. They are abortive births of an imperfect or vitiated instinct." . . . "Would it not be better to begin higher up, — to serve the ideal before they eat and drink; to serve the ideal in eating and drinking, in drawing the breath, and in the functions of life? Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between the fine and the useful arts be forgotten." The upholders of art for art's sake and the globe-trotters in search of culture by Baedeker have made short work of these declarations, but time is justifying the homing instinct of Emerson. His doctrine touches Plato and his Greeks in one direction and reaches out to Whistler, in his *Ten O'clock* (London, February 10, 1885), and the art theories of functional psychologists, as represented by Henry Sturt in *Art and Personality* published with other essays under the title *Personal Idealism* (Macmillan Co.). He says in one place: "Primarily the person for whom art is valuable is the artist himself. If any one asked, For whom was Shakespeare's artistic life a good? the answer would be: In the first place, for Shakespeare. And this is not an exceptional rule for exceptional men, but merely the common rule for the valuation of human life. We cannot say of the rank and file of humanity that A's life is valuable because it furthers the lives of B, C, and D, and so on. Nor can we say it of the chiefs."

NOTE 18. Emerson's self-respecting recognition of the exceptional character of his own social relations is touched on here. It appears again in his poem of the *Visit*, and in a letter to Margaret Fuller, he says: "Ice has its uses, when deception is not thought of and we are not looking for bread. Being made by chemistry and not by cooks, its composition is un-

erring, and it has a universal value, as ice, not as glass or gelatine. . . . Therefore, my friend, treat me always as a mute, not ungrateful though now incommunicable."

NOTE 19. Henry Sturt in the essay already cited writes: "As causes of ordinary bad taste we may enumerate Fossilism, that is, a stupid adherence to artistic forms that may have been very well in their day, but should now be abandoned for others more adequate; Vuglarity, which leads us to prefer forms conducive to self-glorification; Crankiness, or the undue insistence on some element which has only a subordinate value. None of these kinds of bad taste has any special philosophical significance. Their valuation is at bottom the standard valuation stunted or distorted. They have no strength of conviction, no principle to oppose to us."

NOTE 20. A lime-soda feldspar (labradorite). It is rarely found crystallized, but usually in masses, and these often show a brilliant change of colors; on this account it is sometimes used as an ornamental stone. The finest specimens come from the coast of Labrador, whence the name. *Cent. Dict.*

NOTE 21. The same idea is expressed in *Compensation:* "Such also is the natural history of calamity" *et seq.* Compare these passages to get the different points of view.

NOTE 22. Same as "dialectic." The Century Dictionary says, "Dialectic was limited by Aristotle to logic accommodated to the uses of the rhetorician, appealing only to general belief, but not to first principles."

NOTE 23. Here is meant Brook Farm at West Roxbury, Mass. The Brook Farm Association in 1841 made an experiment in agriculture and education in the interests of plain living and high thinking. The organization broke up in 1847.

NOTE 24. The Centenary Edition notes this as probably from some of the sayings ascribed to Zoroaster.

NOTE 25. This passage presents another aspect of the statement in *Compensation:* "Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him."

NOTE 26. Cf.—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

My Own Epitaph, John Gay.

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1.

NOTE 27. This is clearly one of the phases of experience in which the dualism mentioned in *Compensation* appears.

NOTE 28. Earlier in this essay the phrase "perpetual retreating and reference" occurs. The rhetorical and logical relations are interesting.

NOTE 29. What may happen to be in the pot; a meal where no preparation has been made for guests, hence any chance provision.

NOTE 30. Poussin, Nicolas, 1594–1665. A French historical and landscape painter, decorator of the Grande Galerie in the Louvre, favored by Louis XIII. The Deluge and The Rape of the Sabines are two of his pictures.

NOTE 31. Salvator Rosa, 1615(?)–1673, painter, musician, and satirist. The Conspiracy of Catiline, in the Pitti, is considered his masterpiece.

NOTE 32. The Transfiguration, a famous painting by Raphael in the Vatican; The Last Judgment, a great picture by Michelangelo on the end wall above the high altar in the Sistine Chapel; The Last Communion of Saint Jerome, a picture by Domenichino in the Vatican; or possibly the picture by Agostino Carracci of which Domenichino's has been said to be a plagiarism. Carracci's picture is in Bologna.

NOTE 33. A famous art gallery in Florence, founded in the fifteenth century. It is connected with the galleries in the Pitti palace by a covered gallery over the Ponte Vecchio.

NOTE 34. "Molecular force is a force acting between molecules, but insensible at sensible distances." *Cent. Dict.* The force of the word "new" is to be found in the fact that the underlying conception of force in the atomic theory of matter is opposed to the teaching of the ancients, and is not yet demonstratively established in its details and applications. Buffon, Clerk-Maxwell, Lockyer, and Sir William Thomson have all contributed to this philosophy. The recent investigations of radium are extensions of it.

NOTE 35. This is perhaps an instance of Emerson's alert sense of values and distinctions in lines of study not his own. The grammatical use of "strong" applies to the past tense, but Emerson employs the term out of its setting for his own purposes.

NOTE 36. The right by law to the produce of man's intellectual industry and the protection of it from use by others without adequate compensation. The first copyright was the English statute of 1709. International copyright protects an author residing in one country from trespass in such other countries as are parties to the arrangement.

NOTE 37. Cf. Milton's *Areopagitica*: "What is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; . . . I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth. I have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and

do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, they may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Note 38. The reader naturally expects to find *thy* stint. The use of the demonstrative instead of the personal pronoun illustrates Emerson's characteristic impersonality. Man shall not appropriate even the duty that lies nearest him. He and it are but aspects of the forces and relations treated in *The Over-Soul* and in *Circles*, illustrated by examples in *Representative Men.* The word "stint" is given as obsolete or dialectic in the dictionaries, but it was a favorite device of Emerson's thus to express the external claim of practical obligation. In his *Miscellanies* is, "In the divided or social state, these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work."

Note 39. Cf. —

"His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured."

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. I, 591.

also, —

"Dark with excessive bright."

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. III, 380.

also, —

"He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Gray, *The Progress of Poesy*, III, 2, l. 4.

Note 40. This is a paraphrase of the idea later given in the quotation from Luke xvii, 20.

Note 41. This perhaps seems contradictory of Emerson's doctrine of *Self-Reliance* and destructive of the emphasis which in *Compensation* he puts on decision and individual authority, but the contradiction is only apparent. The individual must err in order to learn, he must suffer calamity if he would succeed. The intrepidity to be wrong while one learns to be greatly right is one of the aspects of Emerson's spiritual courage. A passage from Milton is in point: "This I know, that errours in a good

government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few. But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous pride, is a virtue . . . whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men."

NOTE 42. A Scottish surgeon and writer on Comparative Anatomy, supposed to have been mainly indebted for his knowledge to the manuscripts of his brother-in-law, John Hunter, which he burned. *C. E.*

NOTE 43. The capital of Arabia, the birthplace of Mohammed, the site of the Kaaba. It is situated in a sandy valley seventy miles from the Red Sea.

NOTE 44. Antigone, in Sophocles's tragedy, reproached by Creon for burying her outlawed brother's body, says, "Nor did I think thy proclamation, since thou art a mortal, of force to outweigh the unwritten and secure laws of the gods, for these are not matters of now and yesterday, but always were, and no man knows whence they came." *C. E.*

NOTE 45. Thales of Miletus, 640–546 B. C., one of the seven wise men of Greece, the earliest of the Ionian natural philosophers. Discoveries in astronomy and geometry are attributed to him as well as a prediction of an eclipse of the sun, May 28, 585 B. C.

NOTE 46. Anaxagoras, 500–428 B. C., a great Greek philosopher, the friend and teacher of Pericles, Thucydides, and Euripides. He was banished from Athens on a charge of impiety.

NOTE 47. Zoroaster — Zarathushtra, the founder of the Perso-Iranian national religion. It is still represented in Persia, Russian Transcaucasia, and India.

NOTE 48. Latinized form of Meng-tse, d. *c.* 289 B. C., one of the most noted expounders of Confucianism.

NOTE 49. This is high and hard doctrine, but it is the teaching of the New Testament that a man must leave wife and children and houses and lands for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Cf. Tennyson in *In Memoriam*, XLVII : —

"That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

"Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

". . . He seeks at least

"Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! we lose ourselves in light.'"

NOTE 50. Denying the obligation to obey the moral law — the distinction precisely is, against or above the law.

NOTE 51. Hermes, in Greek mythology, son of Zeus and Maia, herald and messenger of the gods, protector of herdsmen, god of science, commerce, invention, and the arts of life, patron of travelers and rogues. Cadmus, son of Agenor, king of Phenicia and Telephassa, founder of Thebes in Bœotia, and inventor of the alphabet. Columbus, 1446(?)–1506, sailor, discoverer, colonizer, student, statesman, Christian. He never knew that the land he discovered in 1492 was not part of Asia. Newton, 1642–1727, English mathematician and natural philosopher, author of the *Principia*, member of Parliament, Warden of the Mint, author of the theory of universal gravitation. Bonaparte, Napoleon I, 1769(?)–1821, Emperor of the French, whose brilliant career and whose baffling character served Emerson as the ideal of a man of the world. This list may be compared with similar devices in Walt Whitman's rhetoric, in Milton's or in Sir Thomas Browne's. Emerson's structure has a central point from which the qualities vary to either extreme. Cf. Milton: "It is no new thing never heard of before, for a parochial minister, who has his reward, is at his Hercules pillars in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English Concordance and a topic folio, the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a Harmony and a Catena treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with their uses, motives, marks, and means; out of which, as out of an alphabet or Sol fa, by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously, a little bookcraft and two hours meditation might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning: not to reckon up the infinite helps of interliniaries, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear."

Cf. Whitman: —

"Aware of the fresh free giver the flowing Missouri, aware of the mighty Niagara,
Aware of the buffalo herds grazing the plains, the hirsute and strong-breasted bull,
Of earth, rocks, Fifth-month flowers experienced, stars, rain, snow, my amaze,
Having studied the mocking-bird's tones and the flight of the mountain-hawk,
And heard at dawn the unrivall'd one, the hermit-thrush from the swamp-cedars,
Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a New World."

Cf. Sir Thomas Browne: "But certainly false it is, what is commonly affirmed and believed, that garlic doth hinder the attraction of the loadstone; which is, notwithstanding, delivered by grave and worthy writers, by Pliny, Solinus, Ptolemy,

Plutarch, Albertus, Malthiolus, Rescus, Longius, and many more. An effect as strange as that of Homer's *Moly*, and the garlic that Mercury bestowed upon Ulysses."

NOTE 52. A characteristic suggestion of detail associated in Emerson's mind with Newton's use of Kepler's laws.

NOTE 53. John Flaxman, 1755–1826, a famous English sculptor and draftsman. "For pure conceptive faculty, controlled by unerring sense of beauty, we have to think of Pheidias or Raphael before we find his equal," says Symonds, in *Studies of the Greek Poets*. Henry James, in his *Life of Hawthorne*, calls somewhat contemptuous attention to the pleasures derived by members of the Concord society of Emerson's day from bending over Flaxman's "attenuated outlines."

NOTE 54. This list of abstract terms is a doubtful aid to the reader in interpreting the course of Emerson's treatment of Experience. It is certainly a final challenge to the curiosity and ingenuity of the critic to make out their function or their identity as "the lords of life."

NOTE 55. A name for Nemesis, derived, according to some authorities, from Adrastus, the builder of the first temple to Nemesis, by others from the verb διδράσκειν. In this last connection emphasis is put upon the inevitable power of the goddess who spares none. In the Phædrus of Plato, the myth dealing with the truth about the affections and actions of the soul represents it as of composite nature — a pair of winged horses and a charioteer. "And there is a law of the goddess Retribution, that the soul which attains any vision of truth in company with the god is preserved from harm until the next period, and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow, and fails to behold the vision of truth, and through some ill-hap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her and she drops to earth, then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man." B. Jowett, Tr., *The Dialogues of Plato*, Vol. I.

CHARACTER

The essay on *Character* is in part a lecture of the same title in the course on *The Times*, delivered in Masonic Temple, Boston, 1841–42.

The first motto is part of an unpublished poem, *The Poet*. — The second motto is part of a poem in memory of Edward Bliss Emerson, who died in Porto Rico in 1834. See Centenary Edition. An essay under this title was the concluding lecture of a course given before the Parker Fraternity by Emerson in Boston, 1864–65.

NOTE 1. William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, 1708–1778. A great orator and statesman of England. He was a Whig and

known as the Great Commoner before his elevation to the peerage. He opposed the policy pursued towards the American colonies, but protested against the acknowledgment of their independence.

NOTE 2. The reference is to Thomas Carlyle.

NOTE 3. Mirabeau, Comte de, Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, 1749–1791, the most eloquent orator of the French Revolution. He was President of the Jacobin Club and of the National Assembly.

NOTE 4. The Gracchi, Caius Sempronius, and Tiberius Sempronius, sons of Cornelia, daughter of Scipio Africanus Major. They interested themselves in the agrarian troubles of their time, *c.* 133 B. C. Both were killed in their efforts to carry out their political measures.

NOTE 5. King of Sparta, B. C. 244. Sentenced to death by the ephors in consequence of his efforts for unpopular military and agrarian reform.

NOTE 6. Two famous kings of Sparta bore this name. One, Cleomenes I, expelled Hippias from Athens in 510. Another, Cleomenes III, abolished the ephorate, fought the Achæan League, and was defeated at Sellasia, 221.

NOTE 7. Plutarch, of Chæronea, b. *c.* 46 A. D., a Greek historian, author of *Parallel Lives* of forty-six Greeks and Romans. He was also a moralist. Emerson refers frequently to his works and admired his Platonist habit of thought.

NOTE 8. Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586, an English writer and soldier. A gallant and generous man. His principal works are the *Arcadia*, *Astrophel and Stella*, and the *Defence of Poesie*.

NOTE 9. The Earl of Essex, Robert Devereux, second Earl. 1567–1601. He was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, fell into disfavor, and was executed on charge of treason.

NOTE 10. Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552–1618. An English courtier, soldier, colonizer, and writer. He was a favorite of Elizabeth. He organized colonizing expeditions to Virginia, Trinidad, and Guiana and the Orinoco. After the failure of his venture to Orinoco, he was condemned and executed.

NOTE 11. Schiller, 1759–1805, a famous German poet and writer of history and drama. He was a friend of Goethe and has exerted an almost equally strong influence upon the culture of our time. The Transcendentalists were all deeply interested in Schiller and the group of his contemporaries to whom they had been emphatically directed by Thomas Carlyle in his essays and criticisms of German literature. This collection of names undoubtedly has significance of many kinds, but the value that it has for its sound must not be overlooked. The names are vaguely eminent, but perhaps none the less impressive to the general reader for all that. Several of them are known to the plain person rather by the company they keep with reputations he does know than for their own deserts. They do not illustrate, they stimulate by requiring explanation.

NOTE 12. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* elaborates a

similar idea. Cf. Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Mem. 1, Subs. 2, and Pt. 1, Sec. 3, Mem. 1, Subs. 4.

NOTE 13. The story of Iole is told in the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, but the form given to it here is believed by Doctor Edward Emerson to be of his father's invention. See *C. E.*

NOTE 14. Probably an allusion to Daniel Webster.

NOTE 15. This reiterated emphasis on fact was almost a mannerism of the group of writers and thinkers led by Emerson and Carlyle. The recurrence of the word "fact" is nearly as significant in their expression as is "sense" in the writing inspired by Alexander Pope. The "eternal veracities" are familiar to the reader of Carlyle. Emerson preferred "fact."

NOTE 16. This is another expression of Emerson's objection to "reference" and "retreating" in *Experience*. In *Education*, he writes: . . . "the day of facts is a rock of diamonds; . . . a fact is an Epiphany of God."

NOTE 17. This entire passage is reminiscent of Burke. Compare the analytical and descriptive parts of the *Speech on Conciliation* dealing with the resources of the American colonies.

NOTE 18. Probably a reference to one of the features of mesmerism, so-called from F. A. Mesmer, a German physician, propounder of the doctrine in 1778. He held that influence could be exerted by one person over the will and nervous system of another by virtue of an emanation called animal magnetism. Mcst of what was taught or practised by Mesmer has been discredited or reaffirmed on more satisfactory scientific grounds by the students of hypnotism, first brought to public notice in 1880. Emerson's allusion is characteristic. He spiritualized phenomena which, familiar as they may have been to Plato, were in his time, as in Emerson's, put to ignoble uses and vulgarized by sensual accompaniments. This characterization, delivered in 1841, published in 1844, as well as the one on *Demonology*, 1838–39, is naturally associated with the treatment of the same theme by Nathaniel Hawthorne in *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), chapter xiii, "Alice Pyncheon." Significant extracts are: "Now the wizard's grandson, the young Matthew Maule of our story, was popularly supposed to have inherited some of his ancestor's questionable traits. . . . He was fabled, for example, to have a strange power of getting into people's dreams, and regulating matters there according to his own fancy, pretty much like the stage-manager of a theatre. . . . Some said that he could look into people's minds; others that by the marvellous power of this eye, he could draw people into his own mind, or send them, if he pleased, to do errands to his grandfather, in the spiritual world; others again, that it was what is called an Evil Eye, and possessed the valuable faculty of blighting corn, and drying children into mummies with the heartburn. . . . 'There sits Mistress Alice quietly asleep! Now let Matthew Maule try whether she be as proud as the carpenter found her awhile since.' He spoke, and Alice responded, with a

soft, subdued, inward acquiescence, and a bending of her form towards him, like the flame of a torch when it indicates a gentle draught of air. He beckoned with his hand, and rising from her chair, — blindly, but undoubtingly, as tending to her sure and inevitable centre, — the proud Alice approached him. He waved her back, and retreating, Alice sank again into her seat 'She is mine!' said Matthew Maule. 'Mine, by the right of the strongest spirit!'"

In chapter vi of his biography of Cotton Mather, Barrett Wendell deals with the Salem witchcraft. Bearing on this point he says: "At various periods of history epidemics of superstition have appeared, sometimes in madly tragic forms, sometimes, as in modern spiritualism, in grotesquely comic ones. . . . Oracles, magic, witchcraft, animal magnetism, spiritualism, — call the phenomena what you will, — seem to me a fact. Certain phases of it are beginning to be understood under the name of hypnotism. Other phases, after the best study that has been given them, seem to be little else than deliberate fraud and falsehood; but they are fraud and falsehood, if this be all they are, of a specific kind, unchanged for centuries. . . . And some of them are very like what are related in the trials of the Salem witches. So specific is the fraud, if only fraud it be, that it may well be regarded, I think, as a distinct mental, or perhaps rather moral disorder." His explanation of the conditions on evolutionary grounds follows, pp. 95–97.

A recent contribution to the subject is *Dissociated Personality*, by Doctor Morton Prince.

NOTE 19. The reference is to Leonora, wife of the Marquis d'Ancre, accused of sorcery in the influence she exerted over the queen of Henry IV.

NOTE 20. Seemingly names used by Emerson to illustrate his point vividly.

NOTE 21. See Wordsworth's fine sonnet to his memory. He lived 1743–1803, was a negro slave of rudimentary education and natural genius as a statesman and commander of men. In 1798, the British treated with him as the real ruler of Haiti. He was subdued by Napoleon and died in prison.

NOTE 22. In the *Song of Myself*, l. 20, Walt Whitman writes:

"Having pried through the strata, analyzed to a hair, counsel'd with doctors and calculated close,
I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones."

NOTE 23. This is the appropriate illustration of the general statement made in *Compensation*. "These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles."

NOTE 24. Serving as an aid, adjunct, or accessory; subservient, auxiliary; supplementary.

NOTE 25. See James ii, 19: "The devils also believe and tremble."

Note 26. This phrase has new significance since the publication of Ibsen's play known in its English translation as *The Doll's House*. Nora's final revolt is in the general line of Emerson's contention for the non-conformity of the soul.

Note 27. Probably Mr. George Ripley, head of the Brook Farm Association, is alluded to here.

Note 28. The use of "fact" here as antithetical to "city still," should be noted.

Note 29. Compare Robert Browning's elaboration of a similar theme in *Balaustion's Adventure*: —

"Herakles
Had flung into the presence, frank and free,
Out from the labor into the repose,
Ere out again and over head and ears
I' the heart of labor, all for love of men:
Making the most o' the minute, that the soul
And body, strained to height a minute since,
Might lie relaxed in joy, this breathing space,
For man's sake more than ever; till the bow,
Restrung o' the sudden, at first cry for help,
Should send some unimaginable shaft
True to the aim and shatteringly through
The plate-mail of a monster, save man so.
He slew the pest o' the marish yesterday:
To-morrow he would bit the flame-breathed stud
That fed on man's flesh: and this day between —
Because he held it natural to die,
And fruitless to lament a thing past cure,
So, took his fill of food, wine, song, and flowers,
Till the new labor claimed him soon enough, —
'Hate him and justly!'"

Note 30. The Centenary Edition notes this passage in *Prayer*: —

"When success exalts thy lot
God for thy virtue lays a plot."

It must be admitted, however, that this is a "hard saying." Nor does it conform to our present doctrine of diffused social sympathy and personal ease and congeniality as its natural expression.

Note 31. That is, at the mercy of an antagonist or enemy; to surrender at discretion is to surrender without terms. This martial phrase has an odd sound on Emerson's tranquil lips, but it represents well the wide range of his interests and the equanimity of his intelligence.

Note 32. This phrase is an excellent example of Emerson's constructive skill exercised in conditions of great rhetorical danger — most writers would have been reminded of Argus-eyed, as undoubtedly was Emerson, and they would have accepted the suggestion while he repulsed it, but made use of it in this admirable one. In *Self-Reliance* occurs "thousand-fold Relief Societies" and "thousand-eyed present." Thus Emerson's rhetoric illustrates his own "centrality" of thought.

NOTE 33. Patmos, an island of the Ægean Sea from which the Revelation of St. John the Divine is reported to have come. Here he is supposed to have seen the visions of the Apocalypse. Emerson's phrase is enriched by the suggestion of the conventional antithesis between thought and vision.

NOTE 34. The Reverend Edward Taylor of the Sailors' Bethel in Boston.

NOTE 35. Messrs. Lane and Wright, two English visitors interested in the transcendental conception of society and desirous of realizing it in some form of community life.

NOTE 36. This is one of Emerson's most personal confessions. His faith in possible greatness made him quick to give recognition to claims of originality. The letter he wrote to Walt Whitman after reading *Leaves of Grass* is a good example of his attitude. His lifelong championship of Mr. Alcott is another. So anxious was he lest some expression of genius should escape him that he seemed over-credulous and uncritical to observers of less ardent hope.

CONCORD, MASS., July 21, 1855.

DEAR SIR, — I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of *Leaves of Grass*. I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seems the sterile and stingy Nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean. I give you joy of your fine and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things, said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire.

I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground, somewhere, for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little to see if this sunbeam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging.

I did not know, until I last night saw the book advertised in a newspaper, that I could trust the name as real and available for a post office.

I wish to see my benefactor, and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New York to pay you my respects.

R. W. EMERSON.

NOTE 37. This passage is quoted from "The Book of Shet the Prophet Zirtûsht," in the second volume of *The Desatir, or Sacred Writings of the Ancient Persian Prophets, together with the Ancient Persian Version and Commentary of the Fifth Sasan, carefully published by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus*. Bombay, 1818.

As the book is exceedingly rare, I give the whole passage. "It is said that when the fame of the excellence of the nature

of Zertûsht had spread all over the world, and when Isfendiar went around the world, erected fire-temples and raised domes over the fires, the wise men of Yunân selected a Sage named Tûtiânûsh, who at that time had the superiority in acquirements over them all, to go to Irân and to enquire of Zertûsht *concerning the real nature of things*. If he was puzzled and unable to answer, he could be no prophet, but if he returned an answer, he was a speaker of truth." (Here follows the passage quoted in the text.) "He then asked the day of the prophet's nativity. The prophet of God told it. He said, 'On such a day, and under such a fortunate star a deceiver cannot be born.' He next enquired into his diet and mode of life. The prophet of God explained the whole. The Sage said, 'His mode of life cannot suit an impostor.' The prophet of Yezdân then said to him, 'I have answered you the questions which you have put to me; now in return retain in your mind what the famed Yunâni Sage directed you to enquire of Zertûsht and disclose it not, but listen and hear what they ask; for God hath informed me of it and hath sent his word unto me to unfold it.' The Sage said, 'Speak.' Thereupon the prophet of Zertûsht repeated the . . . texts." *C. E.*

NOTE 38. This is found in the *Timæus*.

NOTE 39. This quotation is used again by Emerson in the eulogy on Samuel Hoar.

NOTE 40. Furniture in the sense of that with which anything is supplied to fit it for operation or use; equipment. The use of the word to designate the spiritual powers as opposed to external equipment is characteristic of Emerson and peculiarly his in this particular combination of words.

NOTE 41. See Homer's *Odyssey*, Bk. V, l. 99.

NOTE 42. See *Initial, Dæmonic and Celestial Love*.

NOTE 43. A household officer of a prince or dignitary, a steward, a major-domo. This use of the word is by what may be called attraction. It corresponds to the outward "furniture" of gods and Olympus as the factors that must be reduced to the level of man's furniture and homes.

NOTE 44. This active use of "foible," properly a noun of defect, is characteristic of Emerson's insistence upon the essential, central virtue and strength of human nature, and of his habit of making evil a temporary falling away into an alien condition.

NOTE 45. The reference is to Jesus Christ.

NOTE 46. A tributary of the Thames. There was a place of execution on the Tyburn near what is now the Marble Arch, Hyde Park. In 1783 the executions were removed to Newgate. This is an example of attracted diction. The change of pitch from Calvary to Tyburn is fully appreciated by Emerson. Some readers are hardly furnished with the needed rhetorical fortitude.

NOTE 47. The close of this essay is one of the most per-

fectly "concerted" treatments of a rhetorical *motif*. All the implications of *Compensation*, *Experience*, and *Character* are here gathered up into a single chord. In the word "compliment" may be found an element to reappear in *Behavior* and *Manners*.

SELF-RELIANCE

The introduction to this essay in the Centenary Edition is in part the following: —

Thus it appears that the writings of Landor (*Imaginary Conversations*), read the year before Mr. Emerson sought him out in Rome, may have given the original push towards the writing of this essay on "Self-Reliance." A small portion of the essay came from the lecture "Individualism," the last in the course on "The Philosophy of History" in 1836–37, and other passages from the lectures "School," "Genius," and "Duty," in the course on "Human Life," 1838–39.

In reading this essay, it is well to call to mind, 1st, Mr. Emerson's fear of weakening the effect of his presentation of a subject by qualification; 2d, That the Self he refers to is the higher self, man's share of divinity.

Note 1. The reference may be to Washington Allston or to William Blake.

Note 2. See "Days" in *Poems*.

Note 3. The phrase "preëstablished harmony" is a highly technical one taken from the celebrated system of Leibnitz. The mild assertion of the double negative "not without" conveys the suggestion with a touch of humor in the use of the learned system's vocabulary for such ends.

Note 4. The delicate humor and abiding humanity of Emerson are at their best in his characterization of youth, under *Domestic Life*, Cent. Ed. Vol. VII, p. 104: —

"But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand — no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandams, fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads."

Education, Cent. Ed. Vol. X, p. 139: "They know truth from counterfeit as quick as the chemist does. They detect weakness in your eye and behavior a week before you open your mouth, and have given you the benefit of their opinion quick as a wink. . . . If I can pass with them, I can manage well enough with their fathers."

Note 5. The question of grammar here is an interesting one. The cadence of the sentence was perhaps the determining

consideration. Of course Milton and Mrs. Hemans afford similar constructions in "than whom" and "all but he."

NOTE 6. One of the Windward Islands in the British West Indies, of much interest to Abolitionists from its negro population.

NOTE 7. Cf. *History* for another treatment of this theme.

NOTE 8. The active form of this verb is unusual.

NOTE 9. The economy of expression in this phrase is worthy of attention. See the phrase, "let the ape and tiger die," Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, CXVII, 24.

NOTE 10. The variety of forms and associations in which this thought has been presented in the essays thus far is worthy of analysis and some attempt at classification. Is it inadvertent repetition?

NOTE 11. It may be interesting to reproduce here the version of the first edition, with a ruder vigor, more adapted to delivery in the Lyceum.

"With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pack-thread, do! else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood." *C. E.*

NOTE 12. Taken in connection with the word "acrostic," the allusion seems to be to the poem of Publius Optatianus Porphyrius. It is a eulogy of Constantine; the lines are acrostic: Porphyry was a pupil of Plotinus, in turn a pupil of Ammonius at Alexandria.

NOTE 13. See "Woodnotes" in *Poems*.

NOTE 14. In *Character*, Cent. Ed. Vol. X, p. 92, Emerson writes: "It were an unspeakable calamity if any one should think he had the right to impose a private will on others. That is the part of a striker, an assassin. All violence, all that is dreary and repels, is not power but the absence of power."

NOTE 15. An older phrase for "takes precedence of."

NOTE 16. See Induction to Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

NOTE 17. Iskander Bey, George Castriota, 1403–1468, is referred to. He maintained his independence of Amurath II and of Mohammed II in Albania.

NOTE 18. See Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, II, 3, 124. "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

NOTE 19. This is reminiscent of Wordsworth's Ode, *Intimations of Immortality*, IX: —

> Hence in a season of calm weather
> Though inland far we be
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

The entire Ode should be compared with the teaching of this essay concerning "the life by which things exist." With both should be compared *The Over-Soul*, Cent. Ed. Vol. I.

NOTE 20. See "The Sphinx" in *Poems*. "These roses," etc. is the constructive illustration to be added to previous expressions of Emerson's dislike and distrust of "reference." So also the "reverted eye."

NOTE 21. This use of "agent" is an example of Emerson's keen sense of etymology. From time to time, he is startlingly precise.

NOTE 22. This phrasing again depends upon strict etymology for its force. It is not common usage in speech.

NOTE 23. See the treatment of this theme in *Character*.

NOTE 24. Compare with *Domestic Life*. Cent. Ed. Vol. VII.

NOTE 25. This infrequent use of "allow" seems to be the one given in the Century Dictionary as meaning "to approve, justify, or sanction."

NOTE 26. The name of the Icenian Queen in the play usually attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher and performed before 1619. Caratach is General of the Britons, cousin to Bonduca, and a man of heroic mould. The quotation is from the close of the first scene of the third act, but does not have quite the introduction suggested by Emerson. Bonduca says, "I would know further, Cousin," after the god has replied by fire to Caratach's salutation in place of "fretful prayers," "whinings," and "tame petitions." Another extract from Act I, Sc. 1 of this play is given in *Parnassus*, where it is assigned to Beaumont and Fletcher. Emerson, however, may very well have chosen to exhibit some of his insight as a higher critic; for the lion's share of this play, as of others, belongs to Fletcher.

NOTE 27. In thus dealing with prayer, Emerson has lifted his opposition to reference, repetition, and slavery to the past to the highest level. Prayer seems thus the *n*th power of consecrated, impersonal will in character. The usual phrasing would be hindered *from*, not *of*, meeting. But the use of the older phrasing gives solemnity to the thought. Kipling's poem of *Tomlinson* is a satirical expression of this idea even more drastic than Emerson's.

NOTE 28. John Locke, 1632–1704, one of the most influential English philosophers of modern times. He was founder of the sensational philosophy and psychology. His chief work

is the "Essay concerning Human Understanding." The skeptical development of his principles by Hume led Kant to the elaboration of his critical philosophy. Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, *b*. 1743, guillotined 1794, was a celebrated French chemist, founder of modern chemistry, reformer of chemical nomenclature. Charles Hutton, 1737–1823, an English mathematician. James Hutton, 1726–1797, a Scottish geologist and natural philosopher. Jeremy Bentham, 1748–1832, an English jurist and utilitarian philosopher. François Marie Charles Fourier, 1772–1837, a noted French socialist, propounder of the coöperative system of society known as Fourierism. It arranges society in groups, according to occupation, capacities, and attractions, to live in phalansteries, or common dwellings.

NOTE 29. The quite possible paradox of this phrase was perfectly understood and accepted by Emerson.

NOTE 30. See Lamb: "How would he chirp and expand over a muffin." *South Sea House*. See Goethe, *Faust*, "Prolog im Himmel:" —

"Er scheint mir, mit Verlaub von Eu. Gnaden,
Wie eine der langbeinigen Cicaden,
Die immer fliegt und fliegend springt,
Und gleich im Gras ihr altes Liedchen singt."

Roughly translated: "He (man) seems to me, by permission of your Grace, like one of these long-legged grasshoppers, that always flies and flying, jumps, and in the grass chirps its monotonous little old song."

Plato has a passage in the *Phædrus* which might easily have been the suggestion and served as a background for Emerson's expression.

"Soc. There is time yet, and I can fancy that the grasshoppers who are still chirruping in the sun over our heads are talking to one another and looking at us. . . . A lover of music like yourself ought surely to have heard the story of the grasshoppers, who are said to have been human beings in the age before the Muses. And when the Muses came and song appeared they were ravished with delight; and singing always, never thought of eating and drinking, until at last they forgot and died. And now they live again in the grasshoppers; and this is the return which the Muses make to them, — they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, but are always singing from the moment that they are born, and never eating or drinking; and when they die they go and inform the Muses in heaven who honors them on earth." Compare also "Let them rave," Tennyson, *A Dirge*, where the phrase is under a refrain.

NOTE 31. See "Written in Naples," "Written at Rome," in *Poems*.

NOTE 32. The vague and shifting meaning of "quaint" admirably fits it for the use Emerson makes of it in relation at once to grandeur of thought, to beauty, and to convenience.

NOTE 33. This expression in dignified writing is exceedingly

rare. The phrase, however, is a kind of slang of *curio* hunters and providers. Atmospherically its appearance with this discussion of travelling for a background to the value of personality is dramatic, if also a trifle whimsical.

NOTE 34. An example of transferred epithet and of the use of suggestion in sculpture as an "utterance." The variety of phrasal form in this sentence is noticeable.

NOTE 35. This treatment of *Experience* in the concrete is paradoxical to the extent that it takes account of the principle of Compensation. This doctrine has been held, however, by great authorities in history. Doctor Edward Freeman repeatedly maintained its truth.

NOTE 36. Phocion, 402–317 B. C., Athenian statesman and general and leader of the aristocratic party. He opposed Demosthenes.

NOTE 37. See *Experience*. Note 46.

NOTE 38. Parry, Sir William Edward, 1790–1855, an English navigator and Arctic explorer.

NOTE 39. Franklin, Sir John, 1786–1847, English Arctic explorer. In 1845 he led an expedition in search of the northwest passage. It was last spoken July 26, 1845. Thirty-nine relief expeditions were sent out between 1847 and 1857. Captain Leopold McClintock found traces of the missing expedition in 1859, among them a paper giving the date of Franklin's death. His cenotaph in Westminster Abbey has this tribute from Tennyson:—

> "Not here! the White North has thy bones; and thou,
> Heroic sailor-soul,
> Art passing on thine happier voyage now
> Toward no earthly pole."

NOTE 40. See second motto of *Compensation*.

NOTE 41. The dual thought closing this essay allies it with all that has gone before. It completes while it discriminates. The self honored by Emerson is no child of greed or appetite, but of renunciation and aspiration. Kipling's *Kim* gives the story of different quests after selfhood. The boy Kim's adventures, the old red Lama's effort to escape from the wheel of things, and Huree Babu, "the fearful" man's wish to be made a member of the Royal Society for taking Ethnological Notes. The story of Kim's reinforcement of his own will by training is told dramatically, pp. 242 *et seq.*: —

"Yet the jar — how slowly the thoughts come! — the jar had been smashed before his eyes. Another wave of prickling fire raced down his neck, as Lurgan Sahib moved his hand.

"'Look! it is coming into shape!' said Lurgan Sahib. So far Kim had been thinking in Hindi, but a tremor came on him, and with an effort like that of a swimmer before sharks, who hurls himself half out of the water, his mind leaped up from a darkness that was swallowing it and took refuge in — the multiplication table in English!

"'Look! It is coming into shape!' whispered Lurgan Sahib.

"The jar had been smashed — yes, smashed — not the native word, he would not think of that — but smashed into fifty pieces, and twice three was six and thrice three was nine, and four times three was twelve. He clung desperately to the repetition. The shadow-outline of the jar cleared like a mist after rubbing eyes. There were the broken shards; there was the spilt water drying in the sun, and through the cracks of the verandah showed, all ribbed, the white house-wall below — and thrice twelve was thirty-six!

"'Look! Is it coming into shape?' asked Lurgan Sahib.

"'But it is smashed — smashed,' he gasped. — Lurgan Sahib had been muttering softly for the last half-minute. Kim wrenched his head aside. 'Look! *Dekko!* It is there as it was there!'

"'It is there as it was there,' said Lurgan, watching Kim closely while the boy rubbed his neck. 'But you are the first of a many who have ever seen it so.' He wiped his broad forehead."

At the close of the matchless scene between the half drowned but illuminated lama and the Mohammedan horse-dealer, the latter in the full spirit of our essay's close addresses the lama: —

"Allah forbid it! Some men are strong in knowledge, Red Hat. Thy strength is stronger still. Keep it — I think thou wilt."

HEROISM

The following is part of the account of this essay given in the Centenary Edition: —

This essay is probably the lecture of that name essentially as delivered in the course on "Human Culture" in Boston, in the winter of 1837–38.

The homage which Mr. Emerson felt bound to render to the lowly virtues of Prudence after dealing with "the fine lyric words of Love and Friendship," made an interesting contrast for his hearers, the more effective by his leading them up to the heights of Heroism in the succeeding lecture.

In a lecture called "The Present Age," delivered in the following year, this expression occurs, — his recognition of the awakening of those days to the need of individual, social, and political reform: "Religion does not seem now to tend to a *cultus*, but to a heroic life. He who would undertake it is to front a corrupt society and speak rude truth, and he must be ready to meet collision and suffering."

The saying of Mahomet alone served for motto in the first edition.

NOTE 1. These names might properly enough be mere specimens of the grand style of nomenclature used by Emerson to keep up the level of literary suggestion, but as a matter of fact, Rodrigo is one of the rivals in the play called *The Pilgrim*,

Pedro is the other. Valerio is a gentleman in another play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, *A Wife for a Month.*

NOTE 2. In this list of plays, all from Beaumont and Fletcher, Mr. Emerson evidently trusted to his memory, and gave to one the name from a leading character. There is no play by the name of "Sophocles," but the extract given is from a piece called "Four Plays in One," the special play being "The Triumph of Honor." This is founded on a story of Boccaccio's in the *Decameron*, the tenth day and the fifth novel. *C. E.*

NOTE 3. See Scott's *Old Mortality*, chap. xlii.

NOTE 4. A selection of rare pamphlets from the library of Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford (1661–1724).

NOTE 5. A small town in Saxony, the scene of two battles, one in 1632, when Gustavus Adolphus, though victorious, died, the other in 1813, when Napoleon Bonaparte gained an inconclusive victory.

NOTE 6. Simon Ockley, 1678–1720, an English Orientalist, whose chief work was a *History of the Saracens.*

NOTE 7. See essay on Plutarch, in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches.*

NOTE 8. The form of this phrase may illustrate the faint distinction between the personal and the impersonal in the usage of Emerson. The customary expression is "the hero's is a mind," etc. In the *Phædo* of Plato, Jowett's translation, occurs this passage: "Wherefore, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth — in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below when her time comes."

NOTE 9. See essay on *Prudence*, Cent. Ed., Vol. ii. "Prudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science of appearances. It is the outmost action of the inmost life. It is God taking thought for oxen. It moves matter after the laws of matter. It is content to seek health of body by complying with physical conditions, and health of mind by the laws of the intellect.

"The world of the senses is a world of shows; it does not exist for itself, but has a symbolic character; and a true prudence or law of shows recognizes the co-presence of other laws and knows that its own office is subaltern."

NOTE 10. This is another way of putting the truth of the saying that there's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Thomas Paine and Napoleon Bonaparte both make use of the idea, undoubtedly Paine's was the earlier.

NOTE 11. This very interesting passage is reminiscent of Shakespeare's characterization of the seven ages of man in *As You Like It*, II, vii, and of Wordsworth's picture of the boy in the Ode on *Intimations of Immortality*. It suggests also Emer-

son's own picture of his son in the *Threnody*. There is clearly to be seen his curious, quaint, other-worldly humor in the inversion of values and the unexpected close in "earnest nonsense."

NOTE 12. Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Pt. II, II, ii.

NOTE 13. According to the Centenary Edition the author of an Oriental Geography, translated by Sir George Ously. The anecdote is somewhat differently worded.

NOTE 14. This phrase suggests the appeal of an enthusiastic teacher to his class that the members should help to make God possible. Reflection shows more than mere rhetoric, levity, or irreverence in the utterance. It is the paradox of truth with emphasis on the aspect now called "Pragmatism."

NOTE 15. John Eliot, 1604–1690, the "Apostle of the Indians." Author of a translation of the Bible into the Indian language, a catechism, and a grammar.

NOTE 16. The use of the word "temperance" here has a touch of Emerson's characteristic paradox. The event is narrated in 1 Chronicles xi, 16–19.

NOTE 17. An interesting comparison exists between this passage and Emerson's "to be great is to be misunderstood," where the implication is almost the obverse of the one here. Compare Matthew xii, 16–19, part of which is: "The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of her children."

NOTE 18. Another version of this story is told by Plutarch in his "Apothegms of Kings and Great Commanders," in the *Morals*: "When Pætilius and Quintus accused him of many crimes before the people; 'On this very day,' he said, 'I conquered Hannibal and Carthage; I for my part am going with my crown on to the capitol to sacrifice; and let him that pleaseth stay and pass his vote upon me.' Having thus said, he went his way; and the people followed him, leaving his accusers declaiming to themselves." *C. E.*

NOTE 19. The use of "condemnation" here is paradoxical. Socrates finally accepted a formal condemnation, but he protested against its justice in the most emphatic way possible. The Prytaneum was the meeting-place of the presidents of the Senate, where they were entertained at the public charge together with those who were so honored for ancestral or personal service. Socrates declared that he should be honored in this way instead of being punished.

NOTE 20. In Anne Manning's delightful *The Household of Sir Thomas More* the entry in Meg's (his daughter's) journal is: "Dr. Clement hath beene with us. Sayth he (Sir Thomas More) went up as blythe as a bridegroom to be clothed upon with mortality." The traditional anecdotes are that as Sir Thomas was mounting the scaffold in the Tower he said to a bystander, "Friend, help me up; when I come down again I can

shift for myself;" and after he had laid his head on the block he lifted it to arrange his beard, saying, "for it has never committed treason."

NOTE 21. An example of Emerson's abiding sense of the relations of things and his love of paradox. In the nature of the case, the world cannot have Blue Laws. In actual fact, the Blue Laws existed only in the imagination of persons opposed to the adoption by the early authorities of the New Haven Colony of the Scriptures as their code of law and government and their strict application of the Mosaic principles. Popularly the term means harsh and inquisitorial enactment of petty regulation.

NOTE 22. In the account given by Plutarch, Epaminondas, serving in the battle of Mantinea side by side with Pelopidas, who fell seemingly mortally wounded, protected him at the risk of his own life. This is thought to have laid the foundation of one of the most enduring of friendships.

NOTE 23. The use of "handsome" in this connection is quaint and archaic and peculiarly Emersonian.

NOTE 24. Bayard, Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de, 1475–1524, a French national hero, — " the knight without fear and without reproach."

NOTE 25. Sidney, Algernon, *c.* 1622–1683, an English patriot, one of the leaders of the Independents.

NOTE 26. Hampden, John, 1594–1643, one of the "five members" impeached by Charles I, 1642.

NOTE 27. See "Musketaquid" in *Poems*.

NOTE 28. Called the "Tenth Muse," by Plato in the *Phædrus*. A Greek lyric poet who lived about 600 B. C. Aristotle accepts her as the "poetess" as he does Homer as the "poet."

NOTE 29. Sévigné, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de, 1626–1696. A French author famous for her letters to her daughter.

NOTE 30. De Staël (-Holstein), Anne Louise Germaine Necker, Baronne de, 1766–1817, a celebrated French writer greatly disliked by Napoleon Bonaparte. See *Social Aims*. She was " the most extraordinary converser that was known in her time."

NOTE 31. A Greek goddess of law, order, and abstract right.

NOTE 32. It is possible that Emerson had in mind the episode in *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, xi: —

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

NOTE 33. This note in the Centenary Edition gives an interesting emphasis to this advice: "Scorn trifles, lift your aims; do what you are afraid to do: sublimity of character must come from sublimity of motive." These were the teachings which the Emerson boys received in their youth from their brilliant, loving, and eccentric aunt, Miss Mary Moody Emerson. Her nephew has left an account of her in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*. His words concerning her are carved upon her gravestone in Concord Cemetery: "She gave high counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood, a blessing which nothing else in education could supply."

NOTE 34. Born 402 B. C., put to death 317 B. C. A celebrated Athenian general and statesman, advocate of the policy of peace with Macedon in opposition to Demosthenes. He was a leading aristocrat. In *Uses of Great Men*: "I applaud a sufficient man, an officer equal to his office; captains, ministers, senators, I like a master standing firm on legs of iron, well-born, rich, handsome, eloquent, loaded with advantages, drawing all men by fascination into tributaries and supporters of his power. . . . But I find him greater when he can abolish himself and all heroes by letting in this element of reason, irrespective of persons, this subtilizer and irresistible upward force into our thought, destroying individualism; the power so great that the potentate is nothing. Then he is a monarch who gives a constitution to his people; a pontiff who preaches the equality of souls and releases his servants from their barbarous homages; an emperor who can spare his empire."

NOTE 35. In *Uses of Great Men*: "Our globe discovers its hidden virtues, not only in heroes and archangels, but in gossips and nurses. Is it not a rare contrivance that lodged the due inertia in every creature, the conserving, resisting energy, the anger at being waked or changed? Altogether independent of the intellectual force in each is the pride of opinion, the security that we are right. Not the feeblest grandame, not a mowing idiot, but uses what spark of perception and faculty is left to chuckle and triumph in his or her opinion over the absurdities of all the rest. Difference from me is the measure of wrong. Not one has a misgiving of being wrong."

NOTE 36. The Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister of intelligence, courage, and blameless character, devoted himself to the cause of awakening public sentiment in the Southern and Border States to the wrong of slavery and its evil results, and became editor of the St. Louis *Observer*. His press was destroyed by a mob, and he and his family were driven from the city. He then settled in Alton, Illinois, and established his paper, maintaining anti-slavery views. Riots resulted, and three presses, furnished in succession by friends of the cause, were destroyed. Mr. Lovejoy sent for another press. A public meeting of citizens was called because of the excited state of public

opinion in the city. Resolutions were passed requiring Lovejoy to retire from the charge of his paper. He stood upon his rights under the Constitution to publish his beliefs freely. To the demand that in deference to mob law he should yield up his post, he said: "This I *never* will do. God in his providence — so say all my brethren, and so I think — has devolved upon me the responsibility of maintaining my ground here; and, Mr. Chairman, I am determined to do it. A voice comes to me from Maine, from Massachusetts, from Connecticut, from New York, from Pennsylvania, — yea, from Kentucky, from Mississippi, from Missouri, calling upon me in the name of all that is dear in heaven or earth to stand fast, and by the help of God *I will stand.* I know I am but one and you are many. My strength will avail but little against you all. You can crush me if you will, but I shall die at my post, for I cannot and will not forsake it." The press arrived and was lodged by his friends in a stone warehouse belonging to one of a gallant little company who undertook to defend the right of free speech. On the night of November 7, 1837, the mob demanded the press. The city authorities gave no protection. Mr. Lovejoy's friends refused to surrender and were attacked. They resisted, and when the building was set on fire, Lovejoy, coming out to prevent it, was shot dead.

Mr. George P. Bradford, one of Mr. Emerson's nearest friends, described to me the occasion when he delivered this discourse in Boston. Towards the end of the lecture, while carrying his audience — the cultivated people of Boston — with him, in full sympathy with devoted courage in other times and lands, suddenly, looking his hearers in the eyes, he brought before them the instance in their own day and country, and told of the martyrdom of Lovejoy for the right of free speech. Mr. Bradford said that a cold shudder seemed to run through the audience at this calm braving of public opinion twenty years before its ripening in the great war for freedom. Of course Lovejoy had other defenders in Boston, notably Wendell Phillips, who first entered the lists as an anti-slavery champion at the time of his slaying. *C. E.*

NOTE 37. See Thomas à Kempis, Book I, chap. xx: "If thou wilt withdraw thyself from speaking vainly, and from gadding idly, as also from hearkening after novelties and rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and suitable for meditation on good things. The greatest saints avoided the society of men, Heb. xi, 38, when they could conveniently; and did rather choose to live to God in secret. One said: 'As oft as I have been among men, I returned home less a man than I was before. [Seneca, Ep. VII.] . . . No man doth safely speak, but he that is glad to hold his peace. No man doth safely rule, but that is glad to be ruled.'"

NOTE 38. These lines were evidently quoted from memory from *A Dirge*, one of Tennyson's early poems. The burden, "Let them rave," runs through all the verses. The following one comes as near the lines as quoted as any of them: —

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave —
Let them rave. *C. E.*

HISTORY

This is the essay first in the list of those presented to the public as the "First Series" of Emerson's essays. Part of the introduction provided by the Centenary Edition gives these facts and comments: —

After the publication of *Nature*, the first hint that appears of the collection by Mr. Emerson of his writings into a second book, occurs in the end of a letter to Mr. Alcott, written April 16, 1839, which Mr. Sanborn gives in his *Memoir of Bronson Alcott:* "I have been writing a little, and arranging old papers more, and by and by I hope to get a shapely book of Genesis."

In a letter written in April, 1840, to Carlyle, Mr. Emerson thus alludes to the *Essays :* —

"I am here at work now for a fortnight to spin some single cord out of my thousand and one strands of every color and texture that lie ravelled around me in old snarls. We need to be possessed with a mountainous conviction of the value of our advice to our contemporaries, if we will take such pains to find what that is. But no, it is the pleasure of the spinning that betrays poor spinners into the loss of so much good time. I shall work with the more diligence on this book-to-be of mine, that you inform me again and again that my penny tracts are still extant; nay, that beside friendly men, learned and poetic men read and even review them. I am like Scholasticus of the Greek Primer, who was ashamed to bring out so small a dead child before such grand people. Pygmalion shall try if he cannot fashion a better, — certainly a bigger."

Soon after *Nature* had appeared, Carlyle had written to his friend: "There is a man here called John Sterling, . . . whom I love better than any one I have met with, since a certain sky-messenger alighted to me at Craigenputtock and vanished in the Blue again. . . . Well, and what then, cry you? Why then, this John Sterling has fallen overhead in love with a certain Waldo Emerson; that is all. He saw the little book *Nature* lying here; and, across a whole *silva silvarum* of prejudices, discerned what was in it, took it to his heart, — and indeed into his pocket. . . . This is the small piece of pleasant news, that two sky-messengers (such they were, both of them, to me) have met and recognized each other, and by God's blessing there shall one day be a trio of us; call you that nothing?" Sterling wrote to Emerson and a noble friendship resulted. Although they

never met in the body, these friends had more in common with each other in their hope, their courage, and their desire for expression in poetry than either had with Carlyle. Sterling died in 1844.

In a curious and characteristic preface, among other things, Carlyle said: —

"The name of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not entirely new in England; distinguished travellers bring us tidings of such a man; fractions of his writings have found their way into the hands of the curious here; fitful hints that there is in New England some spiritual notability called Emerson glide through the reviews and magazines."

In Berlin, Herman Grimm (who later wrote the lives of Michelangelo and Raphael), while waiting his turn in the parlor of the American dentist, chanced to pick up the *Essays* from the table; "read a page, and was startled to find that I had understood nothing, though tolerably well acquainted with English. I inquired as to the author. In reply I was told that he was the first writer in America, an eminently gifted man, but somewhat crazed at times, and often unable to explain his own words. Notwithstanding, no one was held in such esteem for his character and for his prose writings. In short, the opinion fell upon my ears as so strange that I re-opened the book. Some sentences, upon a second reading, shot like a beam of light into my very soul, and I was moved to put the book in my pocket, that I might read it more attentively at home. . . . I took Webster's Dictionary and began to read. The construction of the sentences struck me as very extraordinary. I soon discovered the secret: they were real thoughts, an individual language, a sincere man that I had before me; naught superficial, second-hand. Enough! I bought the book! From that time I have never ceased to read Emerson's works, and whenever I take up a volume anew it seems to me as if I were reading it for the first time."

"History" was not delivered as a single lecture, but in writing it Mr. Emerson made use of passages from lectures in three distinct courses; namely, that on "English Literature" (1835–36), on "The Philosophy of History" (1836–37), and on "Human Life" (1837–38), as is shown by Mr. Cabot in the chronological list of lectures and addresses in the Appendix (F) to his Memoir.

The course on "The Philosophy of History" (1836–37) had the following lectures, many of which appear as such or in their matter in the *Essays*: —

I. Introduction (History has been ill written; its meaning and future, etc.)
II. Humanity of Science.
III. Art.
IV. Literature.
V. Politics.
VI. Religion.
VII. Society.
VIII. Trades and Professions.
IX. Manners.
X. Ethics.
XI. Present Age.
XII. Individualism.

In his Journal, Mr. Emerson thus lays out the course in advance, with the belief in the Over-Soul as the foundation of all.

There is one soul.
It is related to the world.
Art is its action thereon.
Science finds its methods.
Literature is its record.
Religion is the emotion of reverence that it inspires.
Ethics is the soul illustrated in human life.
Society is the finding of this soul by individuals in each other.
Trades are the learning the soul in nature by labor.
Politics is the activity of the soul illustrated in power.
Manners are silent and mediate expressions of soul.

NOTE 1. This is the upshot of Emerson's conception of History as a process. It is of course precisely the opposite of the ordinary notion of the subject. History is studied mainly to provide perspective and to help in distinguishing the great from the small. In *Uses of Great Men* he says: "The genius of humanity is the right point of view of history. . . . Once you saw phœnixes: they are gone; the world is not therefore disenchanted. . . . We have never come at the true and best benefit of any genius so long as we believe him an original force. In the moment when he ceases to help us as a cause, he begins to help us more as an effect. Then he appears as an exponent of a vaster mind and will. The opaque self becomes transparent with the light of the First Cause." In *Shakspeare: or, The Poet:* "We are very clumsy writers of history. We tell the chronicle of parentage, birth, birth-place, schooling, schoolmates, earning of money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, death; and when we have come to an end of this gossip, no ray of relation appears between it and the goddess-born."

NOTE 2. This is characteristic. It reflects Emerson's reading in Oriental, Greek, and Old English literature. There is in it Platonic reminiscence, eastern and Teutonic mysticism.

NOTE 3. See *Nature*, and the duality of nature touched upon in *Compensation*.

NOTE 4. The word "consist" is used in its strict etymological sense and gives a startling emphasis to the idea.

NOTE 5. The paradox of dealing with exceptions and crises as being of the essence of nature is not merely verbal with Emerson. A similar principle animated the great scientist who advised, "Study the waste" for the key to discovery.

NOTE 6. See *Self-Reliance*.

NOTE 7. An example of the way in which the vague associations connected with a name may be made to rivet attention to a thought. One Hasdrubal died 207 B. C., and according to Livy his head was thrown into the camp of his brother Hannibal. Another died 221 B. C., assassinated by a slave whose master he had put to death. A third Hasdrubal was commander in the war against Masinissa, 150 B. C. After an obstinate resistance

he surrendered to Scipio, and was allowed to live in honorable captivity; but his wife upbraided him for his surrender and threw herself and her children into the flames in the temple where they had taken refuge.

NOTE 8. Cesare Borgia, 1478–1507, a man of personal beauty, a patron of learning, a resolute soldier, and a master of cruel perfidy, lived violently, died in war, and was celebrated as a model ruler by Macchiavelli in *Il Principe.* Few persons have vivid memories of this, but the names impress.

NOTE 9. Reminiscent of Wordsworth's Ode on *Intimations of Immortality:* —

> "At length the Man perceives it die away
> And fade into the light of common day."

NOTE 10. This recalls the æsthetic theory of Kant. The "note of the universal" is really this taking for granted our own competence. We cannot imagine any dissent from our opinions or our pleasures or our virtues when we are really engaged with works of any sort of art that makes its own appeal.

NOTE 11. The position of the adjectives after the noun illustrates the way in which the rhythm of the sentence influenced Emerson's style.

NOTE 12. See Joshua, x, 12: "Stand thou still upon Gibeon."

NOTE 13. The note in the Centenary Edition suggests inaccuracy here: —

"I am indebted to Professor Charles Eliot Norton for calling my attention to the probable compounding of the name Marmaduke Robinson, through a slip of Mr. Emerson's memory, out of the names of the two Quakers hung on Boston Common in 1659, Marmaduke Stevenson and William Robinson."

NOTE 14. Stonehenge is a prehistoric monument in Salisbury Plain, Wiltshire: it seems to have consisted of two concentric circles of upright stones inclosing two ellipses. The Ohio circles are aboriginal fortifications on the Scioto River, twenty-six miles south of Columbus. Mexico is a way of suggesting the interesting features of native Aztec civilization. Memphis is the early capital of Egypt.

NOTE 15. Belzoni, Giovanni Battista, 1778–1823, an Italian traveler, explorer, and athlete (at Astley's, London). He transferred the bust of the so-called Young Memnon from Thebes to the British Museum.

NOTE 16. One of the most important and least appreciated of Emerson's contributions to the natural history of thinking.

NOTE 17. The word was introduced into philosophy by Giovanni Bruno to denote the minimum parts of substances, supposed by him to be at once psychical and material. Leibnitz conceived the monad as absolutely unextended substance existing in space, its existence consisting in its activities, which are ideas; and the universe was, in his belief, made up of such ideas.

The history of each monad followed an internal law, and all intercourse between the monads was impossible; but there was a preëstablished harmony between these laws of the different monads. The term is applied in biology to any simple single-celled organism. Huxley says: "There is reason to think that certain organisms which pass through a monad stage of existence . . . are, at one time of their lives, dependent upon external sources for their protein matter, or are animals; and, at another period, manufacture it, or are plants."

NOTE 18. This use instead of brutality is rare. The Century Dictionary cites another instance from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, II, viii, 12.

NOTE 19. This is not a precise statement. Io appears in the *Prometheus* as a fair woman with a heifer's horns.

NOTE 20. Herodotus wrote a history of the Persian invasion of Greece. Thucydides began a history of the Peloponnesian War. Xenophon described the expedition of the ten thousand Greeks to the Black Sea. Plutarch, author of *Forty-six Parallel Lives* of Greeks and Romans.

NOTE 21. Cf. *Papers from The Dial*, particularly "Thoughts on Modern Literature," "Europe and European Books," "Past and Present," and "A Letter."

NOTE 22. Another famous description of sculpture is "frozen music."

NOTE 23. Cf. "Xenophanes" in *Poems*.

NOTE 24. It is hardly possible that Emerson had not in mind while writing this sentence the remarkable natural formation in the White Mountains known as "The Old Man of the Mountain."

NOTE 25. This reference has a peculiarly personal emphasis, as shown by the note in the Centenary Edition: —

"In the month of April, 1839, Carlyle sent Raphael Morghen's engraving of the Aurora, by Guido in the Rospigliosi palace in Rome, to Mr. Emerson, saying, "It is my wife's memorial to your wife. . . . Two houses divided by wide seas are to understand always that they are united nevertheless." The picture still hangs in the parlor of Mr. Emerson's home, with the inscription which accompanied it: 'Will the lady of Concord hang up this Italian sun-chariot somewhere in her Drawing Room, and, looking at it, think sometimes of a household here which has good cause never to forget hers. T. CARLYLE.'

"Mr. Emerson used to point out to his children how the varied repetition of the manes, heads, and prancing forefeet of the horses were imitations of the curved folds of a great cumulus cloud."

NOTE 26. Roos, Johann Heinrich, 1631–1685, a German painter of animals.

NOTE 27. A similar claim is made by Ruskin for a certain type of artist.

NOTE 28. This is to all intents a quotation from himself. He has made the sentiment his own in theory and in practice.

NOTE 29. See the essays on "Art" (*Essays, First Series,* and *Society and Solitude*) and "The Problem" in *Poems.*

NOTE 30. The cathedral of Strassburg is fabled to have been begun in 600. When the great wooden tower burned down, Erwin, an architect, was employed to restore it. He began the work of restoration in 1227, but did not live to complete it. His sons Johannes and Erwin carried on the work from his drawings, which are still at Strassburg. The façade, the galleries, and the rose windows are of great beauty.

NOTE 31. See *Hamlet,* III, ii.

NOTE 32. This derivation of an architectural feature from a snow landscape is unusual. The arching of trees has been suggested for the origin of the pointed arch, the lotus and the acanthus have served as factors in art systems, but what may be called the architecture of snow and ice is not a common factor in explanation. The suggestion is worked out elaborately in Whittier's *Snow-Bound,* and delicately in the second prelude in Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

NOTE 33. See "The Snow-Storm" in *Poems.*

NOTE 34. Heeren, Arnold Hermann Ludwig, 1760–1842, a German historian, professor of philosophy and history at Göttingen.

NOTE 35. A river of Ethiopia mentioned by Strabo. *C. E.*

NOTE 36. See De Quincey's *Flight of a Tartar Tribe.*

NOTE 37. This active transitive use of the verb is vigorous and smacks of the market. The force is much greater than if some ethical or literary word had been used.

NOTE 38. This is rather half-hearted. The Germans do not say Fore-World but Vorwelt.

NOTE 39. The force of "costly" here seems to lie in the price that is paid in effort to get back to the simple, and also perhaps in the distaste we may acquire for newer literature.

NOTE 40. See Whistler's *Ten O'clock,* also Kipling's *The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

NOTE 41. A famous Greek archer in the Trojan war. He was friend and armor-bearer to Hercules. Hero of a play by Sophocles.

NOTE 42. Dr. Richard Moulton puts the distinction between the Greek-classic and English-romantic as being the effort to keep as much as possible out (the classic) and to get as much as possible in (the romantic).

NOTE 43. This judgment has been abundantly justified by recent criticism and discoveries in archæology. Classic and romantic are descriptions of stages and attitudes of all art rather than of fixed times or localities.

NOTE 44. See Shakespeare's *Macbeth,* I, iii.

NOTE 45. Menu or Manu. In Sanskrit "man," one of a class of demiurgic beings, each of whom presides over a Manvantara, or period of Manu.

NOTE 46. Simeon, *d.* 459, a Syrian ascetic who spent the

last thirty years of his life on a pillar near Antioch. The Thebais, a Greek epic of the Theban cycle and of unknown authorship; the theme, a mythical war between Argos and Thebes. Capuchins, a mendicant order of Franciscan monks, founded in Italy in 1528 by Matteo di Bassi, and named from the long capouch, or cowl, which they wore. They were to live by begging, were not to use gold or silver or silk in decoration of their altars, and the chalices were to be of pewter.

NOTE 47. A member of the learned and priestly caste in Persia. Brahmin, member of the highest or priestly caste of India. Druid, a priest of the ancient Celts. Inca, a chief or lord in ancient Peru.

NOTE 48. Son of Poseidon and Libya, a deity of several primitive nations.

NOTE 49. Champollion, Jean François, 1790–1832, a celebrated French archæologist, Orientalist, and explorer. He discovered the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphic inscriptions.

NOTE 50. An Indian town in Mexico. The tall mound was probably an ancient settlement on a base of sun-dried bricks, with a second platform of less extent and greater elevation, and a central mound the average elevation of which is now one hundred and seventy feet.

NOTE 51. A tragedy of Æschylus. Emerson means that the form of the work of art adds beauty to a process which is usually considered destructive and hideous.

NOTE 52. Orpheus was the son of Apollo or a Thracian river-god. He could charm all animate and inanimate things with his music. "Riddle" is here used as a synonym for meaning. Cf. "Come riddle me my riddle."

NOTE 53. See Plato's *Phædrus*, the myth of the charioteer and the vision of truth. The entire paragraph is very Platonic. See *Intellect*, *Essays*, "First Series," Cent. Ed., pp. 335–7.

NOTE 54. Cf. James Russell Lowell's *Extreme Unction*.

NOTE 55. The third act of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust* is known in Germany as "the Helena." It is an independent poem dealing with Helen of Troy interpolated by Goethe very loosely into the drama of *Faust*.

NOTE 56. Chiron was a centaur, son of Kronos and Philyra.

NOTE 57. Imaginary creatures, part lion, part eagle.

NOTE 58. Three daughters of Darkness (Phorkys) and the Abyss (Keto). One of the forms in which Mephistopheles appears in the Second Part of *Faust*.

NOTE 59. The wife of Tyndareus, and mother of Helen, Clytemnestra, Castor and Pollux.

NOTE 60. The relation of modern science to obscure and occult practices of an earlier age was doubtless in Emerson's mind. Astronomy is astrology transformed, chemistry owes much to alchemy, and botany to the herbalist. One aspect of this relation is well set forth in Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*, in the story entitled "The Joyous Venture."

NOTE 61. *Perceforest*, a mediæval French romance, the scene in Britain before the time of Arthur. *Amadis de Gaul*, a romance of the fourteenth century by Vasco de Lobeira of Portugal.

NOTE 62. See ballad in *Percy's Reliques;* or in Sargent and Kittredge, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads.*

NOTE 63. That is, he is the heir of all the ages.

NOTE 64. This passage is part of a lecture on "The Doctrine of the Hands," given in the course on *Human Culture* in 1837–38. This is the relativity of things so ever present in Emerson's thought.

NOTE 65. Shakespeare, *Henry VI*, Pt. I, II, iii.

NOTE 66. Laplace, Pierre Simon, Marquis de, 1749–1827, celebrated French astronomer and mathematician.

NOTE 67. The use of "prophesied" here is very characteristic of Emerson's diction and his habit of thought. The word suggests more than he needs to say, but it gives dignity and scope and a certain liberality of attitude to the reader's mind. The ordinary term would be "implied" or "called for" or even "necessitated."

NOTE 68. Davy, Sir Humphry, 1778–1829, celebrated English chemist, inventor of the safety lamp.

NOTE 69. Gay-Lussac, Joseph Louis (1778–1850), French chemist and physicist, made the first balloon ascension for scientific purposes in 1804.

NOTE 70. Handel, George Frederick, 1685–1759, a celebrated German composer of music. He is best known for his oratorios, among them "The Messiah."

NOTE 71. There are two Whittemores, one Thomas (1800–1861), a Universalist preacher and ethical writer of Boston, Mass., compiler of *Songs of Zion*. In his youth he was "mechanic." The other, Amos, 1759–1826, an inventor who contrived a machine for puncturing the leather and setting the wire for cotton and wool cards. The efficient means out of one of his difficulties in this invention was revealed to him in a dream. In either case this name is an instance of the determined impartiality of Emerson's mind. The rating of Whittemore with Watt, Fulton, and Arkwright is little short of absurd, judged in the light of their subsequent reputations, but taking the chance doubtless seemed a duty of the hour to Emerson.

NOTE 72. This seems perhaps a concession to persons who have poor memories and cannot pass examinations, but Emerson's alternative is so much more difficult that the conventional demands seem easy in comparison. Cf. *The American Scholar* I and II, part of which is: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote those books."

NOTE 73. Cf. Robert Browning's *Popularity*, part of which is, —

"And there's the extract, flasked and fine,
And priced and salable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes, and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.

"Hobbs hints blue, — straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue, — claret crowns his cup:
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats, —
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?"

NOTE 74. An aboriginal inhabitant of the Hawaiian Islands.

NOTE 75. See "Limits" in *Poems;* also *Nature:* "To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. . . . In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of his life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth." Also *Discipline:* "The moral influence of nature upon every individual is that amount of truth which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this? Who can guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman? how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds forevermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain? how much industry and providence and affection we have caught from the pantomime of brutes? What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of Health?" Also the motto for *Nature:* —

"A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings!
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose,
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

POLITICS

The account in the Centenary Edition gives these facts about the essay in the form in which it was published: —

"This essay was based on a lecture in the Boston course of 1839–40 on 'The Present Age.' The lecture on 'Politics' followed 'Literature' and preceded 'Reforms' and 'Religion.' Much new matter was added in the essay. Some passages that were omitted it seemed well to give in these notes. In this essay one sees Emerson fearlessly apply his doctrine of the Universal Mind, or the *common* sense of man, to politics, and find therein good hope for democracy. And his faith in evolution encourages a fearless optimism when at last in the nineteenth Christian century he has found one man — it does not appear whether himself or another — 'to whom no weight of adverse experience

will make it for a moment impossible that thousands of human beings might exercise towards each other the grandest and simplest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of lovers.'"

NOTE 1. Merlin or Myrddhin was a half-legendary bard of the sixth century. No authentic work of his remains. As a legendary figure he plays a part in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, and in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. The Early English Text Society has published for the first time the Early English prose romance of Merlin, 1450–60, from the French original attributed to Robert de Borron. Borron's original was Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Vita Merlini* (1139), translated into French by Wace. The student should not be content with any characterization of Merlin that ignores this material.

NOTE 2. Pisistratus, 605–527 B. C., a tyrant of Athens, friend of Solon.

NOTE 3. Cromwell, 1599–1658, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Carlyle's lecture on "The Hero As King," in which he gave a place to Cromwell, had been delivered in 1840. Compare with the classification given in the *Phædrus* of Plato, where the tyrant and the good king are opposed as examples of more or less disciplined and cultured wills, according to the share they had won of truth as opposed to mere will or passion. Jowett, Tr., p. 248.

NOTE 4. A proverbial expression for profitless labor. Ocnus twisted a rope, an ass ate it. Proverbially also a feeble union or tie.

NOTE 5. "Perishes in the twisting" is a variant of perishes in the using, to express an even briefer span of life.

NOTE 6. The more usual expression would be "greater" or "more of."

NOTE 7. "And" commonly connects similar types of speech. The use of brute as an adjective is archaic and gives dignity and force to the expression.

NOTE 8. A Syrian, father-in-law of Jacob. See Genesis xxx, 5.

NOTE 9. See *The Fortune of the Republic:* "The class of which I speak make themselves merry without duties. They sit in decorated club-houses in the cities, and burn tobacco and play whist; in the country they sit idle in stores and bar-rooms, and burn tobacco, and gossip and sleep." In nobler form the ideal objections were put in the form of experiments like those at Florence, Fruitlands, and Brook Farm. The purpose of the experiment may be said to be the higher life by way of agriculture, self-culture, and communism. Emerson considered its claims as presented to him by ardent advocates and decided against joining them. In different places he has expressed himself to the effect that he must "submit to the degradation of owning bank-stock and seeing poor men suffer," and that he did not "wish to remove from (his) my present prison to a prison a little larger." "I wish to break all prisons." "At the name of a society, all my quills rise and sharpen." "Diet, medicine, traffic,

books, social intercourse, and all the rest of our practices and usages are equally divorced from ideas, are empirical and false. I should like to put all my practices back on their first thoughts, and do nothing for which I now ask the whole world for my reason. If there are inconveniences and what is called ruin in the way, because we have so enervated and maimed ourselves, yet it would be like dying of perfumes to sink in the effort to reattach the deeds of every day to the holy and mysterious recesses of life." *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* J. E. Cabot, ii, 437.

NOTE 10. The Century Dictionary gives two instances of the use of this word by Milton. See *The Fortune of the Republic:* "Our people are too slight and vain. . . . We import trifles, dancers, singers, laces, books of patterns, modes, gloves and cologne, manuals of Gothic architecture, steam-made ornaments."

NOTE 11. This is a variation in English of the Latin *res nolunt diu male administrari,* with its legal associations.

NOTE 12. This paragraph from the lecture was omitted here: "The philosopher, who is never to stop at the outside or appearance of things, will find more to justify his faith in the harmony of politics with the constitution of man, than the mere statute-book can furnish him. There is more history to a nation than can be gathered from its code. Its code is only the high-water mark showing how high the last tide rose, but at this moment perhaps the waters rise higher still, only they have not yet notched their place by a line of pebbles, shells, and seaweed. Observe that the law is always the last and never the first step. One person, a few persons, an increasing minority do the thing; defend it; irresistibly urge it; until finally, against all reluctance, roaring opposition, it becomes the law of the land. The thing goes before, — the form comes after. The elements of power, namely, persons and property, must and will have their just sway." *C. E.*

NOTE 13. See *The American Scholar:* "The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. . . . Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. . . . Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. . . . He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated." This is the aspect of self-reliance to which Emerson most often recurs, but it is presented under a different guise — that of group efficiency."

NOTE 14. The original lecture had from this point the material supplied by the Centenary Edition, as follows: —

"It seems to follow from these doctrines that nothing is less important than the laws or forms of government. Power belongs to persons and to property. Property is merely the obedience of nature to human labor and follows of course the moral quality of the persons who create and hold it. With the progress of any society, with the cultivation of individuals, the existing forms become every day of less consequence. Every addition of good sense that a citizen acquires destroys so much of his opposition to the laws of nature and the well-being of society, and of course brings the power of his property on the side of justice. Knowledge transfers the censorship from the State House to the reason of every citizen, and compels every man to mount guard over himself, and puts shame and remorse for sergeants and maces. And we find in all times and countries every great man does, in all his nature, point at and imply the existence and well-being of all the orders and institutions of a state. He is full of reverence. He is by inclination (how far soever in position) the defender of the grammar-school, the almshouse, the holy day, the church, the priest, the judge, the legislator, the executive arm. Throughout his being is he loyal, even when by circumstance arrayed in opposition to the actual order of things. Such was Socrates, St. Paul, Luther, Milton, Burke.

"The education of every man is bringing him ever to postpone his private to the universal good, to comport himself, that is, in his proper person, as a state, and of course whilst the whole community around him are doing the like, the persons who hold public offices become mere clerks of business, in no sense the sovereigns of the people.

"It were very much to be wished that these laws drawn from the nature of things could become a part of the popular philosophy, that at least all endeavors for the reform of education or the reform of political opinion might be made where only they can have any avail, in the speculative views of the individual, for it was justly said by Bacon that the speculative opinions of men in general between the age of thirty and forty were the only sure source of political prophecy. The philosophy of property, if explored in its foundations, would open new mines of practical wisdom, which would in the event change the face of the world; would destroy the whole magazine of dissimulation, for so many ages reckoned the capital art of Government. It would purge that rottenness which has defamed the whole Science until *politic* has come to mean cunning; would show the pretenders in that science that they were their own dupes; would show that the cunningest man cannot cheat nature or do any wrong without suffering the same. It would go deep into ethics and touch all the relations of man. It would teach the subtle and inextricable compensation that attaches to property. Everything God hath made hath two faces. Every cent in a dollar covers its worth, and also covers its evil. The man who

covets the wealth of London should know that whilst each pound and penny represents so much commodity, so much corn and wine and cloth, of necessity it also represents so much mould or sourness and moth as belongs to these commodities: if so much property, then so much risk; if so much power, then so much danger; if so much revenue, then so much tax. When his honest labor and enterprise attract to him a great estate, then his exertions stand over against his gains to make him whole. But could his wish without his honest labor transfer out of another's vaults a million pounds sterling into his own chest, so would also, against his wish, just so massive an ill will and fear concentrate its black rays on him in darkness that might be felt. All property must and will pay its tax. If it come not by fair means, then it comes by foul. The wise man who sees the unerring compensations which worked themselves out in the world, will pay the state its full dividend on his estate, if not for love of right, then for fear of harm.

"And as in respect to property, so also in respect to persons it takes an ounce to balance an ounce; the fair house of Seem is never an equivalent for the house of Be. Nor can the loudest Pretension supply the place of the smallest piece of Performance. A just view of human nature would convince men of that truth (how hard to learn) that it is the man makes the place. Alfred, Washington, Lafayette, appear half divine to the people followed in their office by a nation's eye. Ambitious but pitiful persons see them and think it is the place alone that makes them great, and that if they sat in the same chairs they would be as much admired. All means are used to this end; all sorts of shame accumulated; and by and by perhaps they sit in the high seat only to make subtleness and pitifulness quite bare to the view of all men.

"In our own times, without satire, this mistake is so common that all society and government seems to be making believe, when we see such ignorant persons with a grave countenance taking their places as legislators and statesmen. This could not be, but that at intervals throughout society there are real men intermixed, whose natural basis is broad enough to sustain the paper men in common times, as the carpenter puts one iron rod in his banister to five or six wooden ones. But inexorable time, which brings opportunity once to every man, brings also to every man the hour of trial to prove him whether he is genuine, or whether he is counterfeit.

"The last ages have been characterized in history by the immense creation of property. The population of the globe, by the nations of western Europe in whom the superiority of intellect and organization seems to reside, has set at work so many skilful hands that great wealth is added. Now no dollar of property is created without some direct communication with nature, and of course some acquisition of knowledge and practical power. The creation of all this property, and that by mil-

lions, not by a few, involves necessarily so much education of the minds of the proprietors. With power always comes the consciousness of power, and therefore indomitable millions have demanded forms of government more suited to the facts. Throughout Europe, throughout America, the struggle exists between those who claim new forms at all hazards, and those who prefer the old forms to the hazard of change. Of course on the whole is a steady progress of innovation. In London, they write on the fences, 'Of what use are the Lords?' In Spain and in Portugal, the liberal monarchists can scarce hold out against the mob. The South American States are too unsettled than that an ordinary memory can keep the run of the powers that be.

"The era seems marked in many countries by the separation of real power from its forms, and the continual interference of the popular opinion between the executive and its will. A levity before unknown follows. The word 'Revolution' is stripped of its terrors, and they may have many in a year. They say in Paris, There will be no revolution to-day, for it rains.

"The struggle is envenomed by the great admixture of ignorance and selfishness on both sides which always depraves human affairs, and also prevents the war from being one purely of ideas. The innovators are led not by the best, but by the boldest, and often by the worst, who drive their private trade on, take advantage of the march of the principle. The conservatives make up for weakness by wiles and oppose indiscriminately the good and evil measures of their antagonists. Meantime Party, that bellowing hound that barks or fawns, that defamer and bargainer and unreasoning self-lover, distorts all facts and blinds all eyes. Party counts popularity success. Its whole aim ever is *to get the hurrah on our side*. It infects from the bar-room and ward-caucus up, all the veins of the state, stealing even into literature and religion; and in our age every Party has written history for itself as Gibbon, Lingard, Brodie, Hume, Hallam, Mitford.

"Meantime if we rise above the hubbub of parties, and the uncovered selfishness of many of the actors, we shall see that humanity is always the gainer, that the production of property has been the education of the producers, that the creation of so many new households and so many forcible and propertied citizens, has been the creation of lovers of order, knowledge and peace, and hating war. Trade and war are always antagonists. The progress of trade has been the death of war, universally. In these days nations have stretched out the hand to each other. In our times, it is said for the first time, has the word 'International' been compounded. Some progress has been made by national compact in hindering offences against all the world, as piracy and kidnapping. Mediation is made to supersede armies and navies. The projects with which

the minds of philanthropists teem, are themselves a sure mark of progress. The black colony at Liberia, the proposition of the congress of nations to arbitrate controversies arising between two states, and so to prevent war or at least aid the right cause by the moral force of a decision, these are projects the bare starting of which in any practicable shape, proves civilization and Christianity. The mutual helpfulness of nations and the sympathy of all in the projects of each and the continual approximation by means of mechanical improvements seem to point at stricter union and simpler legislation, at a legislation more purely official, such as shall not hold out such bribes to vanity and avarice.

"The philosopher must console himself amidst the harsh discord of what is called politics by the reflection that its errors, like the errors of the planets, are periodic; that a firm bound is set by counterchecks in man to every excess, that the discipline which the events of every day administer to every man, tend always to make him a better citizen, and to make him independent of the mutations of parties and states."

A comparison of these two endings is important as showing the different tone of Emerson's spoken and printed estimate of institutions. The mood of the second is much more confident and is certainly spiritually optimistic. In the first the doubt is at least suggested that law is the creature of a force, as malevolent as controlling. In short the first has the emphasis of a half-truth put as if it were a truth and a half. In the delivery it was doubtless ameliorated and chastened by Emerson's personality and the beneficence of his bearing.

NOTE 15. On the occasion of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, Emerson said in a wonderful address, part of which is here cited from the Centenary Edition: —

"The last year has forced us all into politics. There is infamy in the air. I wake in the morning with a painful sensation which I carry about all day, and which, when traced home, is the odious remembrance of that ignominy which has fallen on Massachusetts. I have lived all my life in this State and never had any experience of personal inconvenience from the laws until now. They never came near me to my discomfort before. *But the Act of Congress of September 18th, 1850, is a law which every one of you will break on the earliest occasion, — a law which no man can obey, or abet the obeying, without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the name of a gentleman.*"

NOTE 16. See Burke's *Observations on a late Publication*: "Party divisions, whether on the whole operating for good or evil, are things inseparable from free government."

NOTE 17. This is unusually severe characterization. It must be taken rather as the expression of Emerson's attitude towards all radicalism as such, than as a condemnation of American radicalism in comparison with American excess of any other kind. It is the lack of love that Emerson deplores, and he forgets that he has not proved the facts on radicalism in America.

NOTE 18. A penal colony on an inlet of the eastern coast of New South Wales, Australia, five miles south of Sidney, sent out 1787–88 from England, but later transferred to Port Jackson.

NOTE 19. Fisher Ames, 1758–1808, Dedham, Mass., orator, statesman, and political philosopher. Federal member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1789–97. He declined the presidency of Harvard College.

NOTE 20. This is a beautiful expression of a very ugly fact, and one that Emerson particularly regretted when it came under his notice. Yet as an admirer of force and individuality, he always paid his tribute to efficient assertion of the moment's duty. He understood the honor there could be among thieves. Yet this is an overstatement. It is not really the want of liberty that strengthens law and decorum.

NOTE 21. A term said to be derived from Charles Lynch, 1736–1796, a Virginia planter, who with two neighbors undertook to secure order by punishing offenders with stripes or banishment without process of law.

NOTE 22. This is a brief review of the theories of government presented in Aristotle's treatises, Plato's characterization, and based on an ideal principle thoroughly Platonic in its interpretation of the course of political experiment. See Welldon's *Politics of Aristotle* and Jowett's *Plato's Republic*.

NOTE 23. At this passage the Centenary Edition supplies the following: —

"Mr. Cabot, in the Appendix F to his Memoir, giving an account of the lecture 'Politics,' printed the following passage as omitted in the essay. I cannot find it in the manuscript, and suppose it may have dropped out: —

"'The State and Church guard their purlieus with jealous decorum. I sometimes wonder where their books find readers among mere mortals, who must sometimes laugh, and are liable to the infirmity of sleep. Yet politics rest on real foundations and cannot be treated with levity. But the foundation is not numbers or force, but character. Men do not see that all force comes from this, and that the disuse of force is the education of men to do without it. Character is the true theocracy. It will one day suffice for the government of the world. Absolutely speaking, I can only work for myself. The fight of Leonidas, the hemlock of Socrates, the cross of Christ, is not personal sacrifice for others, but fulfils a high necessity of his proper character : the benefit to others is merely contingent.'"

NOTE 24. Compare with the analysis of the relation between liberty and taxing given by Burke in the *Speech on Conciliation with America:* "Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object, and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing."

NOTE 25. This is intended to supply an emphasis for the two sentences of conclusion rather than to delay thought upon itself. Emerson thinks of the beatitude of men when relations are angelic, memory myrrh, and presence frankincense and flowers; he does not literally prescribe personal isolation as a means to the end. At most he suggests the limited nature of personal relations. But the saying sounds stern and cold — to the unreflecting — cool possibly to the most reflective.

NOTE 26. Malthus, Thomas Robert, 1766–1834, an English political economist, known for his *Principle of Population*, 1798, which he states to be that population increases in a geometrical ratio, means of subsistence in an arithmetical ratio, and that vice and crime are necessary checks of this increase in numbers.

NOTE 27. Ricardo, David, 1772–1823, an English Jew celebrated for his original and influential treatment of economic problems. One of his books is *Political Economy and Taxation*.

NOTE 28. A valuable publication originated by Robert Dudley at the suggestion of Burke, who was for some years editor and principal contributor. The years from 1758 to 1790 cover the first series. It is still proceeding.

NOTE 29. Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon*, a German Encyclopædia, extensive in range and precise in information.

NOTE 30. See "Fragments on the Poet" in *Poems*.

NOTE 31. A reminiscence of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and its clothes vocabulary.

NOTE 32. See Genesis iii, 7. Professor Woodberry, in *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, p. 186, says: "The secret of his style is in diction. It may be described as seventeenth-century diction." The secret of this passage is adequately revealed by this characterization.

NOTE 33. The ordinary word here would be "consciousness;" greater force and the entire charm of the passage is gained from Emerson's variation.

NOTE 34. Compare this phrase, its meaning and associations, with the "perfect moment" of Walter Pater. The perfect moment is one of the experiences of Marius the Epicurean in Pater's study of that name. The renunciation, the restraint implied in it, are well fitted to bring out the full flavor of the suspicion Emerson expresses about "the splendid."

NOTE 35 "Not all there" is the homely phrase by which New Englanders describe the mentally deficient. The suggestion adds point to the awkwardness of ability in conventional society.

NOTE 36. This is a brilliantly suggestive characterization, but its meaning is elusive. What class of forest animals has nothing but a prehensile tail? Is it apes or snakes, or may he invent an imaginary creature to meet our needs?

NOTE 37. This is a curious phrase. The meaning seems to be "as far as code is concerned" or in the colloquial phrase "for all the code," *i. e.* "in spite of" or "without."

NOTE 38. This would seem more precisely expressed by "useless," but the use of "hopeless" makes the sentence dramatic within its own structure — competition is presented as without hope.

NOTE 39. An old-fashioned structure of the phrase.

NOTE 40. The earlier form of this substituted "fate" for "faith." *C. E.*

NOTE 41. This expresses Emerson's characteristic opposition to the classic conception of form and limit as imposed by the nature of things. In the *Laws* Plato sets forth the precise limits of the successful city state (*Laws*, Bk. V, 738. Jowett, Tr.). Few critics of institutions are free from the dread that they may be "too large." Perhaps still fewer can really subscribe to the truth of Emerson's closing sentence. How many dare act on it? Yet even Emerson did not always strike this note. In *Nominalist and Realist* he says in a quite different connection: "Though the uninspired man certainly finds persons a conveniency in household matters, the divine man does not respect them: he sees them as a rack of clouds, or a fleet of ripples which the wind drives over the surface of the water. But this is flat rebellion. Nature will not be Buddhist: she resents generalizing, and insults the philosopher in every moment with a million of fresh particulars." The view of property formally presented by Emerson in this essay may be well compared with a few sentences from Shaler's "The Individual" (Appleton), p. 135 *et seq.* "The possession and the sense of property, both essentially features of human society, have in certain ways been very effective in promoting the development of sympathy, though, like war, it has had at the same time a limiting effect on the range of the emotion. The first effect of the property sense is, of course, hedonistic, purely selfish; but more than any other influence, it has in a secondary way served to create a sense of the rights of others, to make men put themselves in the place of the neighbor. The very cornerstone of human society is an understanding of the fellow creature. It is clear that this sense has come forth from the earliest of them, *i. e.* the right of each man to his own possessions. In such ways as these the conception of the kindred man, as like one's self, has been greatly fostered by the development of social institutions." Far more congenial to this view of property and its influence are the positions held and set forth in Emerson's sympathetic essay on *Wealth* in *Conduct of Life*. In the motto to this essay: —

"But, though light-headed man forget,
Remembering Matter pays her debt:
Still, through her motes and masses, draw
Electric thrills and ties of Law,
Which bind the strengths of Nature wild
To the conscience of a child."

Finally in *An Imperial Rescript* by Kipling appears another version of the matter, in part: —

"And over the German benches the bearded whisper ran: —
Lager, der girls and der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man.
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girls dere mit;
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt."

BEHAVIOR

This essay is from a course of lectures on *The Conduct of Life* read to audiences in 1851, some time after Mr. Emerson's return from a stay of nine months in England. The publication of the book called out varied and somewhat contradictory opinions. The introduction to the volume in the Centenary Edition gives a full and valuable account of the important circumstances attending the course of lectures as well as the publication of the book. Two other volumes of Emerson's essays are closely related to this essay, *Representative Men* and *English Traits*. The essays *Behavior* and *Manners* are links in the chain from causes to events that reaches from the soul to men and their doings.

The motto well expresses in the closing couplet Emerson's attitude toward the conventional claims of behavior.

"The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb."

His explanation of the enduring deception is to be found in the suggestions of a note in the Centenary Edition: —

"How near to what is good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be."

"These lines of Jonson express the charm which the graces had for the solitary New England scholar who believed himself sadly deficient in them. He used these verses as the motto to what a writer in a recent journal has called "his fine essay on Manners, which was the first study for his finer essay on Behavior." The allusion, in the last lines of the motto of this essay, to Endymion, whom sleeping the moon stooped to kiss, leaving the influence of that benediction while life lasted, is a statement of the author's own case. It recalls the opening verses of the 'Ode to Beauty,' written perhaps ten years earlier."

NOTE 1. George Sand's novel *Consuelo* was one of the few novels read and valued by Mr. Emerson, who alludes to it in the essay on "Books," in *Society and Solitude*, and in *Representative Men*. *C. E.*

NOTE 2. Talma, François Joseph, and Madame Vanhove, a French tragic actor and a French actress, his wife. The hus-

band introduced upon the stage the custom of wearing the costume of the period represented, was a critic of art, and friend of Napoleon.

NOTE 3. Talma's work did not prevent Emerson from seeing the real man under "the arts." In *Napoleon, or the Man of the World* in *Representative Men,* he says: "Napoleon is thoroughly modern, and at the highest point of his fortunes has the very spirit of the newspapers. . . . In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last, but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of Jupiter Scapin, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter. . . . So this exorbitant egotist narrowed, impoverished, and absorbed the power and existence of those who served him; and the universal cry of France and of Europe in 1814 was, Enough of him; 'Assez de Bonaparte!'"

NOTE 4. See Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, III, i.

NOTE 5. An example of the free way in which Emerson uses structure to suit his eyes rather than the gerund-grinders.

NOTE 6.

I care not how you are dressed,
In coarsest weeds or in the best;

. . . .

But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me.

"Destiny," *Poems.*

NOTE 7. Asmodeus, a demon mentioned in the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha, and in the Talmud. The keeping him out of mischief by setting him to spin sand into ropes is alluded to in several places in Mr. Emerson's work, as in *Politics* and *Resources*. In a fragment of verse he likens his own task of weaving his thoughts into a coherent tissue for an essay to that of this spirit. *C. E.*

NOTE 8. This is a vigorous provincialism of the kind Emerson delighted in.

NOTE 9. A famous school or university in Rome established by Hadrian. Also a club in London established 1824. Finally a local library of Boston.

NOTE 10. Titian, 1477–1576, a famous Venetian painter. He was portrait painter to the Doges.

NOTE 11. Claverhouse, John Graham, Viscount Dundee, *c.* 1649–1689, a Scottish soldier employed to put down the Covenanters, fell in the victorious battle of Killiecrankie against William III. The word "fop" has only relative significance as applied to him in this passage. He was a fierce soldier, but a precisian in forms, military and others.

NOTE 12. The Centenary Edition notes that the passage is thought to allude to John Quincy Adams.

NOTE 13. The Emir Abd-el-Kader, whose energy and courage made him for sixteen years a terror to the French army

in Algiers, was finally captured in 1847. He became the friend of General Daumas, who edited an exceedingly interesting book entitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, in which he recorded what the Emir told him of the Arab horse, the tradition of his origin, the texts from the Koran concerning him, his breeding, treatment, and performance, and also of the customs and modes of thought and action of the Arabs of the Desert. Mr. Emerson took great pleasure in this book. *C. E.*

NOTE 14. See "The Initial, the Dæmonic and the Celestial Love." In the Old English epic of Beowulf there is mention of a woman who would let no man look into her eyes except her husband. The English sonnets of the Elizabethan period speak of lovers looking babies in each other's eyes. See Robert Browning's *Cristina*: —

"She never should have looked at me
 If she meant I should not love her!
There are plenty . . . men, you call such,
 I suppose . . . she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases,
 And yet leave much as she found them:
But I'm not so, and she knew it
 When she fixed me, glancing round them," *et seq.*

NOTE 15. Cf. J. R. Lowell's *Studies for Two Heads*, part of which is: —

"Her eye, — it seems a chemic test
 And drops upon you like an acid;
It bites you with unconscious zest,
 So clear and bright, so coldly placid;
It holds you quietly aloof,
 It holds, — and yet it does not win you;
It merely puts you to the proof
 And sorts what qualities are in you;
It smiles, but never brings you nearer,
 It lights, — her nature draws not nigh;
'T is but that yours is growing clearer
 To her assays; — yes, try and try,
 You'll get no deeper than her eye."

NOTE 16. The book of Winckelmann on Greek Art was often referred to by Mr. Emerson. Johann Caspar Lavater, the Swiss mystic, wrote a remarkable work on physiognomy in men and animals, in which he pushed his theories to a ludicrous extreme. His *Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beförderung der Menschenkenntniss und Menschenliebe* was published in 1775–78. *C. E.*

NOTE 17. Louis de Rouvroi, Duke of Saint-Simon, 1675–1755, a writer of interesting *Mémoires*, which because of their bold and satirical character did not obtain full publication until 1829. Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, 1614–79, a man of loose morals but much ability, became Cardinal, and Archbishop of Paris. He had many vicissitudes of fortune, being an opponent of Richelieu and Mazarin, and had to take

refuge in Spain for some years. His *Mémoires* cover an interesting period. Pierre Louis, Count Roederer, 1754–1835, a man of letters who was a statesman of remarkable intelligence and address, which saved him, although of the moderate party, in the French Revolution, throughout which he was very active. Under Napoleon he occupied places of importance, but after the return of the Bourbons he devoted himself to literature. Among his writings are the *Chronique de Cinquante Jours* and *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la Société polie en France. C. E.*

NOTE 18. Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Baron Holland, 1773–1840, an English politician, nephew of Charles James Fox.

NOTE 19. The title of a powerful novel by Victor Hugo which appeared in 1831.

NOTE 20. Northcote, Sir Stafford Henry, 1818–1887, an English conservative statesman.

NOTE 21. Fuseli was banished from Switzerland for some political indiscretion. His drawing was praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in time he became professor of painting in the Academy. He wrote a *Life* of Reynolds. James Northcote, a pupil of Reynolds, became a portrait painter. His disposition and manners made him unpopular. *C. E.*

NOTE 22. A man of a low caste performing the lowest menial services, literally "a drummer," the Pariahs being the hereditary drum-beaters. An outcast, a vagabond. De Quincey in *Autobiographic Sketches* has a remarkable treatment and analysis of the underlying idea. Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy* is a contribution of astounding pathos to the literature of the subject.

NOTE 23. Quoted from *Pericles and Aspasia* by Walter Savage Landor. For further characterization of the author see essay on Walter Savage Landor in the volume *Natural History of Intellect and Other Papers.*

NOTE 24. An illustration of this generalization is found in *Napoleon, the Man of the World:* "Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world, — he has not the mind of common truth and honesty. . . . He is a boundless liar. . . . His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horseplay with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at keyholes, or, at least, that he was caught at it."

NOTE 25. Cf. the incisive passage in Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus:* "Often in my atrabiliar moods when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops,

Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity, — on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand the — shall I speak it? — the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish for the solace of those afflicted with the like. . . . What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate in very Deed, as here in Dream? *Ach Gott!* How each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their high State Tragedy (Haupt und Staats-Action) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the whole fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilized Society, *are dissolved*, in wails and howls.

"Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords?" *et seq.* After reading this one is impressed with the force of Emerson's "treat these reputations tenderly."

NOTE 26. The reference is thought to be applicable to Mary Moody Emerson.

NOTE 27. Journal, 1841. "Be calm, sit still in your chair, though the company be dull and unworthy. Are you not there? There then is the choir of your friends; for subtle *influences* are always arriving at you from them, and you represent them, do you not? to all who stand here.

"It is not a word that 'I am a gentleman, and the king is no more,' but is a fact expressed in every word between the king and a gentleman." *C. E.*

NOTE 28. This shows another of the harmful aspects of the compliancy so greatly disliked by Emerson. Woodberry says of him, p. 183: "In his personal nature there was a strain of haughtiness that belonged with the formality of his manners and his inherited pride, which underlay his independence and was in his blood; the superiority with which he looked upon both society and literature with confident criticism was allied to this."

NOTE 29. Junius Fromziskers, 1589–1677, a German student of Teutonic languages. Milton was indebted to him for part of his interest in Anglo-Saxon character and expression.

NOTE 30. See *History*, Note 49.

NOTE 31. Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi, the German philosopher and correspondent of Goethe.

NOTE 32. There is a similar plot admirably used by Prosper Mérimée, in his "Federigo" in *Dernières Nouvelles.*

NOTE 33. The description of Sir Philip Sidney bears out this experience of Emerson's.

NOTE 34. This was a favorite idea with Thomas Carlyle, expressed in the "rest of the spinning top." The phrase recurs in *Sartor Resartus*. The Centenary Edition notes that Emerson wrote also, Journal, 1850: "My prayer to women would be, when the bell rings, when visitors arrive, sit like statues."

NOTE 35. Compare the passage in "The Celestial Love" beginning, —

> For this is Love's nobility, —
> Not to scatter bread and gold. *C. E.*

NOTE 36. This is of paradox all compact and is characteristic of the haughty strain, mentioned by Woodberry, in Emerson's make up. In the temper of Carlyle's discovery of motives, one wonders what would be the effect of a meeting between two persons each trying to put the other "in a good light" and each conscious of the other's effort.

NOTE 37. "Hear what the morning says and believe that," was one of Mr. Emerson's finest utterances. There is a passage on morning influences in "Inspiration," in connection with Goethe's poem "Musagetes," in *Letters and Social Aims*. *C. E.*

NOTE 38. The close of this essay links it with the one on *Culture*, which precedes it in *Conduct of Life*, and which supplies a steady undercurrent of suggestion and reminiscence.

MANNERS

In the course of lectures, "The Philosophy of History," given by Mr. Emerson in 1836–37, was one called *Manners*. In 1841–42, he gave a course on "The Times," of which this essay was one. There was also a lecture, *Manners and Customs of New England*, in the five on New England, and the same theme is treated in *Behavior* in *Conduct of Life*. The first part of the motto is from Ben Jonson's Masque, *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*; the second from that of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*.

NOTE 1. The use of "philosophical" here is intentionally and suggestively inaccurate. It illustrates again Emerson's sense of humor in connection with unpromising subjects. The primitive or the careless is hardly philosophical, but the results of the inconvenience may be borne in that temper.

NOTE 2. See *History*, Note 15.

NOTE 3. Borgu or Bussango, a kingdom in Sudan. It was in this country that Mungo Park met his death. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1899.

NOTE 4. Tibbus, Tibus or Tabus (rock people). A Nigritian people of Tibesti in the Sahara, reaching south into the Sudan. They traffic by caravan across the Sahara. Described by Nachtigal and Rohlfs.

Note 5. Borneo, a state of the Sudan. It was at the height of its power at the close of the 16th century. It has been described by Barth, Nachtigal, and later French and German explorers.

Note 6. This vigorous use of everyday English reminds the reader of Samuel Johnson and of Carlyle. This is more forceful English than the purist's advice.

Note 7. Emerson's translation by way of reference is characteristic of his self-reliance. The phrase of course means "as it should be." An example of Emerson's quick insight into verbal suggestion.

Note 8. "Gentilesse" means courtesy, delicacy; is obsolete, was used by Edmund Spenser and others.

Note 9. See "Fragments on The Poet" in *Poems*.

Note 10. This was a growing sentiment with the public of Emerson's time: Matthew Arnold gives somewhat satirical expression to it in making the aristocracy of England barbarians with physical prosperity for their chief interest.

Note 11. A road to the west from Niagara River where, in 1814, a battle was fought between the Americans and the British.

Note 12. Lord Falkland, Lucius Cary, 1610–43, an English politician and writer. He was member of Parliament and later Secretary of State.

Note 13. Two Persian monarchs of the name of Sapor, of the dynasty of the Sassanidæ, conquered the Roman emperors in battle in the third and fourth centuries A. D. *C. E.*

Note 14. Ruy Diaz de Bivar in the eleventh century, the *preux chevalier* of Spain, in the struggle against the Moors, was celebrated in ancient chronicles, romances, and ballads. Southey from these materials composed his noble *Chronicle of the Cid*. Mr. Emerson liked to read passages from this to his children. Many of the ballads about the Cid are translated by Lockhart in *Spanish Ballads*. *C. E.*

Note 15. Another example of the independence of the usual tyranny of time natural to Emerson. This he shared with certain poets and thinkers of mystic powers in all times.

Note 16. These are terms in fencing, but doubtless Emerson was willing that they should carry a double burden of suggestion.

Note 17. This is an unusual phrase in literature. It has its types in common speech, as "to bring clear or clean." In Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, I, 1, appears "that we may bring you something on your way."

Note 18. Emerson does not often repeat a word after so brief an interval.

The Centenary Edition notes that most of this paragraph is taken from a lecture on *Prudence* in the course on "Human Culture," 1838. The original text is as follows: —

"Thus we understand exceeding well in America the charm

of what is best in English manners, and, as we by age, cultivation, and leisure refine and ripen, come to set a high value on that species of breeding which foreigners, from a more sanguine temperament, and we too, from our democratic wantonness, usually blame in the English, — the mild, exact decorum, the cool recognition of all and any facts by a steadiness of temper which hates all starts, screams, faintings, sneezings, laughter, and all violence of any kind. The English, and we also, are a commercial people, great readers of newspapers and journals and books, and are therefore familiar with all the variety of tragic, comic, political tidings from all parts of the world, and are not to be thrown off their balance by any accident nearby, like villagers whom the overturn of a coach, or a robbery, or a dog with a kettle sets agape, and furnishes with gossip for a week."

NOTE 19. This is a careless construction and unusually awkward in Emerson's writing.

NOTE 20. A quarter of Paris, south of the Seine, celebrated as the headquarters of the royalists and long associated with wealth and fashion.

NOTE 21. The battle which completed Napoleon's conquest of northern Italy, July 14, 1800.

NOTE 22. The greatest naval victory of the British over Napoleon, Oct. 21, 1805. Nelson was first in command, Collingwood was second.

NOTE 23. The "only" here is out of place for the best effect of Emerson's sentence. The order should plainly be "only the day before yester that is city and court to-day."

NOTE 24. An example of the fine and delicate humor characteristic of Emerson.

NOTE 25. The reason for the use of this name as a place of banishment from society on account of offensive conduct is unknown. It was first used in military society to imply exclusion from the society of the mess.

NOTE 26. A rare word meaning an obsequious follower of fashion.

NOTE 27. The henchman of McIvor in Scott's *Waverley* thus expresses his wish that the young English officer could see the chief at the head of his clan. *C. E.*

NOTE 28. This is the favorite spiritual arithmetic of Emerson. The half-gods go and the great gods come. But little men have a great impatience and resent such teaching as cold comfort. It has its prototype, however, in the Calvinism that Emerson always admired whether he believed it or not. In the "application" of the sermon of Jonathan Edwards from Ezekiel XIX, 12, "Her strong rods were broken and withered," in *Selected Sermons of Jonathan Edwards*, edited by H. Norman Gardiner (Macmillan Company), the climax is: "But now this 'strong rod is broken and withered,' and surely the judgment of God therein is very awful, and the dispensation that

which may well be for a lamentation. Probably we shall be more sensible of the worth and importance of such a strong rod by the want of it."

NOTE 29. Son of Alcæus and husband of Alcmene. Used to typify a host. Jupiter personated him in order to marry Alcmene, but was interrupted at the feast by the real Amphitryon.

NOTE 30. A provincial construction very common in New England. It gives a homely and familiar air to the statement.

NOTE 31. This is in various forms frequently asserted by Emerson: it is partly prudence, partly courage, and wholly paradox.

NOTE 32. This is characteristic of Emerson's contempt for trifles in human intercourse.

NOTE 33. A paraphrase of a sentiment quite ultimate in Emerson's theory and practice. It can be traced through all his writing.

NOTE 34. In this way society is made a meeting of such philosophers as are described in Plato's *Phædrus*.

NOTE 35. That is the dry light — an expression of Heraclitus meaning that which is nearest purity and the source of pure being.

NOTE 36. This is characteristic of what was called the transcendentalism of the day. "Infinite means to secure finite ends."

NOTE 37. "Impertinent" is used in the etymological sense of the word.

NOTE 38. This entire passage should be compared with the analysis of society and social conditions presented in George Meredith's chapter on the "Comic Spirit" in *The Egoist* or in his *Essay on Comedy*.

NOTE 39. This word illustrates Emerson's usage in emphasizing an understatement, a rhetorical impossibility to most persons. The opposite direction of energy they cannot maintain, so they pile up big adjectives or tear down little ones. Emerson reverses the process.

NOTE 40. An example of this is to be found in the story of Mrs. Mulock Craik, *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

NOTE 41. An instance of Emerson's incisive satire. The episode of Circe and Ulysses and the latter's transformed companions is made to serve as characterization for the alleged lions of Fashion.

NOTE 42. The clergy as distinguished from the laity, a body of clerks, the *literati*. This is the sense here.

NOTE 43. This is a rhetorical device for emphasizing the fashionable exclusiveness he wishes to characterize.

NOTE 44. An example of very adroit balance of form and meaning in parallel phrases.

NOTE 45. Another view of this subject is presented in George Eliot's "Debasing the Moral Currency" in *Impressions*

of Theophrastus Such. See also *Social Aims:* "And beware of jokes; too much temperance cannot be used; inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food, we go away hollow and ashamed."

NOTE 46. The Centenary Edition notes that the source of this epitaph is unknown. Doctor Emerson does not think his father composed it.

NOTE 47. Keats, *Hyperion.*

NOTE 48. "Ethnical" or "ethnic," pertaining to race. In *Social Aims* Emerson writes: "He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, and draws it instantly, — that man rules.

"The staple figure in novels is the man of *aplomb*, who sits among the young aspirants and desperates, quite sure and compact, and, never sharing their affections or debilities, hurls his word like a bullet when occasion requires, knows his way, and carries his points. They may scream or applaud, he is never engaged or heated. Napoleon is the type of this class in modern history; Byron's heros in poetry. But we for the most part are all drawn into the *charivari;* we chide, lament, cavil, and recriminate."

NOTE 49. This is essentially a Greek conception of the relation of life and art. It is Platonic in so far as it values art in life. The relation of this view of art to that known as art for art's sake is suggested.

NOTE 50. This use of the superlative is unexpected in the connection of Emerson's thought, and the choice of this particular adjective to describe the common estimate of feminine intuition illustrates the intellectual independence of the writer.

NOTE 51. See John ix, 6, 11, 15, 25.

NOTE 52. Hafiz, Shums-uddin Muhammad. An eminent Persian, died about 1388, one of the lyric poets of all time.

Firdusi, Abul Kasim Mansur, 940–1020, the great epic poet of Persia.

NOTE 53. The leading forms which characterize the Byzantine style are the round arch, the circle, the cross, and the dome supported on pendentives. The capitals of the pillars are of endless variety and full of invention. *Cent. Dict.*

NOTE 54. Part of the setting of the typical fairy story or didactic tale. Appears in our day as the title of a novel, *The Golden Book of Venice.*

NOTE 55. This use of "couple" is an example of easy, familiar colloquialism.

NOTE 56. The connection between royal blood and fire seems too remote for the clear expression of a truth until the reader reflects on the ultimate nature of each and its singular power of working after its kind. The touch of paradox adds to the force.

NOTE 57. The meaning here does not appear at once. The second clause is an understatement of the facts if literally taken. Briefly, it is vulgar to insist upon one's own advantage.

NOTE 58. The Centenary Edition points out the ideal character of the hero of this illustration. Osman is the ideal man of like conditions with Emerson.

Note 59. A vigorous alliterative expression in which banning means cursing.

NOTE 60. This fable was invented by Emerson. *C. E.*

FRIENDSHIP

The exhaustive and interesting introduction to this essay in the Centenary Edition contains the following account of the text: —

"This essay was not given as a lecture under this title and as a whole in any of the Boston courses, although very probably it served in that capacity in some of the Lyceums. As is shown in Mr. Cabot's Memoir (Appendix F), portions of it were taken from the lecture on 'Society,' in the course on 'The Philosophy of History' (1836–37), and others from 'The Heart' in the course on 'Human Culture,' given in Boston the following year. Several paragraphs come from 'Private Life,' in the course on 'The Present Age' (1839–40)."

The extracts from Emerson's *Letters* and *Journal* bearing on this theme and quoted in this edition are important. The motto, with its controlled ardor and in spite of the contrasting verse movement, inevitably recalls some of Shakespeare's Sonnets, as XXIX, XXX. Comparison is challenged by the famous essays on the same theme by Bacon and by Montaigne. The poetry and fiction of literature constantly offer this subject. The teaching gathered from Thackeray's *Esmond*, Lamb's *Essays*, Milton's poetry in *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and *Paradise Lost*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam* contribute to the appreciation of Emerson's insight and benevolence.

NOTE 1. Cf. *Macbeth*, II, ii :—

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

NOTE 2. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, l. 5 : "The smoke and stir of this dim spot:" l. 7, "Confined and pestered in this pinfold here;" l. 17, "With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould."

NOTE 3. This should be compared with the doctrine set forth in *Compensation*. The statement is hardly literally true and it requires a careful adjustment of its implications with the teachings of the *Over-Soul* and the larger self in *Self-Reliance* to make

clear the element of truth that it embodies. In the perfect character all qualities help; in the imperfect, they too often hinder. The lover is proverbially bashful, the surgeon may be deserted by his skill if the patient is his own child. It was a wonder that William Tell could shoot the apple on the head of his son, and the story goes that he strengthened his courage and steadied his aim by the thought of the second arrow that he had for the tyrant in case the first went amiss.

NOTE 4. A description of the happiest results in ideal conditions only.

NOTE 5. A rare expression of the quality in Emerson's character described by George E. Woodberry as "a strain of haughtiness."

NOTE 6. The almost sublime height of this isolation from ordinary selfish demands is much more characteristic of Emerson. Affection which requires no return within a thousand years, or the beloved object nearer than a universe off, is peculiarly Emersonian.

NOTE 7. Here is the central thought of this conception of friendship, allying it to all the considerations presented in this group of essays.

NOTE 8. See Milton's *Comus*, l. 47.

NOTE 9. Cf. the point of view in *Self-Reliance*.

NOTE 10. The contraction and expansion of the heart and arteries in propelling the blood in circulation. This passage relates the experience of friendship to the principle of compensation.

NOTE 11. More precisely this should be the skeleton, or more precisely yet, the mummy, given a place at Egyptian banquets as a reminder of mortality.

NOTE 12. This thought should be traced through its elaboration in *Spiritual Laws* and in the essays on Plato and on Swedenborg.

NOTE 13. The spiritual detachment indicated by this energetic phrase is characteristic.

NOTE 14. This characterization of the soul's methods is morally possible only through the agency of the Over-Soul, or the all-encompassing Deity. On any other principle the doctrine is unworthy of Emerson.

NOTE 15. Cf. with the closing sentence of Bacon's *Essay on Friendship*.

NOTE 16. This shows the place of friendship in Emerson's system of compensation.

NOTE 17. The construction of this sentence deserves attention for its dramatic compression.

NOTE 18. This sentence supplies Emerson's reason for all the misadventures of social life. It supplies also his theory of the reasonableness of a discontent with conventional society.

NOTE 19. Cf. J. S. Mill's *On Liberty*, chap. ii.

NOTE 20. See Matthew v, 48: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

NOTE 21. Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, XXV.

NOTE 22. This German compound means literally nature-slowness, and may be compared with Tennyson's phrase in *Locksley Hall*, "the process of the suns."

NOTE 23. See Matthew xi, 12: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm."

NOTE 24. See Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, ii, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

NOTE 25. This curious figure has the force of a sudden change of pitch and of the homely association it suggests.

NOTE 26. Suggestion of the figures used by T. Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

NOTE 27. Emerson's relations with Carlyle are an interesting commentary on this statement. The two volumes of *Correspondence* afford many side lights on this considered as a practical maxim. It must be remembered, however, that sincerity is an expensive form of self-expression.

NOTE 28. This is an example of Emerson's extreme optimism. Probably the statement is intended to be only approximately true, for Emerson is no stranger to the fact that men deceive themselves and have publics within themselves, before which they play their most elaborate parts.

NOTE 29. This note in the Centenary Edition gives life to this reference: —

"The allusion is to Jones Very, of Salem, a mystic and ascetic, of whom an interesting account is given in Mr. Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*, vol. i, chapter x, and a fuller one by Mr. W. P. Andrews, in his introduction to *Essays and Poems by Jones Very*. In a letter to Miss Margaret Fuller, written in November, 1838, Mr. Emerson wrote: 'Very has been here lately and stayed a few days, confounding us all with the question whether he was insane. At first sight and speech you would certainly pronounce him so. Talk with him a few hours, and you will think all insane but he. Monomania or monosania, he is a very remarkable person; and though his mind is not in a natural, and probably not in a permanent state, he is a treasure of a companion, and I had with him most memorable conversations.'

"He records that Very said to him: 'I always felt, when I heard you read or speak your writings, that you saw the truth better than others, yet I felt that your spirit was not quite right. It was as if a vein of colder air blew across me.'"

NOTE 30. Probably the term "insanity" is used here to indicate the broken relations with the conventional man that would be the price paid for the experience.

NOTE 31. Cf. Bacon on this subject.

NOTE 32. Montaigne, Bk. I, xxxix.

NOTE 33. See *Social Aims*: "But we are not content with

pantomime; we say, This is only for the eyes. We want real relations of the mind and the heart; we want friendship; we want knowledge; we want virtue; a more inward existence to read the history of each other. Welfare requires one or two companions of intelligence, probity, and grace, to wear out life with, — persons with whom we can speak a few reasonable words every day, by whom we can measure ourselves, and who shall hold us fast to good sense and virtue; and these we are always in search of. He must be inestimable to us to whom we can say what we cannot say to ourselves. Yet now and then we say things to our mates, or hear things from them, which seem to put it out of the power of the parties to be strangers again. 'Either death or a friend,' is a Persian proverb. I suppose I give the experience of many when I give my own. A few times in my life it has happened to me to meet persons of so good a nature and so good breeding that every topic was open and discussed without possibility of offence, — persons who could not be shocked. One of my friends said in speaking of certain associates: 'There is not one of them but I can offend at any moment.' But to the company I am now considering were no terrors, no vulgarity. All topics were broached, — life, love, marriage, sex, hatred, suicide, magic, theism, art, poetry, religion, myself, thyself, all selves and whatever else, with a security and vivacity which belonged to the nobility of the parties and their brave truth. The life of these persons was conducted in the same calm and affirmative manner as their discourse. Life with them was an experiment continually varied, full of results, full of grandeur, and by no means the hot and hurried business which passes in the world."

NOTE 34. See Spenser, *On His Promised Pension;* Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, III, ii; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V, vi; *Comedy of Errors*, II, ii. Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason." (Part of the account in *Familiar Quotations*, Bartlett.)

NOTE 35. Compare the different treatment of conversation to be found in *Social Aims* and note the agency attributed to women.

See also *Discipline:* "We are associated in adolescent and adult life with some friends, who, like skies and waters, are coextensive with our idea; who, answering each to a certain affection of the soul, satisfy our desire on that side; whom we lack power to put at such focal distance from us, that we can mend or even analyze them. He cannot choose but love them. When much intercourse with a friend has supplied us with a standard of excellence, and has increased our respect for the resources of God who thus sends a real person to outgo our ideal; when he has, moreover, become an object of thought, and, whilst his

character retains all its unconscious effect, is converted in the mind into solid and sweet wisdom, — it is a sign to us that his office is closing, and he is commonly withdrawn from our sight in a short time."

NOTE 36. See *Social Aims:* "But there are people who cannot be cultivated, — people on whom speech makes no impression; swainish, morose people, who must be kept down and quieted as you would those who are a little tipsy; others, who are not only swainish, but are prompt to take oath that swainishness is the only culture; and though their odd wit may have some salt for you, your friends would not relish it. Bolt these out. And I have seen a man of genius who made me think that if other men were like him coöperation were impossible. Must we always talk for victory, and never once for truth, for comfort and joy? Here is centrality and penetration, strong understanding, and the higher gifts, the insight of the real, or from the real, and the moral rectitude which belongs to it: but all this and all his resources of wit and invention are lost to me in every experiment that I make to hold intercourse with his mind; always some weary, captious paradox to fight you with, and the time and temper wasted. And beware of jokes; too much temperance cannot be used: inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food, we go away hollow and ashamed. As soon as the company give in to this enjoyment, we shall have no Olympus. True wit never made us laugh. Mahomet seems to have borrowed by anticipation of several centuries a leaf from the mind of Swedenborg, when he wrote in the Koran: —

"On the day of resurrection, those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of Paradise, and have it shut in their faces when they reach it. Again, on their turning back, they will be called to another door, and again, on reaching it, will see it closed against them; and so on, *ad infinitum*, without end."

NOTE 37. See *Social Aims:* "Manners first, then conversation. Later, we see that as life was not in manners, so it is not in talk. Manners are external; talk is occasional; these require certain material conditions, human labor for food, clothes, house, tools, and, in short, plenty and ease, — since only so can certain finer and finest powers appear and expand. In a whole nation of Hottentots there shall not be one valuable man, — valuable out of his tribe. In every million of Europeans or of Americans there shall be thousands who would be valuable on any spot on the globe."

NOTE 38. This is a famous phrase of Emerson's. Cf. in *Social Aims:* —

"And yet there are trials enough of nerve and character, brave choices enough of taking the part of truth and of the oppressed against the oppressor, in privatest circles. A right speech is not well to be distinguished from action. Courage to ask questions; courage to expose our ignorance. The great

gain is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion, — then you learn nothing but conceit, — but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful."

NOTE 39. See *Uses of Great Men*: "Men who know the same things are not long the best company for each other."

NOTE 40. See George Colman, the younger, *Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market*, sc. i: "I had a soul above buttons."

NOTE 41. This is the outcome of the principles set forth in *The Over-Soul*, *Circles*, *Compensation*, and *Heroism*. It is the generalization that underlies the series of illustrations that Emerson found in men and events. Cf. Milton's *Comus*.

NOTE 42. Cf. *Social Aims*, where the intrusive visitor is treated of.

NOTE 43. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii: "Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven!"

NOTE 44. Emerson had other moods than this. See his poem, *The Amulet*: —

> "Your picture smiles as first it smiled;
> The ring you gave is still the same:
> Your letter tells, O changing child!
> No tidings *since* it came.
>
> "Give me an amulet
> That keeps intelligence with you, —
> Red when you love, and rosier red,
> And when you love not, pale and blue.
>
> "Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
> Can certify possession;
> Torments me still the fear that love
> Died in its last expression."

NOTE 45. Another example of Emerson's interest in the literature of legal and ethical distinctions.

NOTE 46. See Kipling in *The Light that Failed*: "Be still and hear the desert talk."

NOTE 47. See *Social Aims*: "Of course those people, and no others, interest us, who believe in their thought, who are absorbed, if you please to say so, in their own dream. They only can give the key and leading to better society: those who delight in each other only because both delight in the eternal laws; who forgive nothing to each other; who, by their joy and homage to these, are made incapable of conceit, which destroys almost all the fine wits. Any other affection between men than this geometric one of relation to the same thing, is a mere mush of materialism."

NOTE 48. Cf. Tennyson's *Ulysses*: —

"That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will.
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

NOTE 49. The use of this suggestion from electrical science is peculiarly vivid.

NOTE 50. See a similar treatment of this theme in *Social Aims*.

NOTE 51. Such sentences as these represent the teaching known as transcendental. The essays *Aristocracy* and *Nominalist and Realist* illustrate some of the contributing principles. See also the concluding sentences of *Nature:*—

"The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. That power which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel, delegates its smile to the morning, and distils its essence into every drop of rain. Every moment instructs, and every object; for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence until after a long time."

It is possible that Emerson never said his last word on friendship. It was a subject that occupied his thoughts always more or less and upon which he never felt that he had satisfied himself. Indeed if such a term could be used of his serene and ample spirit, friendship was something about which he was a little uneasy. This means that Emerson was a kind man as well as a thinker and that his philosophy was not a veneer to his feelings. But the essay on *Friendship* is not his best essay nor most characteristic of his genius. Possibly it is the most widely known of his essays and undoubtedly has influenced readers who have found little else in his work that was congenial. To the confirmed reader of Emerson, this essay is a sort of *crux*. To it he returns; to its incompleteness and wise silences he confesses his indebtedness. The best commentary on it is all that Emerson wrote, particularly the *Poems*, and of these "Terminus" is indispensable.

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

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